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THE

WORKS

OF

LAURENCE STERNE,

IN FOUR VOLUMES,

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

A NEW EDITION, WITH APPENDIX, CONTAINING SEVERAL UNPUBLISHED LETTERS, &c.

EDITED BY

JAMES P. BROWNE, M.D.

VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

"To friendship and to feeling dear,
Immortal Sterne should next appear,
With Cupid gaily running after,
Encircled with a myrtle crown,
And clothed in a cleric gown,
The jest of jollity and laughter."

Thus, in his poem, descriptive of the most distinguished worthies of Ireland, has the late Charles Phillips pourtrayed what struck him as the characteristic features of the mind of the famous author of Tristram Shandy,—a man pronounced by Sir Walter Scott to be 'one of 'the most original geniuses that England has produced;' and of whom Mr. Elwyn, the author of an admirable essay upon Sterne in the *Quarterly Review* for March, 1854, says, 'No novelist has surpassed Sterne in the 'vividness of his descriptions, none have eclipsed him in 'the art of selecting and grouping the details of his 'finished scenes. And yet, next to Shakespeare, he is 'the author who leaves the most to the imagination of 'the reader.'

So strikingly characteristic are these phases of Sterne's genius, that a single rapid perusal of Tristram Shandy will hardly enable any one to unravel the clue to the hidden meanings with which the spirit of his narrative is sometimes imbued. He, no doubt, adopted this style of composition, because his intimate knowledge of the human mind taught him that it was calculated to arrest

the attention, and call forth the discriminating powers of the reader, whose pleasure is enhanced by a reperusal, that brings palpably to light that which before was screened from his mental vision; and it tends, also, to engender in the reader a pleasurable sense of his own intellectual perspicacity. But yet it was owing, probably, to this peculiarity of style, that passages in his writings were often misunderstood and misinterpreted, to the detriment of his character: and that Sterne felt this sorely, is shown in his letter to Doctor Eustace, in America, in which he thanks that great admirer of Tristram Shandy for a curious walking-stick which the doctor had sent to him. 'Your walking-stick is in no 'one sense more Shandaic than in its having more handles 'than one: the parallel breaks only in this, that, in using 'the stick, every one will take the handle which suits his 'convenience. In Tristram Shandy the handle is taken 'which suits the passions, their ignorance, or their sensi-'bility.' Here he bitterly exclaims,—'There is so little 'true feeling in the herd of the world, that I wish I could 'have got an Act of Parliament, when the books first 'appeared, that none but wise men should look into them. 'It is too much to write books and find heads to under-'stand them.' And, after consoling himself with the fact, of 'the people of genius being to a man on its 'side,' he says, somewhat spitefully,——'A few hypo-'crites and Tartuffes, whose approbation could do it 'nothing but dishonour, remain unconverted.' He concludes by saying,—'I am very proud, sir, to 'have had a man like you on my side from the begin-'ning: but it is not in the power of every one to taste 'humour, however he may wish it; it is the gift of God; 'and besides, a true feeler always brings half the enter-'tainment along with him; his own ideas are only called 'forth by what he reads; and the vibrations within him

'entirely correspond with those excited: 'tis like reading 'himself, and not the book.'

Such, no doubt, was his object in leaving so much to the imagination of the reader. But was the adoption of that artistic style of writing simply the result of a studied plan; or did it take its rise in the instinctive tendency of Sterne's intellect? To the latter source is its adoption to be in all likelihood attributed; for his attention to minuteness of detail does not seem to arise so much from statistical tendencies, as from a conviction that the adoption of such a style, in matters of trifling import, is likely to excite in the mind of his readers a keen sense of the ludicrous, as well as to cast ridicule upon those that resort to a prolix mode of writing.

An instance of his attention to minuteness of detail is shown in his account of Mr. and Mrs. Shandy's marriage settlements, the verbose and technical reiterations of which are studiously adhered to, with the view of turning into ridicule the tedious verbal repetitions, which are characteristic features of our legal statutes.

Another instance is met with in the catalogue of travellers, in which is evinced his keen insight into the various motives which impel men to travel. But it is in the 'Curse of Ernulphus' that his care in dwelling on particulars is strikingly noticeable; for in that case it is carried to a length that is in a high degree tiresome, disgusting, and repulsive. Yet it would be wrong to aver that the genius of Sterne was blemished by a tendency to prolixity. Neither should he be thought really wanting in taste; notwithstanding the minuteness with which he describes that furious anathema, in all its disgusting details: for it is clear that he used it as a means of pointing his satire at the Catholic Church; but chiefly because it enabled him to use it as an instrument in the hands of Dr. Slop himself,

whereby he could the more effectually overwhelm that signal victim of his uncle Jaques Sterne's political animosity with the outpourings of his sarcastic humours.

But, on the other hand, Sterne enables one to discern the inmost thoughts of his characters, even when they utter not a word. 'I have left Trim my 'bowling-green, cried my uncle Toby. — My father 'smiled.—I have left him, moreover, a pension, con- 'tinued my uncle Toby.—My father looked grave.'

Even his particular notice of the successive gestures of his personages, while moving from one position to another, is dramatic in a high degree. For instance, the scene between uncle Toby and Mr. Shandy on the staircase. But, if here he exhibits a proneness to place his characters in a whimsical light, he elsewhere displays the clearest knowledge of human nature, in its loving and pathetic moods; and nowhere is this fact more charmingly and feelingly described than in uncle Toby's humane visit to the bedside of the dying Le Fevre. The case is thus unaffectedly and feelingly introduced. — 'There was a frankness in my uncle 'Toby,' says Tristram,—'not the effect of familiarity, 'but the cause of it,—which let you at once into his 'soul, and showed you the goodness of his nature; 'to this there was something in his looks, and voice, 'and manner, superadded, which eternally beckoned to 'the unfortunate to come, and to take shelter under 'him; so that before my uncle Toby had half finished 'the kind offers he was making to the father, had the 'son insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had 'taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling 'it towards him.'—

Are not these gestures more expressive of love and grateful reliance than words could adequately tell? And are they not, moreover, *feelingly* illustrative of

the magnetic influence of a benevolent mind in attracting to itself the fondest affections of a grateful heart? Even the cold hand of approaching Death, though raised to strike the last fatal blow, is for a moment suspended by means of its benign influence. —'The blood and spirits of Le Fevre, which were 'waxing cold, and were retreating to their last citadel, 'the heart,—rallied back:—the film forsook his eyes 'for a moment; he looked up wistfully in my uncle 'Toby's face, then cast a look upon his boy,—and that '*ligament*, fine as it was, was never broken.—

'Nature ebbed again,—the film returned to its place '—the pulse fluttered—stopped—went on—throbbed 'again—moved—stopped—shall I go on?—"No."'

Vivid and captivating is this pathetic picture of poor Le Fevre's death-bed; and a fine instance it affords of Sterne's command of detail, in the production of picturesque veresimilitude.

Here it may be enquired, if the man, who was capable of conceiving such a story, and picturing, in such pure and natural colours, characters so interesting and attractive, was himself cold, heartless, and selfish, as he is represented to have been? Selfish, indeed, he might be, but it is hardly possible for him to be utterly cold and heartless, who evidently takes delight in the glowing delineation of such characters as uncle Toby and Corporal Trim; and unless his own uncalled-for declaration is to be set aside, one feels bound to give him credit for really feeling those fine affections of human nature, which he has so vividly, touchingly, and truthfully pourtrayed. In a letter to Lady —— about his new living at Coxwold, which was presented to him by Lord Fauconbridge, in return for some services which Sterne had done his Lordship, —in this letter, dated September 21st, 1761, he says

of Coxwold:—'Tis within a mile of his Lordship's 'seat and park. 'Tis a very agreeable ride out in the 'chaise I purchased for my wife. Lydia has a pony 'which she delights in. Whilst they take these diver-'sions, I am scribbling away at my Tristram. These 'two volumes are, I think, the best.—I shall write 'as long as I live; 'tis my hobby-horse: and so much 'am I delighted with my uncle Toby's imaginary 'character, that I am become an enthusiast. My 'Lydia helps to copy for me;—and my wife knits 'and listens as I read her chapters.'

It is to be hoped that Sterne made a judicious choice of the passages his daughter was to copy, and which his wife was to hear read. His admonition, when he sends to his Lydia, when far away from him, the Spectator and Metastassio, would tend to show that he would not expose her to the influence of the indelicate parts: and the virtuous and sedate character of his wife would not be likely to relish the innuendos and *double entendres* of his too prurient imagination; for she was not one of those fashionable ladies, who, he says, would read Tristram in the closet, though not in the drawing-room.

Indeed his allusion to uncle Toby's character, only, would imply that he had kept out of their view those offensive passages, which outraged decency, even at a time when manners were not so remarkable for moral refinement as happily they are at the present day.

There can be no doubt that 'Cupid, clothed in a 'cleric gown,' had a mighty influence over the inmost thoughts and feelings of the author of Tristram Shandy, and it is evident that he was no less subject to the exhilarating promptings of the careless and joyous god of laughter.

There is room also for the charitable conclusion

that the indelicate passages of his writings, though prompted partly by the instinctive goadings of the mischievous son of Venus, were nevertheless indebted, in considerable measure, for their presence to the suggestions of a jolly Momus. And it should be borne in mind that much of the gaiety of the men of his time, had for its foundation the unhallowed indulgence of grossly immodest conversation upon amatory themes: and, as gaiety was a paramount ingredient in the mental constitution of Sterne, he was tempted to write in a strain which was gratifying to such men, whilst he was recklessly perilling his good name, in the eyes of many, whose praise he had achieved by the greatness and rarity of his genius. But, if the inherent pruriency of his nature, and his keen sense of the ludicrous, caused him to take pleasure in allusions offensive to delicacy of sentiment, it can hardly be denied that so eloquent a pleader for the practice of the highest attributes of mankind must have been gifted, also, with the qualities suggestive of such refined and compassionate yearnings for the reign of brotherly love as Sterne has displayed in his writings.

But is this picture to be looked upon as a true likeness? Some have asserted that he was, in reality, devoid of those fine affections of the mind which he has so feelingly described. Horace Walpole said that Sterne was a man who, though ready to shed tears over a dead ass, was yet as heartless as to withhold relief from his own mother in her utmost need.

This poor lady, who was left a widow in great distress, strove to earn her bread by keeping a school in Ireland, in conjunction with her daughter; but failed in her effort, owing, it is said, to the extravagance of the latter: and would have been consigned to gaol,

according to the testimony of Walpole, had she not been saved that humiliating disgrace by the generosity of the parents of her pupils.

Surely such heartless neglect of so near and dear a relation is utterly inconsistent with the genuine anxiety shown by Sterne to have his wife and beloved daughter instantly supplied by his bankers in Paris with whatever money they required during their long stay in France. He says, in one of those letters, that 'while he has a shilling they shall have ninepence 'of it.' And, as it is a fact that he was by no means careful of money, it is not likely he would neglect to relieve his mother, when she was in want of that indispensable ingredient of comfort, happiness, and independence, were it but in his power to do so.

It would indeed be hard for any one, who has read Sterne's letters, to deny that his heart was open to the benign influence of friendship; or to assert that he was wanting in that unselfish warmth of heart which prompts a man to render active service to a friend, without having any prospect of personal advantage, beyond the satisfaction of having done his best to secure the happiness of that friend.

But conjecture must give way to certainty, when reference is had to a letter* of his to his friend Mr. John Blake, of the Cathedral of York, whose cause he was then anxiously espousing, in order to guard him against the wily machinations of a family, named Ash, and a subtle adviser of theirs, who were, he felt assured, plotting to take advantage of his friend, in a matrimonial affair, and he was probably successful in curing Mr. Blake of his perplexing 'distemper,' as he termed his friend's love-sick state.

While he was thus actively engaged in serving

* This letter is to be found in Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's 'Life of Sterne.'

another, the season demanded attention to his farm. He was, besides, busy with the Dean and others with regard to cathedral matters. 'At this time, too,' says Mr. Percy Fitzgerald,—the able author of the most instructive, entertaining, and exhaustive life of Laurence Sterne,—'At this time, too, reappears that poor tramp-'ing Agnes Herbert, his mother, who has come back—'possibly after the Irish bankruptcy—to meet her son '—who has, it may well be conceived, "much to say '"to her?" He was hurrying in to York to meet her—'This son whom Walpole afterwards was to slander. 'He was busy even now arranging some of her difficul-'ties, for he writes to Mr. Blake, "I trust my poor '"mother's affair is by this time ended, to *our* comfort '"and, I trust, to hers."'

At this period, too, he was oppressed with deep sorrow to find that his beloved child, Lydia, 'was 'relapsing' into that asthmatic complaint, which she inherited from himself, and his resolution to escape from which is told with such humorous apprehensiveness in his intended rapid race through France, with grim death clattering at his heels.

Though no evidence has been adduced of Sterne's having corresponded with his mother, yet it does not follow that some correspondence may not have actually taken place: and the letter to his friend Mr. Blake, above quoted, affords evidence of his having been mindful of her comforts, and gladdened by the prospect of extricating her from her pecuniary embarrassments.

With regard to his care for the comfort of his wife and daughter it would be most unjust to withhold from him credit for his zealous promptitude in forestalling all their wants, while they were sojourning on the Continent. Amongst these letters there is one to his Lydia, from Naples (in February, 1766), in which he

says,—'Your letter, my Lydia, has made me both 'laugh and cry.—Sorry am I that you are both so 'afflicted with the ague; and by all means I wish you 'both to fly from Tours;' because he thought the atmosphere must be foggy. And for the same reason, he says, 'Go not to Bourges en Bresse; 'tis a vile place 'for agues.—I find myself,' he continues, 'infinitely 'better than I was, and hope to have added at least ten 'years to my life by this journey to Italy; the climate 'is heavenly, and I find new principles of health in me 'which I have been long a stranger to;—but trust me, 'Lydia, I will find you out, wherever you are, in May. 'Therefore, I beg you to direct to me at Belloni's at 'Rome, that I may have some idea of where you will 'be then.—The account you give me of Mrs. C. is 'truly amiable, I shall ever honour her.' His honouring of Mrs. C. was the inspiration of gratitude, that charming offspring of benevolence, which could not possibly dwell in the bosom of the cold, and the heartless. And after alluding to his Lydia's 'little French 'admirer,' the Marquis de ——, who, he says, 'is an 'impostor, and not worthy of your acquaintance,' he continues,—'I desire you will get your mother to 'write to Mr. C. that I may discharge every debt; 'and then, my Lydia, if I live, the produce of my pen 'shall be yours:—if Fate reserves me that, the humane 'and good (part for thy father's sake, part for thy 'own) will never abandon thee.' And it would be hard for his bitterest enemy to doubt his sincerity, when he says,—'If your mother's health will permit 'her to return with me to England, your summers 'I will render as agreeable as I can at Coxwould; your 'winters at York. You know my publications will 'call me to London.' And would it not be unreasonable to aver that the nature of that man, from whose

mind the concluding sentences of this letter emanated, could be, as it has been supposed to be, utterly devoid of good feeling?—'If,' he writes, 'Mr. and 'Mrs. C. are still at Tours, thank them from me for 'their cordiality to my wife and daughter. I have 'purchased you some little trifles, which I shall give 'you when we meet, as proofs of affection from your 'fond father.'

Nor can it be supposed that Sterne was not impelled by unfeigned affection when he wrote those letters, preparatory to his wife's visit to France, in which he evinces his anxiety for her comfort by pointing out, with the utmost minuteness, everything that was at all likely to be of use to her.

'The gay and the heartless are not always thus 'provident of those at a distance,' says Mr. Percy Fitzgerald. To this he adds, in a note,—'It is some-'thing to find that Mr. Southey—who was not likely 'to judge too gently of a character like Sterne's—was 'struck by these letters from abroad. He owned 'they refuted the popular notion of neglect and indif-'ference.'

It can scarcely, then, with justice be denied that Sterne, with all his faults and follies, was a man, as Charles Phillips designated him,—'To friendship and 'to feeling dear.' That he was an enthusiastically fond father is proved by his letters. There is undeniable evidence, also, of his anxious readiness to get his luckless mother out of trouble; and his letters to his bankers at Paris, and to herself, show his care for his wife's comfort.

To be sure, there is no special merit due to a husband for having acted thus to his wife—and she a lady, who in the heyday of youth had inspired him with love; and whose sincere affection for him was

marked by an act of generosity that could leave no doubt of its sincerity.

This circumstance is thus feelingly narrated to his daughter, in his brief memoirs, written by himself,—and which are prefixed to this edition of his works,—'I then came to York,' he says, 'and my uncle got 'me the living of Sutton: and at York I became 'acquainted with your mother, and courted her for 'two years:—she owned she liked me, but thought 'herself not rich enough, or me too poor, to be joined 'together. She went to her sisters in S. (Stafford-'shire), and I wrote to her often.—I believe then she 'was partly determined to have me, but would not 'say so.—At her return, she fell into a consumption;—'and one evening that I was sitting by her with an 'almost broken heart to see her so ill, she said, "My '"dear Laurey, I can never be yours, for I verily '"believe I have not long to live: but I have left you '"every shilling of my fortune?"—Upon that she 'shewed me her will.—This generosity overpowered 'me.—It pleased God that she recovered, and I married 'her in the year 1741.' But it was not a happy marriage, owing to incompatibility of disposition. The sedateness of her nature ill accorded with the frivolity of his. Nor could his ill-concealed amatory tendencies fail of causing, to some extent, (if not entirely), an estrangement of her affections. Nor can we feel surprised at her watchfulness of her volatile spouse at Toulouse, which, according to Mr. Tollot, in his letter to John Hall Stevenson, he bore with the patience of an angel. Surely his conduct could not well be otherwise; for he was at that very time so fascinated by his admiration of some fair lady, that he was continually on his haunches, up and down, backwards and forwards, to her residence, until he was almost tempted

to take up his quarters there altogether. This he tells himself, in a letter to his bosom friend, John Hall Stevenson, of Skelton Castle, Yorkshire; and in regard to whom he says,—'If I could tempt my friend, 'Mr. H., to come to France, I should be truly happy.' Indeed, however annoyed he might have been at his wife's discovery of his amatory vagaries and trespasses, he could not as a man of feeling, and a person alive to an honourable sense of shame, meet her, perhaps upbraiding, remonstrances in anger. Nor was she deserving of harsh and unjust treatment, as the following extract, from a letter of Sterne's to Hall Stevenson, will show. It is dated Coxwould, 1761. 'Curse of 'poverty, and absence from those we love! they are 'two great evils which embitter all things;—and yet 'with the first I am not haunted much.—As to matri-'mony, I should be a beast to rail at it, for my wife 'is easy,—but the world is not;—and had I staid from 'her a moment longer, it would have been a burning 'shame, else she declares herself happier without me; '—but not in anger is this declaration made, but in 'pure sober good sense, built on sound experience.'—He then playfully adds,—'She hopes you will be able 'to strike a bargain for me, before this time twelve 'month, to lead a bear round Europe: and from this 'hope from you I verily believe it is, that you are so 'high in her favour at present.—She swears you are 'a fellow of wit, though humorous, a funny, jolly 'soul, though somewhat splenetic; and (bating the 'love of women) as honest as *gold*:—how do you like 'the simile?'

These characteristics of his friend, the author of 'Crazy Tales,' add an interest to this letter; and that interest is enhanced by what he says of himself. He is disagreeably affected by the sudden change from

the captivating gaieties of London, and the triumphant honours he met with there from the admirers of 'Tristram Shandy,' to the quietude of Coxwold.—'I should have walked about the streets of York for 'ten days,' he writes, 'as a proper medium to have 'passed through, before I entered upon my rest.—'I staid but a moment, and have been here but a few, 'to satisfy me I have not managed my miseries like 'a wise man;—and if God, for my consolation under 'them, had not poured the spirit of Shandeism into 'me, which will not suffer me to think two moments 'upon any grave subject, I would else just now lie 'down and die—die;—and yet, in half an hour's time, 'I'll lay a guinea I shall be as merry as a monkey—'and as mischievous too, and forget it all; so that this 'is but a copy of the present train running cross my 'mind.' This letter he ends in the following characteristic manner. 'To-morrow morning (if Heaven 'permit) I begin the fifth volume of Shandy.—I care 'not a curse for the critics.—I'll load my vehicle with 'what goods *he* sends me, and they may take 'em off 'my hands, or let them alone.—I am very valorous; 'and 'tis in proportion as we retire from the world, 'and see it in its true dimensions, that we despise it.—'No bad rant. God bless you! You know I am 'your affectionate Cousin,—LAURENCE STERNE.

'What few remain of the Demoniacs, greet;—and 'write me a letter, if you are able, as foolish as this.'

Sterne, on another occasion, writes to Hall Stevenson, that he was tired of his wife: and there is evidence to show that the estrangement was mutual. Nor was the cause of this fact dependent solely upon his sentimental amours; but arose, likewise, from the marked disparity of their dispositions. While in the south of France, he writes to Mr. H. Steven-

son:—'My dear wife is against all additional ex-
'penses; which propensity (though not of despotic
'power) yet I cannot suffer—though, by the bye,
'laudable enough.—But she may talk, I will do my
'own way; and she will acquiesce without a word
'of debate upon the subject. Who can say so much
'in praise of his wife? Few, I trow.'

In allusion to a severe fever by which he was struck at Montpellier, he writes to his banker, Mr. Foley, at Paris, in January, 1764:—'I have suffered
'in this scuffle with death (a fever) terribly; but,
'unless the spirit of prophecy deceive me, I shall
'not die, but live.—In the mean time, dear F., let
'us live as merrily, but as *innocently* as we can. It
'has ever been as good as a bishopric to me,—and
'I desire no other.'

In a letter to Mrs. Foley, he says:—'After having
'discharged them (his physicians), I told Mrs. Sterne
'that I should set out for England very soon, but
'she chooses to remain in France for two or three
'years. I have no objection, except that I wish my
'girl in England.' And to show how tired he was of French society, he says:—'I believe I shall step
'into my post-chaise with more alacrity to fly from
'those sights, than a Frenchman would fly to them;
'and, except a tear at parting with my little slut, I
'shall be in high spirits; and every step that brings
'me nearer England, will, I think, help to set this
'poor frame to rights.' Here he gives a ludicrous account of the practice of the renowned physicians of Montpellier:—'My physicians have almost
'poisoned me with what they call *bouillons rafraîchis-*
'*sants*,—'tis a cock flayed alive, and boiled with
'poppy seeds, then pounded in a mortar, afterwards
'passed through a sieve.—There is to be one crawfish

'in it; and I was gravely told it must be a male 'one—a female would do me more hurt than good.' This reminds one of Smollett's exposure of the ignorant quackery of the most noted physician of Montpellier. Having given his consent, evidently with painful reluctance, that his wife and beloved daughter were to remain in France for two years, he writes:—'My wife goes to Bagnières and I to my wife, the 'Church in Yorkshire.' And he thus strives to console himself by this reflection:—'We all live—we 'all live the longer,—at least the happier, for having 'things our own way.—This is my conjugal maxim:—'I own 'tis not the best of maxims;—but I maintain ''tis not the worst.'

Such was the unhappy ending of a tour through France, which was projected by Sterne for the purpose of sharing his own enjoyments with those of his wife and daughter;—and the affectionate and unselfish spirit, in which he induced them to join heartily in his proposal, affords strong evidence to show that he was not careless or neglectful of their happiness. Nor could he be indifferent to their long absence, when he wrote from Paris to Mrs. Sterne thus:—'I long to see you both you may be 'assured, my dear wife and child, after so long a 'separation. o o o o o o Do all for the best, 'as He who guides all things will, I hope, do for 'us! So heaven preserve you both!

'Love to my Lydia.—I have bought her a gold 'watch, to present to her when she comes.'

In the next letter he tells of the influence of fine clothes in France:—'These, I say, will cost you sixty 'guineas,—and you must have them:—for in this 'country nothing can be spared from the back;—'and if you dine on an onion, and lie in a garret,

'seven stories high, you must not betray it in your 'clothes; according to which you are well or ill 'looked upon.' How expressive of personal vanity is this trait of national character! 'And now,' he concludes, 'God knows that I have not a wish but 'for your health, comfort, and safe arrival here.'

The following extract from a letter, written to his wife, at this time, is given here, and it tends to place Sterne's disposition in an amiable light. o o o 'After that we shall have the sweetest season of the 'vintage to go to the south of France; but we will 'put our heads together, and you shall do just as 'you please, in this and in everything that depends 'on me,—for I am a being perfectly contented, when 'others are pleased;—to bear and forbear will ever 'be my maxim,—only I fear the heat through a 'journey of five or six hundred miles more for you 'and my Lydia, than for myself.' Surely he could not have the barefaced audacity to address his wife in this way, if there were a word of truth in the rumour, which was spread abroad, without the *slightest evidence*, namely,—that he had beaten her.

An extract from the next letter will also be interesting, as regards the character of Sterne. 'I long 'to hear from you, and that all my letters and things 'are come safe to you, and then you will say that I 'have not been a bad lad. Dear Bess, I have a 'thousand wishes, but have a hope for every one of 'them. Do not say I forget you, or whatever may be 'conducive to your ease of mind, in this journey.—I 'wish I was with you to do these offices myself, and to 'strew roses in your way;—but I shall have time and 'occasion to show that I am not wanting. Now, my 'dears, once more pluck up your spirits,—trust in God, '—in me,—and in yourselves;—with this, were you

'put to it, you would encounter all these difficulties ten 'times told;—write instantly, and tell me your triumph 'over all fears; till Lydia is better and a helpmate to 'you.' The concluding sentence is expressive of a valuable ingredient of his mental constitution. 'You 'say she' (Lydia) 'grows like me:—let her show me 'she does so in her contempt of small dangers, and 'fighting against the apprehensions of them, which is 'better still.' Nor can gratitude—that noble offspring of a generous and sympathising mind—be justly withheld from the category of his dispositions; for an ardent spirit of thankfulness is shown in his intercourse with that unrivalled actor, Garrick, the man who at once appreciated the originality of his genius, the brilliancy of his wit, and the satiric pungency of his eccentric humour. And though it were impossible that such rare intellectual qualities, as Sterne was gifted with, could remain long unnoticed by the public, on his first visit to London, yet the *éclat*, by which the author of 'Tristram Shandy' was then hailed was, in the first instance, due to the penetration and kindness of David Garrick. To him he was indebted for an immediate introduction to the most distinguished men of the time, both for birth and superior talents. And, as the introduction took place at the hospitable board of his friend, Sterne had an opportunity of displaying his social qualities, which, it may be presumed, were of an attractive kind; since he was from that moment so overwhelmed with invitations to dinner, that any one who wished for his company was obliged to engage him a fortnight in advance.

Amongst those who then highly valued the genius and sprightly manners of Sterne were the accomplished Lord Chesterfield, the friend of Pope and Bolingbroke, the liberal and high-minded statesman, and

friend of Edmund Burke—Lord Rockingham—the kind and enlightened Lord Bathurst, the friend of Swift and Pope—and the 'prodigy,' Charles Townsend, that man of 'most refined and polished wit,' and whose great oratorical powers were such as enabled him 'to hit the "House" just between wind and water.'

The convivial manners of Sterne must have been of a congenial kind to gain the admiration and friendly companionship of the wittiest man of his time. How idle then the criticism, and how warped the judgment, of Horace Walpole, when he pronounced the author of 'Tristram Shandy' devoid of wit and humour! He could never be excited to laughter by anything that Sterne had written. But Walpole seems to have been biassed by animosity against Sterne; for, if such were not the case, he could not be so ready to infer, from the fact of Sterne's mother having become bankrupt in her attempt to keep a school in Ireland, that her son was consequently neglectful of her safety and comfort, and would have allowed her to 'rot in gaol' if the compassion of her pupils' parents had not prevented it, by raising a subscription for her relief. The letter to Mr. John Blake, just alluded to, serves to blot out the stain, which such unholy negligence, if true, would impress upon his reputation.

Amongst those admirers of Sterne's genius was Warburton, the celebrated Bishop of Gloucester, who styled him the English Rabelais; and who presented him, moreover, with a purse of gold, as a token of his admiration and goodwill. He even went so far as to hold up the genius of the author of 'Tristram Shandy' even in a company of bishops. But startled, perhaps, by the outcry raised by the literary reviews, against the gross allusions which, unfortunately, tarnish, with an indelible stain, a fictitious history, that contains

many pictures of moral excellence, which, for purity of colouring and harmony of proportion, have seldom been equalled,—startled by that outcry, and his own dislike of the offensive passages, he felt bound to offer to the author, in whose success he took so great an nterest, friendly advice. This advice was given by letter in a tone of kindly remonstrance, which was received by Sterne in a proper spirit. But, upon the appearance of two odes, called 'Lyric Odes,' regarding Sterne, written by Hall Stevenson, and denounced by Warburton as disgusting specimens of lewdness and mpiety, the bishop addressed, still in the spirit of a sincere well-wisher, another admirable letter to his protégé, which must have made a deep and galling impression upon the sensitive nature of the latter. But while Sterne takes the wily satire of the remonstrance in good part, he fails not to give a manly display of independence, with a promise that he would endeavour to avoid, in future, what the bishop found to be objectionable in Tristram, but yet, he says, 'I will laugh as 'long as I live, my Lord, and as loud as I can too.' To this letter there is a short rejoinder from Warburton, which terminates the correspondence and all intercourse between these remarkable men. Sterne, however, did not alter the Shandean spirit of his book; and for this disregard of his wholesome admonitions, or more likely from a purer motive, Warburton, according to Dr. Hurd, said that Sterne was an 'irrevocable scoundrel.' But the offensive and arrogant nature of the author of 'The Divine Legation,' was in the habit of giving hard names to those literary men who disregarded his opinion.—(*See* Appendix.)

But Sterne was not entirely deaf to the remonstrances of his critics, as his letter (No. 131) shows: although he felt the difficulty of meeting their views. He there

says,—'I will reconsider Slop's fall, and my too minute 'description of it; but, in general, I am persuaded that 'the happiness of the Cervantic manner arises from this 'very thing,—of describing silly and trifling events with 'the circumstantial pomp of great ones. Perhaps this 'is overloaded, and I can ease it.'—He then playfully says,—'I have a project of getting Tristram put into 'the hands of the Archbishop, if he comes down this 'autumn, which will ease me of all trouble upon the 'topic of discretion.

'But to be serious (if I can) I will use all reasonable 'caution,—only with this caution along with it, not to 'spoil my book; that is the air and originality of it, 'which must resemble the author; and I fear it is the 'number of these slighter touches, which make the re-'semblance, and identify it from all others of the same 'stamp, which this understrapping virtue of prudence 'would oblige me to strike out.'—And, to show that all his readers did not condemn his own view of the case, he adds,——'A very able critic, and one of my colour 'too, who has read over Tristram, made answer, upon 'my saying I would consider the colour of my coat as 'I corrected it,——that that idea in my head would 'render my book not worth a groat. Still I promise to 'be cautious; but deny I have gone as far as Swift; he 'keeps a due distance from Rabelais; I keep a due 'distance from him. Swift has said a hundred things 'I durst not say, unless I were dean of St. Patrick's.' But this comparative absence of indelicacy is but a poor excuse for having given way to it, as far as to render his wonderful work a sealed book to those who would, undoubtedly, profit by the edifying strain and attractive instances by which he advocates the lovable nature of charity in all its phases; and the delightful sensations accruing to any one who yearns and labours for the

supremacy of compassion over selfish indifference to human suffering: even his unaffected sympathy for the sufferings of the meanest beings of the animal kingdom is shown in a light so fascinating, that the picture is indelibly fixed upon the tablet of the reader's memory.

Who can forget the instance of Uncle Toby's benevolence of temper, when tormented by a fly, buzzing about his nose? for, on catching it, he held it tenderly between his finger and thumb, and, on opening the window, let it go, saying, Go, poor little thing, the world is wide enough for you and me.

When Sterne promises his friendly critic that, in revising Tristram, he 'will use all reasonable caution,' but that he must not spoil his book; 'that is the air 'and originality of it, which must resemble the author;' surely, when such was the case, it can hardly be, with reason, denied, that compassion, in its most tender phases, found a congenial receptacle in the natural instincts of the author of the story of 'Le Fevre,'—one of the most affecting and least affected pieces of writing to be found in the whole range of literature. Nor could any one delineate, in forms so pathetic and with incidents so dramatic and natural, the scene of Yorick's death-bed, unless he was possessed of real tenderness of feeling. And, again, could anything be more likely to engender, or, at least, to awaken, a spirit of compassion for suffering helplessness, and indignation against heartless cruelty, than the episode of the ass, obstructed in the gateway by his panniers? And cold, indeed, and insensible to the emotion of pity, must that man's heart be, who could be unaffected by the deep pathos which pervades the story of the disconsolate muleteer, while bewailing the loss of his faithful animal, then lying dead at his feet.

It is not that a dead ass, as an isolated object, could

fill the breast with sorrowful emotion, even in the sentimental breast of Sterne; no, it is the pathetic nature of the incidents that led to its death which excites pity. How afflicting too and natural is the self-accusing compunction of the poor, fond, forlorn muleteer! for upon Yorick's saying,—'Thou hast one 'comfort, friend, at least,—I am sure thou hast been a 'merciful master to him.—Alas! said the mourner, 'I thought so when he was alive;—but now that he is 'dead I think otherwise.—I fear that the weight of 'myself and my afflictions together have been too 'much for him,—they have shortened the poor creature's 'days, and I fear I have them to answer for.—Shame 'on the world, said I to myself.—Did we but love 'each other as this poor soul loved his ass,—'t would 'be something.'

What an instructive lesson does this event afford of friendly and benevolent consideration for the sorrows and misfortunes of others, even when we ourselves share in those misfortunes, over the concentrated selfishness of those, who are not only guided by the maxim 'that charity begins at home,' but feel indisposed to permit that benign assuager of affliction to step beyond the threshold of their own inhospitable mansion.

But yet it might be thought that Sterne, in the guise of Yorick, was not warmed by the glowing flame of genuine benevolence, or he could not have acted as he did, on his first interview with the poor Franciscan friar; whose form, and air, and manner, he has so inimitably portrayed; and which are singularly incitant of generosity. Certainly, maxims of political economy and universal philanthropy, with perhaps a lurking leaven of religious bigotry, did, on that occasion, cause him to repudiate, somewhat coldly and hurtfully, an appeal to

his charity, made with graceful humility and pardonable obtrusiveness. But reason, and policy, and even religious bigotry, were not of force sufficient to subdue the promptings of pity in the mind of Yorick, for he says:—'My heart smote me the moment he shut the 'door.—Psha! said I, with an air of carelessness, three 'several times,—but it would not do; every ungracious 'syllable I had uttered crowded back into my imagina-'tion: I reflected I had no right over the poor 'Franciscan, but to deny him; and that the punishment 'of that was enough to the disappointed, without the 'addition of unkind language.—I considered his grey 'hairs:—his courteous figure seemed to re-enter, and 'gently ask me what injury he had done me? and why 'I could use him thus? I would have given twenty 'livres for an advocate. I have behaved very ill, said 'I, within myself.'

In this dramatic episode Sterne has bequeathed to posterity a moral lesson, drawn in so palpable a shape, that it could not fail to make an indelible impression upon the heart and understanding. It shows the superior power, which meekness, adorned with innocence, possesses over sudden resentment, in disarming unmerited aggression, and in converting the adversary into the cordial advocate: for he tells us that notwithstanding his ungenerous and cutting refusal, 'the poor 'monk made no reply: a hectic of a moment passed 'across his cheek, but could not tarry:—nature seemed 'to have done with her resentment in him; he showed 'none, but letting his staff fall within his arm, he 'pressed both his hands with resignation upon his 'breast and retired.'

Its influence, moreover, in assuaging the pangs of self-accusing remorse, is admirably told, where he describes the subsequent meeting of Yorick with the

patient and forgiving votary of St. Francis, at the 'Remise;' and where the latter presents Yorick with his horn snuff-box, as a token of reconciliation. And what a picture of the character and humble circumstances of the monk is conveyed in the trifling value of the gift, and his mode of rendering it more worthy of acceptance.

The influence of so virtuous a man upon the feelings of Yorick is afterwards shown at the grave of Father Lorenzo (for that was the monk's name), where he says,—'When, upon pulling out his little horn 'box, as I sat by his grave, and plucking up a nettle 'or two at the head of it, which had no business to 'grow there, they all struck together so forcibly upon 'my affections, that I burst into a flood of tears:— 'but I am as weak as a woman; and I beg the 'world not to smile, but pity me.'

The above passage calls to mind a leading feature of Sterne's intellect, namely, the faculty of perceiving similitudes, and of detecting incongruities, with discriminating subtlety; and, as there is scarcely to be found in Nature an object less suited than the nettle to rest upon the grave of the patient and inoffensive monk, it is natural that Yorick should pluck it out of the soil, which held the remains of a man, in whom 'Nature seemed to have done with her 'resentments.'

Surely, it is not reasonable to suppose that the man, who could portray, in colours so truly captivating, the finest qualities of human nature, was himself devoid of those qualities, since to delineate them so naturally, and render their less obvious beauties so palpable and fascinating, demanded the instinctive possession of them. And would it not be a mistake to gainsay the truth of the adage which

says, in regard to the passions, whether they be in their kind, exalted or debased, that:—

'He best can paint them who has felt them most;'

—provided he possesses genius enough to do so.

But if Sterne's opponents have refused to allow that he was possessed of genuine sympathy, and would have it that his melting pathos is unreal and affected, they have not, on the other hand, failed to paint, in the most glaring colours, the reckless pruriency, which has been already noticed, and which has left a stain upon his literary escutcheon which can never be effaced, and which must for ever narrow the influence of those passages in his writings which are evidently meant to promote the reign of harmony and goodwill among mankind.

But though these indelicate passages render his works unfit for the perusal of modest females; yet to a young man who is a law unto himself, there is little danger, however offended he would be, of having his moral sense contaminated by such passages,—passages, suggested by strong amatory tendencies, which have cast an indelible blight upon his moral reputation. Still there is reason to infer, from a letter of his to the Earl of S——, that he was not a gross sensualist, in reality. And there is some room for thinking that the ardent protestations of love, contained in his letters to Eliza, and in those to Miss Fourmantelle (his dear, dear Kitty), were the expression of glowing friendship and enthusiastic admiration, which may coexist with purity of conduct. Out of many passages, of the same import, may be quoted the following, to Eliza,—'Thou leavest me nothing 'to require,—nothing to ask,—but a continuation of

'that conduct which won my esteem, and has made 'me thy friend for ever.'

The same Platonic spirit pervades his letters to his 'dear Kitty,' though these are expressed with even greater fervency of attachment and evince signs of a more intimate relationship. Yet, in one of those letters to Kitty he complains that the world is so censorious that it will not admit the possibility of a man and woman being ardently attached to each other, without its being accompanied by immoral conduct, and, if his assertion in the letter to the Earl of S——, before referred to, be true, he had grounds for being chagrined at the bitter assaults upon his reputation as a gross sensualist;—an odious imputation which he solemnly repudiates, when writing to his lordship of the blundering diagnosis of his medical attendants. And in a letter to a friend (Mr. W.), he shows the motives of his own attachment to the fair sex in this way,—'I am glad that you are in love;—''twill cure you, at least, of the spleen, which has a bad 'effect both upon man and woman.—I myself must 'ever have some Dulcinea in my head; it harmonizes 'the soul. . .' But the levity with which he indulged in this sentimental love-making was indicative of a want of stedfastness of attachment—at least, in regard to the loves of the sexes—as he himself discovers in a letter to his friend, Hall Stevenson, wherein he says he is head and ears in love with some fair dame, but that she was not the one with whom he was at such a place, nor the other, nor the other, nor the other, whose company he had enjoyed at different places, which he names in his own Shandean style.

There was, certainly, a cold selfishness in such conduct which casts a stigma of impurity on this characer in regard to his love affairs, which, if we trust his own

asseveration, already alluded to, ought not, perhaps, in justice, to be entertained. But his mode of making love was studiously systematic rather than impulsive, according to his own receipt: for, after saying that love harmonizes the soul, he adds,—'and, in those cases, 'I first endeavour to make the lady believe so; or 'rather, I begin first to make myself believe that I am 'in love: but I carry on my affairs quite in the French 'way, sentimentally,—"*L'amour*" (say they) "*n'est rien* '"*sans sentiment.*"'

By the kind permission of Mr. Murray, of Albemarle Street, I am enabled to lay before the reader a series of thirteen letters from Sterne to Miss Fourmantelle, which have never before found a place in any edition of the collected works of Sterne. These letters show that he had long been an ardent lover of the young Huguenot lady, but his neglect of her, when she came to London, to join him in thanksgiving for the signal honours he was receiving from the most conspicuous men of the time, was such as showed him to have been, as a lover, selfish and unfaithful. Mr. Murray's father received those letters from a Mrs. Weston, who stated that Sterne had promised marriage to Miss Fourmantelle, but that he broke his promise by marrying Mrs. Sterne; and that his desertion deprived the poor girl of her reason, and that she was the original of the hapless Maria of Moulines. But, as it will be found that some of those letters were written so late as 1761, the loss of her reason could not have been caused by her faithless lover's marriage, which took place in 1741.

The occurrence of so sad a catastrophe was very natural; and, possibly, it may have been in allusion to that unhappy lady, whom he coldly neglected in the day of his brightest success, that he acknowledged to

Hall Stevenson, not long before his death, that, if he lived but three or four years longer, he would rectify something that was causing him disquietude.

Subsequently he became enamoured of Mrs. Draper, the wife of Daniel Draper, Esq., of Bombay. This lady he has immortalized in his letters to Eliza. But it were well for his reputation if those letters had never seen the light, for in one of them he confesses that he did not tell truth when he asserted that their mutual friend, the good Mrs. James, had discontinued her aquaintance with some ladies in London, because she had detected their ill-will to his adored Eliza, which was hypocritically veiled under the guise of friendship. The bitterness with which he assails the intentions of those ladies, it is probable, had its rise in the fact of their becoming alarmed for the honour of their friend, and the purity of her character, which were likely to suffer in the opinion of society if she were any longer to remain on such intimate terms with the author of 'Tristram Shandy,' and the bosom friend of John Hall Stevenson, of Skelton Castle, the Prior of the Demoniacs, who used to assemble at that hospitable dwelling, and where Sterne was called 'the blackbird,' owing to his skill in playing on the bass-viol; and whom his friend celebrates under that name in one of his macaroni poems.

Possibly Sterne had good reason for his bitter hatred of those ladies, but there is no excuse for uttering a falsehood to strengthen his admonition, even though the safety of the dearest object of his heart depended on it. And how humiliating the acknowledgment of such a transgression! But this he could not avoid doing, as it involved the name of his honoured and most esteemed friend, Mrs. James, to whom he wrote his last letter, a few days before he died, in a strain so

desponding, that, at last, the heart of poor Yorick seemed really about to break.

In that letter he commends his beloved daughter Lydia to the care of that excellent lady and her gallant husband, Colonel James, in case she should be left without the protection of her mother, whose health was then in a very precarious state. But the friendship of this truly good woman was not put to the test in this case, for Mrs. Sterne outlived her husband for many years. Mrs. Draper, too, survived her devoted Bramin. But from some cause she had ceased to look upon his character in the brilliant and engaging light she was accustomed to view it in; for in a letter from India she says he was cold and selfish, and had treated her badly.

Had the contents of the letter to Lydia, wherein he repudiates the thought of choosing any one whose guardianship would probably necessitate her going to India, been made known to Mrs. Draper? If such were the case, certainly she had good reason to be offended; for in it he shows that Mrs. Draper was not, in his opinion, endowed with those high moral qualities which shone so brightly in the character of his friend Mrs. James; and which, in every letter of his to Eliza, he acknowledges that she herself possessed in an eminent degree, and in his parting letter to her he exclaims,—'Honour, and happiness, and health, and 'comforts of every kind, sail along with thee, thou 'most worthy of girls! I will live for thee and my 'Lydia—be rich for the children of my heart—gain 'wisdom, gain fame, and happiness, to share with 'them—with thee—and her in my old age.—Once for 'all, adieu; preserve thy life; steadily pursue the 'ends we proposed; and let nothing rob thee of those 'powers Heaven has given thee for thy well-being.'

On comparing these opinions with the depreciatory tone which marks the letter to Miss Sterne, respecting her future guardian, one cannot but notice a degree of disingenuousness, which can only be accounted for by supposing that Sterne was anxious to remove entirely from the mind of his wife and daughter the suspicion, that there existed anything beyond the evanescent admiration of the passing hour, in his intimacy with Mrs. Draper. But such enthusiastic wooing, as formed the leading hobby-horse of Sterne, could scarcely be wanting in candour, even though he had, in the meantime, become deeply in love with Lady P. (Lady Percy, the daughter of the Marquis of Bute); for in his 'Sentimental Journey' he records the name of Eliza in such a way as can leave no doubt of the sincerity of his love and admiration of her personal charms. And, if Mrs. Weston's tale to Mr. Murray be correct, it is plain that his love for 'dear Kitty' was not capable of erasing from his memory the impression made upon it by the fascinating Eliza: and fascinating indeed she must have been to enable her to cope in personal charms with the original of the hapless Maria of Moulines; who, 'though not tall, was nevertheless of the first 'order of fine forms—affliction had touched her looks 'with something that was scarce earthly—still she was 'feminine—and so much was there about her of all that 'the heart wishes, or the eye looks for in woman, that 'could the traces be ever worn out of her brain, or 'those of Eliza out of mine, she should *not only eat of 'my bread and drink of my own cup*, but Maria should 'lie in my bosom, and be unto me as a daughter.'

The same strain of Platonic affection pervades his letters to those two ladies: and would not this tend to weaken the doubts that naturally arise as to the purity of his intentions and acts? Certainly, if we are

to credit his own solemn declaration, there is room for doubting the existence of that sensuality which, in the eyes of the world, has indelibly tarnished his fair fame, and, moreover, has rendered his writings a sealed book to the female portion of society, who could not fail to be delighted and improved by the practical lessons he has left us of the benign effects of benevolence and brotherly love.

In a humorous tone he banters his friend Sir W., in a letter (September 19, 1767), for having mistaken his meaning when he alluded to Venus in regard to his bathing in the sea. 'The body,' he says, 'guides you—'the mind me.'—And, after saying that coarse pruriency was disgusting to him, he writes,—'I had rather raise 'a gentle flame than have a different one raised in me.—'Now I take heaven to witness, after all this *badinage*, 'my heart is innocent—and the sporting of my pen is 'equal, just equal to what I did in my boyish days, 'when I got astride of a stick, and galloped away.—The 'truth is this—that my pen governs me—not me my 'pen.' But this last assertion must be ill-founded; for, on the contrary, his pen was governed by the instinctive suggestions of dominant feelings, while the salutary prompting of reflection lay dormant. What else could have induced him to stain the page which was illumined by the chaste figure of charity, in the person of the fair Beguine, by indelicate insinuations, while she was ministering to the cure of the wound from which Corporal Trim was suffering? But it would, perhaps, be doing Sterne an injustice to infer, that he was insensible to the charm of unsuspicious chastity, while in the guise of that beauteous handmaid of benevolence and piety. It would, perhaps, be more correct to assume that he could not resist his predominant sense of the ludicrous, which he was enabled to gratify by

showing the cause of Trim's having fallen in love in a whimsical point of view.

So strong, indeed, were those feelings in Sterne, that, in a letter to Lord Bathurst, he says,—'Tis true that 'an author must feel himself, or his reader will not.—'But I have torn my whole frame with my feelings.' But it was in his admiration of the fair sex that he evinced a deficiency of moral control; for upon asking, —'But what has prudence to do with love? In 'this,' he says, 'I have no government, at least not 'half so much as I ought.' Discretion, however, did, in the time of his highest prosperity, teach him to neglect his dear Kitty, when she was in obscure lodgings in Soho—the lady with whom he longed to share his good fortune. His caution was certainly judicious, but no doubt it was heart-breaking to poor Miss Fourmantelle.

It should be observed here that there is no excuse strong enough to erase the blot of selfishness which must for ever sully the character of Sterne, as a man who did not scruple to gain the fond affections of so many women, to the detriment of their characters, when he was not in a condition to make honourable love to them. With all his fine feeling and intense sensibility he does not seem to have been possessed of that 'sen-'sibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which 'felt a stain like a wound;' at least in sufficient force to control his pursuit of self-gratification.

The intellect of Sterne was of a high order, but it was limited in its sphere of action; especially when it is put in competition with the intellects of Smollett, of Fielding, and of Swift. It was characteristically metaphysical, but not mathematical, more contemplative and imaginative than practical, though some of his letters proved him to have been a man of practical

good sense, when there was necessity for applying himself to the conducting of the ordinary business of life. But to use the pen was the darling hobby of his soul; yet the tenour of its unpremeditated course did not lead him to the improvement of the sciences, and to their practical application, either in politics or mechanics. With all his genius he could never become a Newton or a Burke. But for knowledge of the faculties of the mind and their varied combinations, which go to constitute variety of character, few men have equalled him. Where, out of Shakespeare, or, may it be said, even there, can be met with anything to surpass the beautiful character of Uncle Toby? whose 'guile-'less disposition,' says Sterne, whose 'unparalleled 'modesty of nature I once told you of.—But where 'am I going?—These reflections crowd in upon me ten 'pages at least too soon, and to take up that time which 'I ought to bestow upon facts.'

It is his tendency to digress which caused Walpole to say that he told his history of Tristram backwards. But he himself with truth says,—'Tristram is digressive 'and progressive at the same time.'

This style was adopted from the whimsical satisfaction he derived from disappointing his readers' expectation. For he says, if he thought that any one could anticipate what he was about to write on in the next chapter, he would tear it out of the book. Even his blank pages impart much meaning—more, perhaps, than words could express. An example of his skill in the portrayal of feeling by a gesture is shown where Mr. Shandy, while standing behind the chair of his brother Toby, said something gratifying to Uncle Toby's benevolent heart; the latter, without saying a word, passed his hand gently behind the chair, and gave Mr. Shandy's a squeeze.

The character of Trim is admirable. His desires are always in harmony with his master's. He possesses almost as much kindness and warmth of heart; but he knows the ways of the world better. He possesses some inventive power, which he often displays in a ludicrous light. For instance, in making the fortifications in his master's bowling-green, he does not hesitate to take the ropes from the window-sashes, the jack-boots that were a sort of heirloom in the family, and even his master's favourite tobacco-pipes, to complete the defences of his garrison. How good, too, is his notion of the fifth commandment! and his solution of the nature of radical heat and moisture is droll, while unfortunate Dr. Slop's scientific version is ridiculously incomprehensible. Sterne takes great delight in casting ridicule upon whatever is said or done by this luckless subject of his sarcastic drollery. The original of Slop was Dr. Burton, of York, an M.D. of Cambridge, and a distinguished practitioner in midwifery, and the writer of a book on that subject, with plates, which was deemed worthy of being translated into French, and was approved of by many Societies, as a work of value. He was a demagogue and a Jacobite, and as such incurred the bitter hostility of Jaques Sterne, Prebend of York, a furious and bigoted partisan of the party then in power. He was also a distinguished antiquarian. His figure was short and thickset, his head large, and, mounted on his diminutive pony, afforded Sterne a fine subject for ridicule, which he took an unmerciful advantage of in his ludicrous description of Slop's encounter with Obadiah on the big coach-horse; as well as in other more serious matters. The character of Widow Wadman and her insidious assaults upon the innocence of Uncle Toby are admirably delineated. Indeed all the characters are portrayed with rare dis-

crimination, from that of the generous, amiable Yorick, down to Mrs. Bridget and Susanna.

Having trespassed already too far upon the space allowed for this Preface, I am reluctantly constrained to forego my wish to notice many things relating to Sterne which would add to its interest. But before I come to a close, I think it will be interesting to quote what Sterne says of his own character:—

'Now as for my spirits, little have I to lay to their 'charge,—nay, so very little, (unless the mounting me 'upon a long stick, and playing the fool with me nine-'teen hours out of twenty-four be accusations)—that, 'on the contrary, I have much,—much to thank 'em for. 'Cheerly have ye made me tread the path of life with 'all the burdens of it (except its cares) upon my back: 'in no one moment of my existence, that I remember, 'have ye once deserted me, or tinged the objects which 'came in my way, either with sable, or with sickly 'green: in dangers ye gilded my horizon with hope; 'and when Death himself knocked at my door,—ye 'bade him come again; and in so gay a tone of careless 'indifference did ye do it, that he doubted of his 'commission.'

Such a disposition was strongly manifested by him at school, in Halifax, where he became a favourite of the master, who, even then, foresaw that he would be a remarkable man. But he was desultory as a student. He would read hard for a short time, then cease to study the prescribed tasks for many days in succession. Such tasks must have been irksome to one of his mirthful and eccentric disposition; for even at that early day he made himself remarkable by sallies of wit and humour. Original in all things, he was not satisfied to follow the lead of other boys by cutting the initial letters of his name on the desk, but dared to adorn the

newly-whitewashed ceiling of the schoolroom with his name in full. At Cambridge, where he entered as a sizar, at the age of eighteen, he felt a dislike to the ordinary curriculum of study, which he ridiculed in 'Tristram 'Shandy;' and where he levels his satiric humour, with wonderful effect, against speculative philosophers, in the person of Mr. Shandy, whose natural sympathies were strangely subservient to the obstinate sustainment of his philosophical theories.

It was at Cambridge he formed an intimacy with Hall Stevenson, who was then a youth of engaging manners and of handsome face and figure. But his strong sensual tendencies rendered him a very unsuitable and dangerous friend to a young man about to enter the Church. This friendship was fostered by the nearness of the vicarage of Sutton, which Sterne soon acquired, to Skelton Castle, the residence of Hall Stevenson, whom he has immortalized as Eugenius. It was here he had an opportunity of reading those strange and scarce books which seem to have biassed him as to the path his genius was specially to pursue in the wide domain of literature.

Here he found Bruscamville, Bouchet, and others, old French humourists, remarkable for their talent, but which was tarnished by grossness and impurity. Rabelais, too, and Cervantes he delighted in—the latter he held in the highest estimation. But though he was called the English Rabelais, and justly so for his indelicacies, for his pathos he was indebted to no man. And surely no writer ever delineated the charming influence of compassion, the tender glow of friendship, or the moral duties of mankind, with more truth and beauty. This is manifested not only in his two great works, but also in his sermons, as well as in his unpremeditated, graphic, and delight-

ful letters. A striking instance of the human qualities which Sterne loved to commend is presented in the following tribute of affection to Uncle Toby:—

'My heart stops me to pay thee, my dear Uncle Toby, 'once for all, the tribute I owe thy goodness; here let 'me thrust my chair aside, and kneel down upon the 'ground, whilst I am pouring forth the warmest senti- 'ments of love to thee, and veneration for the excellency 'of thy character, that ever virtue and nature kindled in 'a nephew's bosom.—Peace and comfort rest for ever- 'more upon thy head! Thou enviedst no man's comforts, 'insultedst no man's opinions.—Thou blackenedst no 'man's character,—devouredst no man's bread: gently, 'with faithful Trim behind thee, didst thou amble round 'the little circle of thy pleasures, jostling no creature in 'the way:—for each one's sorrows thou hadst a tear,— 'for each man's need thou hadst a shilling. Whilst 'I am worth one, to pay a weeder,—thy path from thy 'door to thy bowling-green shall never be grown up— 'whilst there is a rood and a half of land in the Shandy 'family thy fortifications, my dear Uncle Toby, shall 'never be demolished.'

I cannot forbear giving another instance of Sterne's power and tendency to stir up within us a fondness for the finest qualities of human nature.

In reflecting upon the death of Corporal Trim, he exclaims, — 'Tread lightly on his ashes, ye men of 'genius,—for he was your kinsman.

'Weed his grave clean, ye men of goodness,—for he 'was your brother.—Oh Corporal! had I thee but 'now,—now, that I am able to give thee a dinner and 'protection,—how would I cherish thee! thou shouldst 'wear thy montero cap every hour of the day, and every 'day of the week,—and when it was worn out, I would

'purchase thee a couple like it;—but alas! alas! alas! 'now that I can do this in spite of their reverences—the 'occasion is lost—for thou art gone;—thy genius fled 'up to the stars from whence it came;—and that warm 'heart of thine, with all its generous and open vessels, 'compressed into a *clod of the valley.*

'But what is this—what is this, to that future and 'dreaded page, when I look to the velvet pall, decorated 'with the military ensigns of thy master—the first—the 'foremost of created beings; where I shall see thee, 'faithful servant, laying his sword and scabbard with a 'trembling hand across his coffin, and then turning, pale 'as ashes, to the door, to take his mourning horse by 'the bridle, to follow his hearse, as he directed thee;— 'where all my father's systems shall be baffled by his 'sorrows; and, in spite of his philosophy, I shall behold 'him—as he inspects the lackered plate, twice taking 'his spectacles from off his nose, to wipe away the dew 'which nature had shed upon them—when I see him 'cast the rosemary with an air of disconsolation, which 'cries through my ears,—O Toby! in what corner of 'the world shall I seek thy fellow?'

Though the mind of Sterne was deeply imbued with a sense of the ludicrous, yet his versatile nature was so alive to the charms of what is beautiful in all things —whether they are of a material or spiritual nature— that it tinged his predominant jollity with that fine spirit of whim for which he was so remarkably distinguished. Few men were possessed of a finer perception of form, whether it be displayed in painting or in sculpture; and, had he given his mind to it, there is reason to think that he would have been successful as an artist. In this faculty he differed much from his contemporary, Smollett, who would see but little beauty, if any, in the Venus de Medici; and for which

want of taste, he was laughed at by Sterne, who nicknamed him Smellfungus.

Sterne had much musical taste, and, as has been said before, played well upon the viol. His love of the drama was also a marked feature of his mind; and from these three sources he chose, for his superior faculty of comparison, materials which render his similes so animated and pleasing. He was fonder of fame than of power. His ardour in pursuit of pleasures amounted to unrestrained selfishness; but his selfishness was not the result of self-love, engendered by self-esteem. It arose rather from the excessive fervour of his feelings, by which he allowed himself to be carried away beyond the bounds of propriety, owing to want of firmness, and due consideration for his own dignity. He was hurried on in these courses, so fatal to his good name, not so much by gross and vicious tendencies, as by a rare buoyancy of spirit proceeding from unflagging hope and unbounded mirthfulness; accompanied, as they were in him, with that keen perception of graceful form, which enabled him to appreciate female beauty, and caused him to yield to those allurements, which so often attend its presence, and which his own instincts were too prone to sympathize with and admire.

To a man of such a turn of mind the unprecedented honours he met with in London, on the publication of the two first volumes of 'Tristram Shandy,' must have been hurtful, and that such was the case we have the authority of his warmly-attached friend, Garrick, who said, sorrowfully, 'He degenerated in London, like 'an ill-transplanted shrub. The incense of the great 'spoiled his head, and their ragouts his stomach.'

So great was the change in the author of 'Tristram,' a work which was written 'in the corner of the king-

'dom, and in a retired thatched house, where I live,' says the author, 'in a constant endeavour to fence 'against the infirmities of ill health, and other evils of 'life, by Mirth; being firmly persuaded, that every 'time a man smiles,—but much more so when he 'laughs,—it adds something to this Fragment of Life.' Sterne was, indeed, like his prototype, Yorick, 'as 'mercurial and sublimated a composition, as heteroclite 'a creature in all his declensions; with as much life, 'and whim, and *gaité de cœur* about him, as the 'kindliest climate could have engendered and put 'together.' But, 'with all this sail, poor Yorick 'carried not one ounce of ballast.'

When this 'Fragment of Life' was about to be closed, Sterne manifested feelings of the tenderest nature in a letter to his daughter, where he tells her Mrs. James will watch over her, when he himself is no more, and from whom she will learn to be 'an affectionate wife, a 'tender mother, and a sincere friend.' And when he tells her that the want of health bows him down.—'This vile influenza—*be not alarmed, I think I shall get* 'the better of it, and shall be with you on the first of 'May; and if I escape, 'twill not be for a long period, 'my child, unless a quiet retreat and peace of mind 'can restore me.' And after saying, 'But I think, my 'Lydia, thy mother will survive me—do not deject her 'spirits with thy apprehensions on my account.... I 'am never alone,' he adds, 'the kindness of my friends 'is ever the same. *I wish, though, I had thee to nurse me,* '*but I am deny'd that.* Write to me twice a week at 'least. God bless thee, my child, and believe me *ever,* '*ever* thy affectionate father,

'L. S.'

By the kind permission of Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, I am enabled to close this Preface with the last letter

ever written by Sterne. It is sorrowful, yet characteristically hopeful; and is as follows:—

'Mr. Sterne's kindest and most friendly compliments 'to Mrs. James, with his most sentimental thanks for 'her obliging enquiry after his health. He fell ill 'the moment he got to his lodgings, and has been 'attended by a physician ever since. He says 'tis 'owing to Mr. Sterne's taking James's powder, and 'venturing out on so cold a day; but Mr. Sterne could 'give a truer account. He is almost dead, yet still 'hopes to glide like a shadow to Gerrard Street in a 'few days, to thank his good friend for her good will. 'All compliments to Mr. James—and all comfort to 'his good lady.'

It gives me pleasure to quote the following feeling remarks of Mr. Fitzgerald: — 'What he took 'for a "vile influenza" became a pleurisy; and on the 'Thursday following (March 10th), he was bled three 'times, and on the next day blistered. He was prostrate 'and exhausted for several days after this violent treatment, but as he lay there, the thought of the child he 'loved so dearly came upon him, and with a feeble 'hand he was just able to write a few tottering 'characters to his friend, Mrs. James. So piteous and 'touching an appeal has rarely come from a death-bed. 'It was the poor, broken, gasping, dying Yorick's last 'letter' (but one). 'In it we seem to hear an humble 'acknowledgement of errors, and a cry for pardon for 'follies which "my heart, not my head, betrayed me '"into!" — a declaration which we may accept as 'genuine, and which is the true key to all his Shandean 'sins, errors, mistakes and follies.'

JAMES. P. BROWNE, M.D.

P.S.—As this edition contains a memoir of Sterne, written by himself, it only remains for me to add to the foregoing brief estimate of the genius and disposition of the creator of such characters as Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim, and of Yorick, whose character was evidently made up of the leading features of his own, that he died, without a friend at hand to comfort him, on the 13th of March, 1768, at his lodgings in Old Bond Street, in the 55th year of his age, and was buried privately at Edgware, in the new cemetery of St. George's, Hanover Square.

And now let me tender my gratitude to Mr. Fitzgerald for his valuable advice and assistance, which greatly facilitated my humble efforts in bringing out this edition of Sterne, and for his kindness in permitting me to publish several letters to Mr. Blake, of the York Cathedral, which have appeared only in his 'Life of Sterne.' And I beg to repeat my thanks to Mr. Murray, the Messrs. Longman and Green, and to Mr. W. Durrant Cooper, for their kindness in permitting me to make use of and publish many letters which have never before appeared in any collected edition of Sterne's works, and which must serve to enhance materially the value and intrinsic interest of this.

These letters will be found in an Appendix, together with the plagiarisms in Ferriar's 'Illustrations of Sterne.' The latter, when put together, would scarcely fill a dozen pages, and certainly add nothing to heighten the beauty and originality of Sterne's genius.

J. P. B., M.D.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Works of Mr. Sterne, after contending with the prejudices of some, and the ignorance of others, have at length obtained that general approbation which they are entitled to, by their various, original, and intrinsic merits. No writer of the present times can lay claim to so many unborrowed excellencies. In none have wit, humour, fancy, pathos, an unbounded knowledge of mankind, and a correct and elegant style, been so happily united. These properties, which render him the delight of every reader of taste, have surmounted all opposition:—even Envy, Prudery, and Hypocrisy are silent.

Time, which allots to each author his due portion of fame, and admits a free discussion of his beauties and faults, without favour and without partiality, hath done ample justice to the superior genius of Mr. Sterne. It hath fixed his reputation, as one of the first writers in the English language, on the firmest basis, and advanced him to the rank of a classic. As such, it becomes a debt of gratitude to collect his scattered performances into a complete edition, with those embellishments usually bestowed on our most distinguished authors.

This hath been attempted in the present edition, which comprehends all the Works of Mr. Sterne, either made public in his lifetime or since his death. They are printed from the best and most correct copies, with no other alterations than what became necessary from the correction of literal errors. The Letters are arranged according to their several dates, as far as they can be discovered; and a few illustrations added, to explain some temporary circumstances mentioned or alluded to in them. Those which are confessedly spurious, are rejected; and, that no credit may be given to such as are of doubtful authority, it will be proper to observe, that the Letters numbered 129, 130, 131, have not those proofs of authenticity which the others possess. They cannot, however, be pronounced forgeries with so much confidence as some* which are discarded from the present edition may be, and are therefore retained in it.

* See the Preface to a Work published in 1779, intituled, 'Letters supposed to have been written by YORICK to ELIZA.'

That no part of the genuine works of Mr. Sterne might be omitted, his own account of himself and his family is inserted without variation. But as this appears to have been a hasty composition, intended only for the information of his daughter,—a small number of facts and dates, by way of notes, are added to it. These, it is presumed, will not be considered as improper additions.

It would be trespassing on the reader's patience, to detain him any longer from the pleasure which these volumes will afford, by bespeaking his favour either for the author or his works:—the former is out of the reach of censure or praise; and the reputation of the latter is too well established to be either supported or shook by panegyric or criticism. To the taste, therefore, the feelings, the good sense, and the candour of the public, the present collection of Mr. Sterne's Works may be submitted, without the least apprehension that the perusal of any part of them will be followed by consequences unfavourable to the interests of society. The oftener they are read, the stronger will a sense of universal benevolence be impressed on the mind; and the attentive reader will subscribe to the character of the author given by a comic writer, who declares he held him to be a 'moralist in the noblest 'sense: he plays, indeed, with the fancy, and sometimes, perhaps, 'too wantonly: but while he thus designedly masks his main at-'tack, he comes at once upon the heart; refines, amends it, softens 'it; beats down each selfish barrier from about it, and opens every 'sluice of pity and benevolence.'

MEMOIRS

OF

THE LIFE AND FAMILY

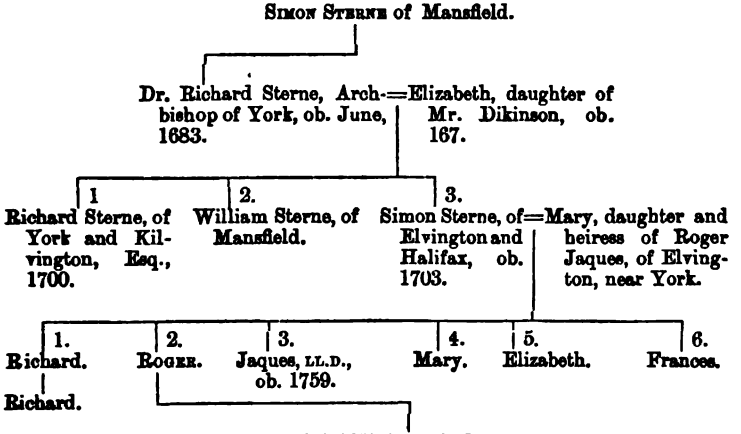
OF THE LATE

REV. MR. LAURENCE STERNE.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

ROGER STERNE* (Grandson to Archbishop Sterne), Lieutenant in Handaside's Regiment, was married to Agnes Hebert, widow of a Captain of a good family. Her family name was (I believe) Nuttle;

* Mr. Sterne was descended from a family of that name in Suffolk, one of which settled in Nottinghamshire. The following genealogy is extracted from Thoresby's Ducatus Leodinensis, p. 215.



The arms of the family, says Guillam, in his Book of Heraldry, p. 77, are, Or, a chevron between three crosses flory, sable. The crest, on a wreath of his colours, *a starling proper*.

Trifling circumstances are worthy of notice, when connected with distinguished characters. The arms of Mr. Sterne's family are no otherwise important than on account of the crest having afforded a hint for one of the finest stories in The Sentimental Journey. See Vol. II. of the present edition, p. 378.

—though, upon recollection, that was the name of her father-in-law, who was a noted sutler in Flanders, in Queen Anne's wars, where my father married his wife's daughter (*N.B.* he was in debt to him), which was on September 25, 1711, old style.—This Nuttle had a son by my grandmother,—a fine person of a man, but a graceless whelp!—what became of him I know not.—The family (if any left) live now at Clonmel, in the south of Ireland; at which town I was born, November 24, 1713, a few days after my mother arrived from Dunkirk.—My birthday was ominous to my poor father, who was, the day of our arrival, with many other brave officers, broke, and sent adrift into the wide world, with a wife and two children; —the elder of which was Mary. She was born at Lisle, in French Flanders, July 10, 1712, new style.—This child was the most unfortunate.—She married one Weemans, in Dublin,—who used her most unmercifully;—spent his substance, became a bankrupt, and left my poor sister to shift for herself; which she was able to do but for a few months, for she went to a friend's house in the country, and died of a broken heart. She was a most beautiful woman,—of a fine figure, and deserved a better fate.—The regiment in which my father served being broke, he left Ireland as soon as I was able to be carried, with the rest of his family, and came to the family seat at Elvington, near York, where his mother lived. She was daughter to Sir Roger Jaques, and an heiress. There we sojourned for about ten months, when the regiment was established, and our household decamped with bag and baggage for Dublin.—Within a month of our arrival, my father left us, being ordered to Exeter; where, in a sad winter, my mother and her two children followed him, travelling from Liverpool, by land, to Plymouth.—(Melancholy description of this journey, not necessary to be transmitted here.)—In twelve months we were all sent back to Dublin.—My mother, with three of us (for she lay-in at Plymouth of a boy, Joram) took ship at Bristol, for Ireland, and had a narrow escape from being cast away, by a leak springing up in the vessel.—At length, after many perils and struggles, we got to Dublin.—There my father took a large house, furnished it, and in a year and a half's time spent a great deal of money.—In the year one thousand seven hundred and nineteen, all unhinged again; the regiment was ordered, with many others, to the Isle of Wight, in order to embark for Spain in the Vigo Expedition. We accompanied the regiment, and were driven into Milford Haven, but landed at Bristol; from thence, by land, to Plymouth again, and to the Isle of Wight;—where, I remember, we stayed encamped some time before the embarkation of

the troops—(in this expedition, from Bristol to Hampshire, we lost poor Joram,—a pretty boy, four years old, of the small-pox)—my mother, sister, and myself, remained at the Isle of Wight during the Vigo Expedition, and until the regiment had got back to Wicklow, in Ireland; from whence my father sent for us.—We had poor Joram's loss supplied, during our stay in the Isle of Wight, by the birth of a girl, Anne, born September the twenty-third, one thousand seven hundred and nineteen.—This pretty blossom fell at the age of three years, in the barracks of Dublin:—She was, as I well remember, of a fine delicate frame, not made to last long,—as were most of my father's babes.—We embarked for Dublin, and had all been cast away by a most violent storm; but through the intercession of my mother, the captain was prevailed upon to turn back into Wales, where we stayed a month, and at length got into Dublin, and travelled by land to Wicklow; where my father had for some weeks given us over for lost.—We lived in the barracks at Wicklow one year—(one thousand seven hundred and twenty) when Devijeher (so called after Colonel Devijeher) was born; from thence we decamped to stay half a year with Mr. Fetherston, a clergyman, about seven miles from Wicklow; who, being a relation of my mother's, invited us to his parsonage at Animo.—It was in this parish, during our stay, that I had that wonderful escape in falling through a mill-race whilst the mill was going, and of being taken up unhurt: the story is incredible, but known for truth in all that part of Ireland, where hundreds of the common people flocked to see me. From hence we followed the regiment to Dublin, where we lay in the barracks a year. In this year (one thousand seven hundred and twenty-one) I learnt to write, &c.—The regiment ordered in twenty-two, to Carrickfergus, in the north of Ireland. We all decamped; but got no further than Drogheda:—thence ordered to Mullengar, forty miles west, where, by Providence, we stumbled upon a kind relation, a collateral descendant from Archbishop Sterne, who took us all to his castle, and kindly entertained us for a year, and sent us to the regiment at Carrickfergus, loaded with kindnesses, &c. A more rueful and tedious journey had we all (in March) to Carrickfergus, where we arrived in six or seven days.—Little Devijeher here died: he was three years old: he had been left behind at nurse at a farm-house near Wicklow, but was fetch'd to us by my father the summer after:—another child sent to fill his place, Susan. This babe too left us behind in this weary journey. The autumn of that year, or the spring afterwards (I forget which), my father got leave of his Colonel to fix me at

school,—which he did near Halifax, with an able master; with whom I stayed some time, till, by God's care of me, my cousin Sterne, of Elvington, became a father to me, and sent me to the University, &c., &c.—To pursue the thread of our story, my father's regiment was the year afterwards ordered to Londonderry, where another sister was brought forth, Catherine, still living; but most unhappily estranged from me by my uncle's wickedness and her own folly. From this station the regiment was sent to defend Gibraltar, at the siege, where my father was run through the body by Captain Phillips, in a duel (the quarrel began about a goose!): with much difficulty he survived, though with an impaired constitution, which was not able to withstand the hardships it was put to; for he was sent to Jamaica, where he soon fell by the country fever, which took away his senses first, and made a child of him; and then, in a month or two, walking about continually without complaining, till the moment he sat down in an arm-chair, and breathed his last, which was at Port Antonio, on the north of the island. My father was a little smart man, active to the last degree in all exercises, most patient of fatigue and disappointments, of which it pleased God to give him full measure. He was, in his temper, somewhat rapid and hasty, but of a kindly sweet disposition, void of all design; and so innocent in his own intentions, that he suspected no one; so that you might have cheated him ten times in a day, if nine had not been sufficient for your purpose. My poor father died in March 1731. I remained at Halifax till about the latter end of that year, and cannot omit mentioning this anecdote of myself and schoolmaster:—He had had the ceiling of the school-room new white-washed;—the ladder remained there: I one unlucky day mounted it, and wrote with a brush, in large capital letters, LAU. STERNE, for which the usher severely whipped me. My master was very much hurt at this, and said, before me, that never should that name be effaced, for I was a boy of genius, and he was sure I should come to preferment.—This expression made me forget the stripes I had received. In the year thirty-two,* my cousin sent me to the University, where I staid some time. 'Twas there that I commenced a friendship with Mr. H——, which has been most lasting on both sides. I then came to York, and my uncle got me

* He was admitted of Jesus' College, in the University of Cambridge, 6th July 1733, under the tuition of Mr. Cannon.

Matriculated 29th March 1735.

Admitted to the degree of B.A. in January 1736.

Admitted M.A. at the Commencement of 1740.

the living of Sutton: and at York I became acquainted with your mother, and courted her for two years:—she owned she liked me; but thought herself not rich enough, or me too poor, to be joined together.—She went to her sister's in S——; and I wrote to her often.—I believe then she was partly determined to have me, but would not say so.—At her return she fell into a consumption;—and one evening that I was sitting by her, with an almost broken heart to see her so ill, she said, 'My dear Laurey, I can never be 'yours, for I verily believe I have not long to live: but I have left 'you every shilling of my fortune.'—Upon that she shewed me her will.—This generosity overpowered me.—It pleased God that she recovered, and I married her in the year 1741. My uncle* and myself were then put upon very good terms; for he soon got me the Prebendary of York:—but he quarrelled with me afterwards, because I would not write paragraphs in the newspapers:—though he was a party-man, I was not, and detested such dirty work; thinking it beneath me. From that period he became my bitterest enemy.†—By my wife's means I got the living of Stillington:—a friend of hers in the South had promised her, that, if she married a clergyman in Yorkshire,—when the living became vacant, he would make her a compliment of it. I remained near twenty years at Sutton, doing duty at both places. I had then very good health. Books,‡ paintings, fiddling, and shooting were my amusements. As to theSquire of the parish,I cannot say we were upon a very friendly footing: but at Stillington, the family of the C——s shewed us every kindness: 'twas most truly agreeable to be within a mile and a half of an amiable family, who were ever cordial friends.—In the year 1760, I took a house at York for your mother and yourself, and went up to London to publish § my two first volumes of Shandy.‖ In that year Lord Falconbridge presented

* Jaques Sterne, LL.D. He was Prebendary of Durham, Canon Residentiary, Precentor and Prebendary of York, Rector of Rice, and Rector of Hornsea cum Riston, both in the East Riding of the county of York. He died June 9th, 1759.

† It hath, however, been insinuated, that he for some time wrote a periodical electioneering Paper at York, in defence of the Whig interest.—*Monthly Review*, vol. 53. p. 344.

‡ A specimen of Mr. Sterne's abilities in the art of designing may be seen in Mr. Wodhul's Poems, 8vo, 1772.

§ First edition was printed in the preceding year, at York.

‖ The following is the order in which Mr. Sterne's publications appeared:—

1747. The Case of Elijah and the Widow of Zarephath considered: a Charity Sermon preached on Good Friday, April 17, 1747, for the support of two charity-schools in York.

me with the curacy of Coxwold;—a sweet retirement, in comparison of Sutton. In sixty-two I went to France, before the peace was concluded; and you both followed me. I left you both in France; and in two years after, I went to Italy, for the recovery of my health; and, when I called upon you, I tried to engage your mother to return to England with me: she * and yourself are at length come, and I have had the inexpressible joy of seeing my girl every thing I wished her.

I have set down these particulars relating to my family and self for my Lydia, in case hereafter she might have a curiosity, or a kinder motive, to know them.

As Mr. Sterne, in the foregoing narrative, hath brought down the account of himself until within a few months of his death, it remains only to mention that he left York about the end of the year 1767, and came to London, in order to publish *The Sentimental Journey*, which he had written during the preceding summer at his favourite living of Coxwold. His health had been for some time declining; but he continued to visit his friends, and retained his usual flow of spirits. In February, 1768, he began to perceive the approaches of death; and with the concern of a good man and the solicitude of an affectionate parent, devoted his attention to the future welfare of his daughter. His Letters, at this period, reflect so much credit on his character, that it is to be lamented some others in the collection were permitted to see the light. After a short struggle with his disorder, his debilitated and worn-out

1750. The Abuses of Conscience: set forth in a Sermon preached in the Cathedral church of St. Peter, York, at the Summer Assizes, before the Hon. Mr. Baron Clive and the Hon. Mr. Baron Smythe, on Sunday, July 29, 1750.
1759. Vol. 1. and 2. of Tristram Shandy.
1760. Vol 1. and 2. of Sermons.
1761. Vol. 3. and 4. of Tristram Shandy.
1762. Vol. 5. and 6. of Tristram Shandy.
1765. Vol. 7. and 8. of Tristram Shandy.
1766. Vol. 3, 4, 5, and 6. of Sermons
1767. Vol. 9. of Tristram Shandy.
1768. The Sentimental Journey.
The remainder of his works were published after his death.

* From this passage it appears that the present account of Mr. Sterne's Life and Family was written about six months only before his death.

frame submitted to fate on the 18th day of March 1768, at his lodgings in Bond-street. He was buried at the new burying-ground belonging to the parish of St. George, Hanover-square, on the 22nd of the same month, in the most private manner; and hath since been indebted to strangers for a monument very unworthy of his memory; on which the following lines are inscribed:—

'Near to this place
'Lies the Body of
'The Reverend LAURENCE STERNE, A.M.
'Died September 13th, 1768 *
'Aged 53 Years.

'*Ah! molliter ossa quiescant!*

'If a sound Head, warm Heart, and Breast humane,
'Unsullied Worth, and Soul without a Stain,
'If Mental Pow'rs, could ever justly claim
'The well-won Tribute of immortal Fame,
'Sterne was *the Man*, who, with gigantic Stride,
'Mow'd down luxuriant Follies far and wide.
'Yet what tho' keenest Knowledge of Mankind
'Unseal'd to him the springs that moved the Mind,
'What did it cost him?—Ridicul'd, abus'd,
'By fools insulted, and by Prudes accus'd!—
'In his, mild Reader, view thy future Fate;
'Like him, despise what 'twere a Sin to hate.

'This Monumental Stone was erected by two Brother Masons; 'for, although he did not live to be a member of their society, yet, 'as his all-incomparable performances evidently prove him to have 'acted by rule and square, they rejoice in this opportunity of per-'petuating his high and irreproachable character to after-ages.

'W. & S.'

* It is scarcely necessary to observe, that this date is erroneous.

IN MEMORY OF MR. STERNE,

AUTHOR OF THE

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

With wit, and genuine humour, to dispel,
From the desponding bosom, gloomy care,—
And bid the gushing tear, at the sad tale
Of hapless love or filial grief, to flow
From the full sympathising heart,—were thine!
These powers, O Sterne! but now thy fate demands
(No plumage nodding o'er the emblazon'd hearse,
Proclaiming honour where no virtue shone)
But the sad tribute of a heartfelt sigh.
What tho' no taper cast its deadly ray,
Nor the full choir sing requiems o'er thy tomb,
The humbler grief of friendship is not mute;—
And poor Maria, with her faithful kid,
Her auburn tresses carelessly entwin'd
With olive foliage, at close of day
Shall chant her plaintive vespers at thy grave.
Thy shade too, gentle Monk, 'mid awful night,
Shall pour libations from its friendly eye;—
For erst his sweet benevolence bestow'd
Its generous pity, and bedew'd with tears
The sod which rested on thy aged breast.

A

CHARACTER AND EULOGIUM OF STERNE, AND HIS WRITINGS:

IN A FAMILIAR EPISTLE FROM A GENTLEMAN IN IRELAND TO HIS FRIENDS.

[*Written in the Year* 1769.]

WHAT trifle comes next?—Spare the censure, my friend,
This Letter's no more from beginning to end:
Yet, when you consider (your laughter, pray stifle)
The advantage, the importance, the use of a trifle—
When you think too beside—and there's nothing more clear—
That pence compose millions, and moments the year;
You surely will grant me, nor think that I jest,
That life's but a series of trifles at best.
How widely digressive! Yet could I, O STERNE,*
Digress with thy skill, with thy freedom return!——

* The late Reverend *Laurence Sterne*, A.M. &c. author of that truly original, humorous, heteroclite work, called, The Life and Opinions of *Tristram Shandy*; of a Sentimental Journey through France and Italy (which, alas! he did not live to finish); and of some volumes of Sermons. Of his skill in delineating and supporting his characters, those of the father of his hero, of his Uncle *Toby*, and of Corporal *Trim* (out of numberless others), afford ample proof. To his power in the pathetic, whoever shall read the stories of *Le Fevre*, *Maria*, *The Monk*, and *The Dead Ass*, must, if he has feelings, bear sufficient testimony; and his *Sermons* throughout (though sometimes, perhaps, chargeable with a levity not entirely becoming the pulpit) breathe the kindest spirit of *Philanthropy*, of *good-will towards men*. For the few exceptional parts of his works, those small blemishes

Quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura—

suffer them, kind Critic, to rest with his ashes!

The above eulogium will, I doubt not, appear to you (and perhaps also to many others) much too high for the literary character of STERNE. I have not, at present, either leisure or inclination to enter into argument upon the question; but, in truth, I consider myself as largely his debtor for the tears and the laughter he so frequently excited, and was desirous to leave behind me (for so long at least as this trifle shall remain) some small memorial of my gratitude. I will even add that although I regard the memory of *Shakspeare* with a veneration little short of idolatry, I esteem the *Monk's horn-box* a relic 'as devoutly to be wished,' as a pipe-stopper, a walking-stick, or even an inkstand of the *mulberry-tree*.

The vain wish I repress—Poor YORICK! no more
Shall thy mirth and thy jests 'set the table on a roar;'
No more thy sad tale, with simplicity told,
O'er each feeling breast its strong influence hold,
From the wise and the brave call forth sympathy's sigh,
Or swell with sweet anguish humanity's eye:
Here and there in a page if a blemish appear,
(And what page, or what life, from a blemish is clear?)
TRIM and TOBY with soft intercession attend;
LE FEVRE intreats you to pardon his friend;
MARIA too pleads for her fav'rite distress'd;
As you feel for her sorrows, O grant her request!—
Should these advocates fail, I've another to call,
One tear of his MONK shall obliterate all.
Favour'd pupil of Nature and Fancy, of yore,
Whom from Humour's embrace sweet Philanthropy bore,—
While the Graces and Loves scatter flowers on thy urn,
And wit weeps the blossom too hastily torn,—
This meed too, kind Spirit! unoffended receive,
From a youth, next to Shakespeare's, who honours thy grave!

THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY. GENT.

Ταράσσει τοὺς Ἀνθρώπους οὐ τὰ Πράγματα,
Ἀλλὰ τὰ περὶ τῶν Πραγμάτων, Δόγματα.

VOL. I. ORIGINAL EDITION.

TO

THE RIGHT HON. MR. PITT.

SIR,

NEVER poor wight of a Dedicator had less hopes from his Dedication than I have from this of mine; for it is written in a bye-corner of the kingdom, and in a retir'd thatch'd house, where I live in a constant endeavour to fence against the infirmities of ill health, and other evils of life, by Mirth; being firmly persuaded, that every time a man smiles,—but much more so when he laughs,—it adds something to this Fragment of Life.

I humbly beg, Sir, that you will honour this Book by taking it—(not under your Protection,—it must protect itself, but)—into the country with you; where, if I am ever told it has made you smile, or can conceive it has beguiled you of one moment's pain,—I shall think myself as happy as a Minister of State;——perhaps, much happier than any one (one only excepted) that I have read or heard of.

I am, GREAT SIR,
(and, what is more to your honour)
I am, GOOD SIR,
Your Well-wisher, and
most humble Fellow-subject,
THE AUTHOR.

THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

CHAPTER I.

I WISH either my father or my mother, or indeed both of them, as they were in duty both equally bound to it, had minded what they were about, when they begot me; had they duly considered how much depended upon what they were then doing;—that not only the production of a rational Being was concerned in it, but that possibly the happy formation and temperature of his body, perhaps his genius and the very cast of his mind,—and, for aught they knew to the contrary, even the fortunes of his whole house, might take their turn from the humours and dispositions which were then uppermost;—Had they duly weighed and considered all this, and proceeded accordingly,—I am verily persuaded I should have made a quite different figure in the world, from that in which the reader is likely to see me.—Believe me, good folks, this is not so inconsiderable a thing as many of you may think it;—you

have all, I dare say, heard of the animal spirits, as how they are transfused from father to son, &c., &c.,—and a great deal to that purpose:—Well, you may take my word, that nine parts in ten of a man's sense or his nonsense, his successes and miscarriages in this world, depend upon their motions and activity, and the different tracks and trains you put them into; so that when they are once set a-going, whether right or wrong, 'tis not a halfpenny matter,—away they go cluttering like hey-go mad; and by treading the same steps over and over again, they presently make a road of it, as plain and as smooth as a garden walk, which, when they are once used to, the Devil himself sometimes shall not be able to drive them off it.

Pray, my dear, quoth my mother, *have you not forgot to wind up the clock?*——*Good G—!* cried my father, making an exclamation, but taking care to moderate his voice at the same time,——*Did ever woman, since the creation of the world, interrupt a man with such a silly question?* Pray, what was your father saying?——Nothing.

CHAPTER II.

——Then, positively, there is nothing in the question that I can see, either good or bad.——Then, let me tell you, Sir, it was a very unseasonable question at least,—because it scattered and dispersed the animal spirits, whose business it was to have escorted and gone hand in hand with the *HOMUNCULUS*, and conducted him safe to the place destined for his reception.

The HOMUNCULUS, Sir, in however low and ludicrous a light he may appear, in this age of levity, to the eye of folly or prejudice;—to the eye of reason, in scientific research, he stands confessed—a BEING guarded and circumscribed with rights.——The minutest philosophers, who, by the bye, have the most enlarged understandings (their souls being inversely as their enquiries), show us, incontestably, that the HOMUNCULUS is created by the same hand,—engendered in the same course of nature,—endowed with the same locomotive powers and faculties with us;—that he consists, as we do, of skin, hair, fat, flesh, veins, arteries, ligaments, nerves, cartilages, bones, marrow, brains, glands, genitals, humours, and articulations;—is a Being of as much activity,—and, in all senses of the word, as much and as truly our fellow-creature as my Lord Chancellor of England.—He may be benefitted,—he may be injured,—he may obtain redress; in a word, he has all the claims and rights of humanity, which Tully, Puffendorf, or the best ethic writers, allow to arise out of that state and relation.

Now, dear Sir, what if any accident had befallen him in his way alone!—or that, through terror of it, natural to so young a traveller, my little gentleman had got to his journey's end miserably spent;—his muscular strength and virility worn down to a thread;—his own animal spirits ruffled beyond description,—and that, in this sad disordered state of nerves, he had lain down a prey to sudden starts, or a series of melancholy dreams and fancies, for nine long, long months together.—I tremble to think what a foundation had been laid for a thousand weaknesses both of body and mind, which no skill of the physician or the philosopher could ever afterwards have set thoroughly to rights.

CHAPTER III.

To my uncle, Mr. Toby Shandy, do I stand indebted for the preceding anecdote; to whom my father, who was an excellent natural philosopher, and much given to close reasoning upon the smallest matters, had oft, and heavily complained of the injury; but once more particularly, as my uncle Toby well remember'd, upon his observing a most unaccountable obliquity (as he call'd it) in my manner of setting up my top, and justifying the principles upon which I had done it,—the old gentleman shook his head, and, in a tone more expressive by half of sorrow than reproach, he said his heart all along forboded, and he saw it verified in this, and from a thousand other observations he had made upon me, That I should neither think nor act like any other man's child.—*But, alas!* continued he, shaking his head a second time, and wiping away a tear which was trickling down his cheeks, *My Tristram's misfortunes began nine months before ever he came into the world.*

—My mother, who was sitting by, looked up, but she knew no more than her backside what my father meant;—but my uncle, Mr. Toby Shandy, who had been often informed of the affair, understood him well.

CHAPTER IV.

I KNOW there are readers in the world, as well as many other good people in it, who are no readers at all,—who find themselves ill at ease, unless they are let into the

whole secret, from first to last, of everything which concerns you.

It is in pure compliance with this humour of theirs, and from a backwardness in my nature to disappoint any one soul living, that I have been so very particular already. As my life and opinions are likely to make some noise in the world, and, if I conjecture right, will take in all ranks, professions, and denominations of men whatever,—be no less read than the Pilgrim's Progress itself—and, in the end, prove the very thing which Montaigne dreaded his Essays should turn out, that is, a book for a parlour window,—I find it necessary to consult every one a little in his turn; and therefore must beg pardon for going on a little farther in the same way: for which cause, right glad I am that I have begun the history of myself in the way I have done; and that I am able to go on, tracing everything in it, as Horace says, *ab ovo*.

Horace, I know, does not recommend this fashion altogether; but that gentleman is speaking only of an epic poem or a tragedy—(I forget which);—besides, if it was not true, I should beg Mr. Horace's pardon;—for in writing what I have set about, I shall confine myself neither to his rules, nor to any man's rules that ever lived.

To such, however, as do not choose to go so far back into these things, I can give no better advice than that they skip over the remaining part of this chapter; for I declare beforehand, 'tis wrote only for the curious and inquisitive.

————Shut the door.————I was begot in the night betwixt the first Sunday and the first Monday in the month of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighteen. I am positive I was.—But how I came to be so very par-

ticular in my account of a thing which happened before I was born, is owing to another small anecdote, known only in our own family, but now made public for the better clearing up this point.

My father, you must know, who was originally a Turkey merchant, but had left off business for some years, in order to retire to, and die upon, his paternal estate in the county of ——, was, I believe, one of the most regular men, in everything he did, whether 'twas matter of business or matter of amusement, that ever lived. As a small specimen of this extreme exactness of his, to which he was in truth a slave, he had made it a rule, for many years of his life,—on the first Sunday night of every month, throughout the whole year,—as certain as ever the Sunday night came,——to wind up a large house-clock, which we had standing on the back stairs' head, with his own hands:—And being somewhere between fifty and sixty years of age at the time I have been speaking of, he had likewise gradually brought some other little family concernments to the same period, in order, as he would often say to my uncle Toby, to get them all out of the way at one time, and be no more plagued and pestered with them the rest of the month.

It was attended with but one misfortune, which, in a great measure, fell upon myself; and the effects of which, I fear, I shall carry with me to my grave; namely, that from an unhappy association of ideas, which have no connection in nature, it so fell out at length, that my poor mother could never hear the said clock wound up——but the thoughts of some other things unavoidably popped into her head—*et vice versa* ——which strange combination of ideas, the sagacious Locke, who certainly understood the nature of these things better than most men, affirms to have produced

more wry actions than all other sources of prejudice whatever.

But this by the bye.

Now it appears, by a memorandum in my father's pocket-book, which now lies on the table, 'That on Lady-day, which was on the 25th of the same month in which I date my geniture,——my father set out upon his journey to London, with my eldest brother Bobby, to fix him at Westminster School;' and, as it appears from the same authority, 'That he did not get down to his wife and family till the *second week* in May following,'—it brings the thing almost to a certainty. However, what follows in the beginning of the next chapter puts it beyond all possibility of doubt.

——But pray, Sir, what was your father doing all December, January, and February?——Why, Madam, —he was all that time afflicted with a Sciatica.

CHAPTER V.

On the fifth day of November, 1718, which, to the era fixed on, was as near nine calendar months as any husband could in reason have expected,—was I, Tristram Shandy, Gentleman, brought forth into this scurvy and disastrous world of ours.——I wish I had been born in the Moon, or in any of the planets (except Jupiter or Saturn, because I never could bear cold weather); for it could not well have fared worse with me in any of them (though I will not answer for Venus) than it has in this vile, dirty planet of ours,—which, o' my conscience, with reverence be it spoken, I take to be made

up of the shreds and clippings of the rest:——not but the planet is well enough, provided a man could be born in it to a great title or to a great estate; or could any how contrive to be called up to public charges, and employments of dignity or power;——but that is not my case;——and therefore every man will speak of the fair as his own market has gone in it;——for which cause I affirm it over again to be one of the vilest worlds that ever was made;—for I can truly say, that from the first hour I drew my breath in it, to this, that I can now scarce draw it at all, for an asthma I got in skating against the wind in Flanders,—I have been the continual sport of what the world calls Fortune; and though I will not wrong her, by saying, she has ever made me feel the weight of any great or signal evil,——yet, with all the good temper in the world, I affirm it of her, that, in every stage of my life, and at every turn and corner where she could get fairly at me, the ungracious duchess has pelted me with a set of as pitiful misadventures and cross accidents as ever small HERO sustained.

CHAPTER VI.

IN the beginning of the last chapter I informed you exactly *when* I was born; but I did not inform you *how*. No, that particular was reserved entirely for a chapter by itself:—besides, Sir, as you and I are, in a manner, perfect strangers to each other, it would not have been proper to have let you into too many circumstances relating to myself all at once.—You must have a little patience. I have undertaken, you see, to write

not only my life, but my opinions also; hoping and expecting that your knowledge of my character, and of what kind of a mortal I am, by the one, would give you a better relish for the other. As you proceed farther with me, the slight acquaintance, which is now beginning betwixt us, will grow into familiarity; and that, unless one of us is in fault, will terminate in friendship.—*O diem præclarum!*—then nothing which has touched me will be thought trifling in its nature or tedious in its telling. Therefore, my dear friend and companion, if you should think me somewhat sparing of my narrative on my first setting out—bear with me,—and let me go on, and tell my story my own way:—Or, if I should seem now and then to trifle upon the road, or should sometimes put on a fool's cap with a bell to it, for a moment or two as we pass along,—don't fly off,—but rather courteously give me credit for a little more wisdom than appears upon my outside;—and as we jog on, either laugh with me, or at me, or, in short, do anything—only keep your temper.

CHAPTER VII.

In the same village where my father and my mother dwelt, dwelt also a thin, upright, motherly, notable, good old body of a midwife who, with the help of a little plain good sense, and some years' full employment in her business, in which she had all along trusted little to her own efforts, and a great deal to those of dame Nature,—had acquired, in her way, no small degree of reputation in the world:——by which

word *world*, need I in this place inform your worship, that I would be understood to mean no more of it, than a small circle described upon the circle of the great world, of four English miles diameter, or thereabouts, of which the cottage where the good old woman lived is supposed to be the centre?—She had been left, it seems, a widow in great distress, with three or four small children, in her forty-seventh year; and as she was at that time a person of decent carriage,—grave deportment,—a woman, moreover, of few words, and withal an object of compassion, whose distress, and silence under it, called out the louder for a friendly lift,—the wife of the parson of the parish was touched with pity; and, having often lamented an inconvenience to which her husband's flock had been for many years exposed, inasmuch as there was no such thing as a midwife, of any kind or degree, to be got at, let the case have been ever so urgent, within less than six or seven long miles riding; which said seven long miles in dark nights and dismal roads, the country thereabouts being nothing but a deep clay, was almost equal to fourteen; and that, in effect, was sometimes next to having no midwife at all;—it came into her head, that it would be doing as seasonable a kindness to the whole parish, as to the poor creature herself, to get her a little instructed in some of the plain principles of the business, in order to set her up in it. As no woman thereabouts was better qualified to execute the plan she had formed than herself, the gentlewoman very charitably undertook it; and having great influence over the female part of the parish, she found no difficulty in effecting it to the utmost of her wishes. In truth, the parson join'd his interest with his wife's in the whole affair; and in order to do things as they should be, and give the poor soul as good a

title by law to practise, as his wife had given by institution,—he cheerfully paid the fees for the ordinary's licence himself, amounting in the whole to the sum of eighteen shillings and fourpence; so that betwixt them both, the good woman was fully invested in the real and corporal possession of her office, together with all its *rights, members, and appurtenances whatsoever.*

These last words, you must know, were not according to the old form in which such licences, faculties, and powers, usually ran, which in like cases had heretofore been granted to the sisterhood. But it was according to a neat formula of Didius his own devising, who having a particular turn for taking to pieces, and new framing over again, all kind of instruments in that way, not only hit upon this dainty amendment, but coaxed many of the old licensed matrons in the neighbourhood to open their faculties afresh, in order to have this whim-wham of his inserted.

I own I never could envy Didius in these kinds of fancies of his:—but every man to his own taste. Did not Dr. Kunastrokius, that great man, at his leisure hours, take the greatest delight imaginable in combing of asses' tails, and plucking the dead hairs out with his teeth, though he had tweezers always in his pocket? Nay, if you come to that, Sir, have not the wisest men in all ages, not excepting Solomon himself,—have they not had their HOBBY-HORSES,—their running-horses,—their coins, and their cockle-shells, their drums and their trumpets, their fiddles, their pallets,—their maggots, and their butterflies?—and so long as a man rides his HOBBY-HORSE peaceably and quietly along the king's highway, and neither compels you or me to get up behind him,—pray, Sir, what have either you or I to do with it?

CHAPTER VIII.

—*De gustibus non est disputandum;*—that is, there is no disputing against HOBBY-HORSES, and for my part, I seldom do; nor could I with any sort of grace, had I been an enemy to them at the bottom, for happening, at certain intervals and changes of the moon, to be both fiddler and painter, according as the fly stings,—be it known to you, that I keep a couple of pads myself, upon which, in their turns (nor do I care who knows it), I frequently ride out and take the air;—though sometimes, to my shame be it spoken, I take somewhat longer journeys than what a wise man would think altogether right.—But the truth is,—I am not a wise man;—and, besides, am a mortal of so little consequence in the world, it is not much matter what I do: so I seldom fret or fume at all about it; nor does it much disturb my rest, when I see such great Lords and tall Personages as hereafter follow,—such, for instance, as my Lord A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q, and so on, all of a row, mounted upon their several horses;—some with large stirrups, getting on in a more grave and sober pace;——others, on the contrary, tucked up to their very chins, with whips across their mouths, scouring and scampering it away like so many little party-coloured devils astride a mortgage,—and as if some of them were resolved to break their necks.——So much the better—say I to myself; for in case the worst should happen, the world will make a shift to do excellently well without them; and for the rest——why——God speed them!——e'en let them ride on without opposition from me; for were their lordships unhorsed

this very night—'tis ten to one but that many of them would be worse mounted, by one half, before to-morrow morning.

Not one of these instances therefore can be said to break in upon my rest.——But there is an instance, which I own puts me off my guard, and that is, when I see *one* born for great actions, and what is still more for his honour, whose nature ever inclines him to good ones,—when I behold such a *one*, my Lord, like yourself, whose principles and conduct are as generous and noble as his blood, and whom, for that reason, a corrupt world cannot spare one moment; —when I see such a *one*, my Lord, mounted, though it is but for a minute beyond the time which my love to my country has prescribed to him, and my zeal for his glory wishes,—then, my Lord, I cease to be a philosopher, and, in the first transport of an honest impatience, I wish the HOBBY-HORSE, with all his fraternity, at the Devil.

'My Lord,

'I MAINTAIN this to be a Dedication, notwithstanding 'its singularity in the three great essentials, of matter, 'form, and place: I beg, therefore, you will accept 'it as such, and that you will permit me to lay it, 'with the most respectful humility, at your Lordship's 'feet,—when you are upon them,—which you can be 'when you please; and that is, my Lord, whenever 'there is occasion for it, and, I will add, to the best 'purposes too. I have the honour to be,

'My Lord,

'Your Lordship's most obedient,

'and most devoted,

'and most humble servant,

'TRISTRAM SHANDY.'

CHAPTER IX.

I SOLEMNLY declare to all mankind that the above Dedication was made for no one Prince, Prelate, Pope or Potentate,—Duke, Marquis, Earl, Viscount, or Baron, of this, or any other realm in Christendom; ——nor has it yet been hawked about, or offered publicly or privately, directly or indirectly, to any one person or personage, great or small; but is honestly a true Virgin Dedication, untried on, upon any soul living.

I labour this point so particularly, merely to remove any offence or objection which might arise against it from the manner in which I propose to make the most of it; which is the putting it up fairly to public sale; which I now do.

——Every author has a way of his own in bringing his points to bear;—for my own part, as I hate chaffering and higgling for a few guineas in a dark entry,—I resolved within myself, from the very beginning, to deal squarely and openly with your Great Folks in this affair, and try whether I should not come off the better by it.

If, therefore, there is any one Duke, Marquis, Earl, Viscount, or Baron, in these his Majesty's dominions, who stands in need of a tight, genteel Dedication, and whom the above will suit (for, by the bye, unless it suits in some degree, I will not part with it),—— it is much at his service for fifty guineas;——which, I am positive, is twenty guineas less than it ought to be afforded for, by any man of genius.

My Lord, if you examine it over again, it is far from being a gross piece of daubing, as some dedications are. The design, your Lordship sees, is good,—the colouring transparent,—the drawing, not amiss;—or, to speak more like a man of science, and measure my piece in the painter's seale, divided into 20,—I believe, my Lord, the outlines will turn out as 12,—the composition as 9,—the colouring as 6,—the expression 13 and a half,—and the design—if I may be allowed, my Lord, to understand my own *design*, and supposing absolute perfection in designing to be as 20—I think it cannot well fall short of 19. Besides all this,—there is keeping in it; and the dark strokes in the HOBBY-HORSE (which is a secondary figure, and a kind of background to the whole) give great force to the principal lights in your own figure, and make it come off wonderfully;——and besides, there is an air of originality in the *tout ensemble.*

Be pleased, my good Lord, to order the sum to be paid into the hands of Mr. Dodsley, for the benefit of the author; and in the next edition, care shall be taken that this chapter be expunged, and your Lordship's titles, distinctions, arms, and good actions, be placed at the front of the preceding chapter; all which, from the words *De gustibus non est disputandum*, and whatever else in this book relates to HOBBY-HORSES, but no more, shall stand dedicated to your Lordship.—The rest I dedicate to the MOON, who, by-the-bye, of all the Patrons or Matrons I can think of, has most power to set my book a-going, and make the world run mad after it.

Bright Goddess!

If thou art not too busy with CANDID and Miss CUNEGUND'S affairs,—take Tristram Shandy under thy protection also!

CHAPTER X.

WHATEVER degree of small merit the act of benignity in favour of the midwife might justly claim, or in whom that claim truly rested,—at first sight seems not very material to this history;——certain however it was that the gentlewoman, the parson's wife, did run away at that time with the whole of it: and yet, for my life, I cannot help thinking but that the parson himself, though he had not the good fortune to hit upon the design first,—yet, as he heartily concurred in it the moment it was laid before him, and as heartily parted with his money to carry it into execution, had a claim to some share of it,—if not to a full half of whatever honour was due to it.

The world at that time was pleased to determine the matter otherwise.

Lay down the book, and I will allow you half a day to give a probable guess at the grounds of this procedure.

Be it known then, that, for about five years before the date of the midwife's licence,—of which you have had so circumstantial an account,—the parson we have to do with had made himself a country-talk, by a breach of all decorum, which he had committed against himself, his station, and his office;—and that was, in never appearing better, or otherwise mounted, than upon a lean, sorry, jack-ass of a horse, value about one pound fifteen shillings; who, to shorten all description of him, was full brother to Rosinante: as far as similitude congenial could make him, for he answered his description to a hairbreadth in everything,—except that I do not remember 'tis anywhere said, that

Rosinante was broken-winded; and that moreover, Rosinante, as is the happiness of most Spanish horses, fat or lean, was undoubtedly a horse at all points.

I know well that Hero's horse was a horse of chaste deportment, which may have given grounds for the contrary opinion; but it is as certain, at the same time, that Rosinante's continency (as may be demonstrated from the adventure of the Yanguesian carriers) proceeded from no bodily defect or cause whatsoever, but from the temperance and orderly current of his blood.—And let me tell you, Madam, there is a great deal of very good chastity in the world, in behalf of which you could not say more for your life.

Let that be as it may;—as my purpose is to do exact justice to every creature brought upon the stage of this dramatic work,—I could not stifle this distinction in favour of Don Quixotte's horse;——in all other points, the parson's horse, I say, was just such another; for he was as lean, and as lank, and as sorry a jade as Humility herself could have bestrided.

In the estimation of here and there a man of weak judgment, it was greatly in the parson's power to have helped the figure of this horse of his,—for he was master of a very handsome demi-peak'd saddle, quilted on the seat with green plush, garnished with a double row of silverheaded studs, and a noble pair of shining brass stirrups, with a housing altogether suitable of grey superfine cloth, with an edging of black lace, terminating in a deep, black, silk fringe, *poudré d'or*; —all which he had purchased in the pride and prime of his life, together with a grand embossed bridle, ornamented at all points as it should be.——But not caring to banter his beast, he had hung all these up behind his study door; and, in lieu of them, had seriously befitted him with just such a bridle and such

a saddle, as the figure and value of such a steed might well and truly deserve.

In the several sallies about his parish, and in the neighbouring visits to the gentry who lived around him,——you will easily comprehend that the parson, so appointed, would both hear and see enough to keep his philosophy from rusting. To speak the truth, he never could enter a village but he caught the attention of both old and young.——Labour stood still as he passed,—the bucket hung suspended in the middle of the well,—the spinning-wheel forgot its round,—even chuck-farthing and shufflecap themselves stood gaping till he had got out of sight; and as his movement was not of the quickest, he had generally time enough upon his hands to make his observations,—to hear the groans of the serious,—and the laughter of the light-hearted; all which he bore with excellent tranquillity.—His character was,—he loved a jest in his heart;—and as he saw himself in the true point of ridicule, he would say he could not be angry with others for seeing him in a light in which he so strongly saw himself: so that to his friends, who knew his foible was not the love of money, and who therefore made the less scruple in bantering the extravagance of his humour,—instead of giving the true cause,—he chose rather to join in the laugh against himself; and as he never carried one single ounce of flesh upon his own bones, being altogether as spare a figure as his beast,—he would sometimes insist upon it, that the horse was as good as the rider deserved;—that they were, centaur-like,—both of a piece. At other times, and in other moods, when his spirits were above the temptation of false wit,—he would say, he found himself going off fast in a consumption; and, with great gravity,

would pretend he could not bear the sight of a fat horse, without a dejection of heart, and a sensible alteration in his pulse; and that he had made choice of the lean one he rode upon, not only to keep himself in countenance, but in spirits.

At different times he would give fifty humorous and apposite reasons for riding a meek-spirited jade of a broken-winded horse, preferably to one of mettle; —for on such a one he could sit mechanically, and meditate as delightfully *de vanitate mundi et fugâ sæculi*, as with the advantage of a death's head before him;—that, in all other exercitations, he could spend his time, as he rode slowly along, to as much account as in his study;—that he could draw up an argument in his sermon, or a hole in his breeches, as steadily on the one as in the other;—that brisk trotting and slow argumentation, like wit and judgment, were two incompatible movements.—But that upon his steed—he could unite and reconcile everything;—he could compose his sermon,—he could compose his cough,—— and in case nature gave a call that way, he could likewise compose himself to sleep.—In short, the parson, upon such encounters, would assign any cause but the true cause;—and he withheld the true one, only out of a nicety of temper, because he thought it did honour to him.

But the truth of the story was as follows :—In the first years of this gentleman's life, and about the time when the superb saddle and bridle were purchased by him, it had been his manner, or vanity, or call it what you will,—to run into the opposite extreme.—In the language of the country where he dwelt, he was said to have loved a good horse, and generally had one of the best in the whole parish standing in his stable always ready for saddling; and as the nearest midwife, as I

told you, did not live nearer to the village than seven miles, and in a vile country,—it so fell out that the poor gentleman was scarce a whole week together without some piteous application for his beast; and, as he was not an unkind-hearted man, and every case was more pressing and more distressful than the last,—as much as he loved his beast he had never a heart to refuse him; the upshot of which was generally this, that his horse was either clapp'd, or spavin'd, or greas'd;—or he was twitter-bon'd, or broken-winded, or something, in short, or other had befallen him, which would let him carry no flesh;—so that he had every nine or ten months a bad horse to get rid of,—and a good horse to purchase in his stead.

What the loss in such a balance might amount to, *communibus annis*, I would leave to a special jury of sufferers in the same traffic to determine;—but let it be what it would, the honest gentleman bore it for many years without a murmur, till, at length, by repeated ill-accidents of the kind, he found it necessary to take the thing under consideration; and, upon weighing the whole, and summing it up in his mind, he found it not only disproportioned to his other expenses, but withal so heavy an article in itself, as to disable him from any other act of generosity in his parish: besides this, he considered that with half the sum thus galloped away, he could do ten times as much good;—and what still weighed more with him than all other considerations put together, was this, that it confined all his charity into one particular channel, and where, as he fancied, it was the least wanted, namely, to the child-bearing and child-getting part of his parish; reserving nothing for the impotent,—nothing for the aged,—nothing for the many comfortless scenes he was hourly called forth to visit, where poverty, and sickness, and affliction dwelt together.

For these reasons he resolved to discontinue the expense; and there appeared but two possible ways to extricate him clearly out of it;—and these were, either to make it an irrevocable law never more to lend his steed upon any application whatever,—or else be content to ride the last poor devil, such as they had made him, with all his aches and infirmities, to the very end of the chapter.

As he dreaded his own constancy in the first—he very cheerfully betook himself to the second; and though he could very well have explained it, as I said, to his honour,—yet, for that very reason, he had a spirit above it; choosing rather to bear the contempt of his enemies, and the laughter of his friends, than undergo the pain of telling a story which might seem a panegyric upon himself.

I have the highest idea of the spiritual and refined sentiments of this reverend gentleman, from this single stroke in his character, which I think comes up to any of the honest refinements of the peerless knight of La Mancha, whom, by-the-bye, with all his follies, I love more, and would actually have gone farther to have paid a visit to, than the greatest hero of antiquity.

But this is not the moral of my story. The thing I had in view was to show the temper of the world in the whole of this affair.—For you must know that so long as this explanation would have done the parson credit,—the devil a soul could find it out:—I suppose his enemies would not, and that his friends could not.——But no sooner did he bestir himself in behalf of the midwife, and pay the expenses of the ordinary's licence to set her up,—but the whole secret came out; every horse he had lost, and two horses more than ever he had lost, with all the circumstances of their destruction, were known and distinctly remembered.—The story ran like wild-fire:—'The parson

'had a returning fit of pride which had just seized 'him; and he was going to be well mounted once 'again in his life; and if it was so, 'twas plain as 'the sun at noonday, he would pocket the expense 'of the licence ten times told, the very first year:— 'so that every body was left to judge what were his 'views in this act of charity.'

What were his views in this, and in every other action of his life,—or rather what were the opinions which floated in the brains of other people concerning it, was a thought which too much floated in his own, and too often broke in upon his rest, when he should have been found asleep.

About ten years ago, this gentleman had the good fortune to be made entirely easy upon that score,—it being just so long since he left his parish,—and the whole world at the same time behind him;—and stands accountable to a Judge, of whom he will have no cause to complain.

But there is a fatality attends the actions of some men: order them as they will, they pass thro' a certain medium, which so twists and refracts them from their true directions——that, with all the titles to praise which a rectitude of heart can give, the doers of them are nevertheless forced to live and die without it.

Of the truth of which this gentleman was a painful example.——But to know by what means this came to pass,—and to make that knowledge of use to you, I insist upon it that you read the two following chapters, which contain such a sketch of his life and conversation, as will carry its moral along with it. When this is done, if nothing stops us in our way, we will go on with the midwife.

CHAPTER XI.

YORICK was this parson's name, and, what is very remarkable in it (as appears from a most ancient account of the family, wrote upon strong vellum, and now in perfect preservation), it had been exactly so spelt for near——I was within an ace of saying nine hundred years;—but I would not shake my credit in telling an improbable truth, however indisputable in itself;——and therefore I shall content myself with only saying——it had been exactly so spelt, without the least variation or transposition of a single letter, for I do not know how long; which is more than I would venture to say of one half of the best surnames in the kingdom; which, in a course of years, have generally undergone as many chops and changes as their owners.—Has this been owing to the pride, or to the shame of the respective proprietors?—In honest truth, I think sometimes to the one, and sometimes to the other, just as the temptation has wrought. But a villanous affair it is, and will one day so blend and confound us all together, that no one shall be able to stand up and swear, 'That his own great 'grandfather was the man who did either this or that.'

This evil had been sufficiently fenced against by the prudent care of the Yorick family, and their religious preservation of these records I quote, which do farther inform us, that the family was originally of Danish extraction, and had been transplanted into England as early as in the reign of Horwendillus, king of Denmark, in whose court, it seems, an ancestor of this Mr. Yorick, and from whom he was lineally descended, held a considerable post to the day of his death. Of

what nature this considerable post was, this record saith not—it only adds, That, for near two centuries, it had been totally abolished, as altogether unnecessary, not only in that court, but in every other court of the Christian world.

It has often come into my head, that this post could be no other than that of the king's chief jester;—and that Hamlet's Yorick, in our Shakspeare, many of whose plays, you know, are founded upon authenticated facts, was certainly the very man.

I have not the time to look into Saxo-Grammaticus's Danish history, to know the certainty of this;—but if you have leisure, and can easily get at the book, you may do it full as well yourself.

I had just time, in my travels through Denmark with Mr. Noddy's eldest son, whom, in the year 1741, I accompanied as governor, riding along with him at a prodigious rate through most parts of Europe, and of which original journey, performed by us two, a most delectable narrative will be given in the progress of this work—I had just time, I say, and that was all, to prove the truth of an observation made by a long sojourner in that country; namely, 'That nature was 'neither very lavish, nor was she very stingy in her 'gifts of genius and capacity to its inhabitants;—but, 'like a discreet parent, was moderately kind to them 'all; observing such an equal tenor in the distribution 'of her favours, as to bring them, in those points, 'pretty near to a level with each other; so that you 'will meet with few instances in that kingdom of re-'fined parts; but a great deal of good plain household 'understanding amongst all ranks of people, of which 'everybody has a share;' which is, I think, very right.

With us, you see, the case is quite different:—we

are all ups and downs in this matter;—you are a great genius;—or 'tis fifty to one, Sir, you are a great dunce and a blockhead:—not that there is a total want of intermediate steps;—no,—we are not so irregular as that comes to;—but the two extremes are more common, and in a greater degree in this unsettled island, where Nature, in her gifts and dispositions of this kind, is most whimsical and capricious; Fortune herself not being more so, in the bequest of her goods and chattels, than she.

This is all that ever staggered my faith in regard to Yorick's extraction, who, by what I can remember of him, and by all the accounts I could ever get of him, seemed not to have had one single drop of Danish blood in his whole crasis; in nine hundred years it might possibly have run out:——I will not philosophize one moment with you about it; for happen how it would, the fact was this:—That instead of that cold phlegm, and exact regularity of sense and humours, you would have looked for in one so extracted, he was, on the contrary, as mercurial and sublimated a composition,—as heteroclite a creature in all his declensions,——with as much life and whim, and *gaieté de cœur* about him, as the kindliest climate could have engendered and put together. With all this sail, poor Yorick carried not one ounce of ballast; he was utterly unpractised in the world, and at the age of twenty-six, knew just about as well how to steer his course in it, as a romping, unsuspicious girl of thirteen: so that, upon his first setting out, the brisk gale of his spirits, as you will imagine, ran him foul ten times in a day of somebody's tackling; and as the grave and more slow-paced were oftenest in his way,——you may likewise imagine, 'twas with such he had generally the

ill-luck to get the most entangled. For aught I know, there might be some mixture of unlucky wit at the bottom of such *fracas:*——for, to speak the truth, Yorick had an invincible dislike and opposition in his nature to gravity;—not a gravity as such;—for where gravity was wanted, he would be the most grave or serious of mortal men for days and weeks together;—but he was an enemy to the affectation of it, and declared open war against it, only as it appeared a cloak for ignorance, or for folly: and then, whenever it fell in his way, however sheltered and protected, he seldom gave it much quarter.

Sometimes, in his wild way of talking, he would say, that Gravity was an arrant scoundrel; and he would add,—of the most dangerous kind too,—because a sly one; and that he verily believed more honest, well-meaning people were bubbled out of their goods and money by it in one twelvemonth, than by pocket-picking and shop-lifting in seven. In the naked temper which a merry heart discovered, he would say there was no danger,—but to itself:—whereas the very essence of gravity was design, and consequently deceit;—'twas a taught trick, to gain credit of the world for more sense and knowledge than a man was worth; and that, with all its pretensions,—it was no better, but often worse, than what a French wit had long ago defined it,—viz. *A mysterious carriage of the body to cover the defects of the mind;*—which definition of gravity, Yorick, with great imprudence, would say, deserved to be wrote in letters of gold.

But, in plain truth, he was a man unhackneyed and unpractised in the world, and was altogether as indiscreet and foolish on every other subject of discourse where policy is wont to impress restraint. Yorick had no impression but one, and that was what arose from

the nature of the deed spoken of; which impression he would usually translate into plain English without any periphrasis;—and too oft without much distinction of either person, time, or place;—so that when mention was made of a pitiful or an ungenerous proceeding——he never gave himself a moment's time to reflect who was the hero of the piece,——what his station,——or how far he had power to hurt him hereafter;——but if it was a dirty action,—without more ado,—The man was a dirty fellow,—and so on.—And as his comments had usually the ill fate to be terminated either in a *bon mot*, or to be enlivened throughout with some drollery or humour of expression, it gave wings to Yorick's indiscretion. In a word, though he never sought, yet, at the same time, as he seldom shunned occasions of saying what came uppermost, and without much ceremony;——he had but too many temptations in life, of scattering his wit and his humour, his gibes and his jests about him.——They were not lost for want of gathering.

What were the consequences, and what was Yorick's catastrophe thereupon, you will read in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XII.

The Mortgager and Mortgagée differ the one from the other, not more in length of purse, than the Jester and Jestée do, in that of memory. But in this the comparison between them runs, as the scholiasts call it, upon all-four; which, by-the-bye, is upon one or two legs more than some of the best of Homer's can

pretend to;—namely, That the one raises a sum, and the other a laugh, at your expense, and thinks no more about it. Interest, however, still runs on in both cases;—the periodical or accidental payments of it, just serving to keep the memory of the affair alive; till, at length, in some evil hour,—pop comes the creditor upon each, and, by demanding principal upon the spot, together with full interest to the very day, makes them both feel the full extent of their obligations.

As the reader (for I hate your *ifs*) has a thorough knowledge of human nature, I need not say more to satisfy him, that my Hero could not go on at this rate without some slight experience of these incidental mementos. To speak the truth, he had wantonly involved himself in a multitude of small book-debts of this stamp, which, notwithstanding Eugenius's frequent advice, he too much disregarded; thinking, that as not one of them was contracted thro' any malignancy,—but, on the contrary, from an honesty of mind, and a mere jocundity of humour, they would all of them be crossed out in course.

Eugenius would never admit this; and would often tell him, that one day or other he would certainly be reckoned with; and he would often add, in an accent of sorrowful apprehension,—to the uttermost mite. To which Yorick, with his usual carelessness of heart, would as often answer with a pshaw!—and if the subject was started in the fields,—with a hop, skip, and jump at the end of it: but if close pent up in the social chimney corner, where the culprit was barricadoed in with a table and a couple of arm chairs, and could not so readily fly off in a tangent,—Eugenius would then go on with his lecture upon discretion, in words to this purpose, though somewhat better put together:—

Trust me, dear Yorick, this unweary pleasantry of thine will sooner or later bring thee into scrapes and difficulties, which no after-wit can extricate thee out of.——In these sallies, too oft, I see, it happens, that a person laughed at, considers himself in the light of a person injured, with all the rights of such a situation belonging to him; and when thou viewest him in that light too, and reckonest up his friends, his family, his kindred and allies,——and musterest up with them the many recruits which will list under him from a sense of common danger,——'tis no extravagant arithmetic to say, that for every ten jokes—thou hast got an hundred enemies: and till thou hast gone on, and raised a swarm of wasps about thine ears, and art half stung to death by them, thou wilt never be convinced it is so.

I cannot suspect it in the man whom I esteem, that there is the least spur from spleen or malevolence of intent in these sallies;—I believe and know them to be truly honest and sportive:—but consider, my dear lad, that fools cannot distinguish this,—and that knaves will not: and that thou knowest not what it is, either to provoke the one, or to make merry with the other:——whenever they associate for mutual defence, depend upon it, they will carry on the war in such a manner against thee, my dear friend, as to make thee heartily sick of it, and of thy life too.

Revenge, from some baneful corner, shall level a tale of dishonour at thee, which no innocence of heart or integrity of conduct shall set right.——The fortunes of thy house shall totter;—thy character, which led the way to them, shall bleed on every side of it;—thy faith questioned,—thy works belied,—thy wit forgotten,—thy learning trampled on. To wind up the last scene of thy tragedy, CRUELTY and COWARDICE, twin ruffians, hired and sent on by MALICE in the dark, shall strike

together at all thy infirmities and mistakes;——the best of us, my dear lad, lie open there,——and trust me, ——trust me, Yorick, *when, to gratify a private appetite, it is once resolved upon that an innocent and an helpless creature shall be sacrificed, 'tis an easy matter to pick up sticks enough from any thicket where it has strayed, to make a fire to offer it up with.*

Yorick scarce ever heard this sad vaticination of his destiny read over to him, but, with a tear stealing from his eye, and a promissory look attending it, that he was resolved, for the time to come, to ride his tit with more sobriety.—But, alas, too late!—a grand confederacy, with ooooo and ooooo at the head of it, was formed before the first prediction of it.—The whole plan of attack, just as Eugenius had foreboded, was put in execution all at once,—with so little mercy on the side of the allies,—and so little suspicion in Yorick, of what was carrying on against him,—that when he thought, good easy man! full surely preferment was o' ripening, they had smote his root, and then he fell, as many a worthy man had fallen before him.

Yorick, however, fought it out with all imaginable gallantry for some time; till, overpowered by numbers, and worn out at length by the calamities of the war,—but more so by the ungenerous manner in which it was carried on,—he threw down the sword; and, though he kept up his spirits in appearance to the last, he died, nevertheless, as was generally thought, quite broken-hearted.

What inclined Eugenius to the same opinion was as follows:—

A few hours before Yorick breathed his last, Eugenius stept in, with an intent to take his last sight and last farewell of him. Upon his drawing Yorick's curtain, and asking how he felt himself, Yorick, look-

ing up in his face, took hold of his hand,—and, after thanking him for the many tokens of his friendship to him,—for which, he said, if it was their fate to meet hereafter, he would thank him again and again,—he told him, he was within a few hours of giving his enemies the slip for ever.—I hope not! answered Eugenius, with tears trickling down his cheeks, and with the tenderest tone that ever man spoke—I hope not, Yorick! said he.——Yorick replied, with a look up, and a gentle squeeze of Eugenius's hand, and that was all; but it cut Eugenius to his heart.—Come, come, Yorick, quoth Eugenius, wiping his eyes, and summoning up the man within him,—my dear lad, be comforted, let not all thy spirits and fortitude forsake thee at this crisis when thou most want'st them;——who knows what resources are in store, and what the power of God may yet do for thee!——Yorick laid his hand upon his heart, and gently shook his head.——For my part, continued Eugenius, crying bitterly as he uttered the words,—I declare I know not, Yorick, how to part with thee; and would gladly flatter my hopes, added Eugenius, cheering up his voice, that there is still enough left of thee to make a bishop, and that I may live to see it.——I beseech thee, Eugenius, quoth Yorick, taking off his night-cap as well as he could with his left hand,——his right being still grasped close in that of Eugenius,——I beseech thee to take a view of my head.—I see nothing that ails it, replied Eugenius.—Then, alas! my friend, said Yorick, let me tell you, that 'tis so bruised and mis-shapen with the blows which ****** and *****, and some others, have so unhandsomely given me in the dark, that I might say with Sancho Pança, that, should I recover, and 'Mitres thereupon be suffered to rain down from 'heaven as thick as hail, not one of them would fit it.'

——Yorick's last breath was hanging upon his trembling lips, ready to depart as he uttered this:——yet still it was uttered with something of a Cervantic tone;——and as he spoke it, Eugenius could perceive a stream of lambent fire lighted up for a moment in his eyes:——faint picture of those flashes of his spirit, which (as Shakspeare said of his ancestor) were wont to set the table in a roar!

Eugenius was convinced from this, that the heart of his friend was broke: he squeezed his hand,——and then walked softly out of the room, weeping as he walked. Yorick followed Eugenius with his eyes to the door,—he then closed them,—and never opened them more.

He lies buried in the corner of his churchyard, in the parish of ——, under a plain marble slab, which his friend Eugenius, by leave of his executors, laid upon his grave, with no more than these three words of inscription, serving both for his epitaph and elegy:—

Alas, poor YORICK!

Ten times a day has Yorick's ghost the consolation to hear his monumental inscription read over with such a variety of plaintive tones, as denote a general pity and esteem for him:——a foot-way crossing the churchyard, close by the side of his grave,—not a passenger goes by without stopping to cast a look upon it,—and sighing, as he walks on,

Alas, poor YORICK!

CHAPTER XIII.

IT is so long since the reader of this rhapsodical work has been parted from the midwife, that it is high time to mention her again to him, merely to put him in mind that there is such a body still in the world, and whom, upon the best judgment I can form upon my own plan at present, I am going to introduce to him for good and all; but as fresh matter may be started, and much unexpected business fall out betwixt the reader and myself, which may require immediate despatch,——'twas right to take care that the poor woman should not be lost in the mean time;—because, when she is wanted, we can no way do without her.

I think I told you that this good woman was a person of no small note and consequence throughout our whole village and township;—that her fame had spread itself to the very outedge and circumference of that centre of importance, of which kind every soul living, whether he has a shirt to his back or no,—— has one surrounding him;——which said circle, by the way, whenever 'tis said that such a one is of great weight and importance in the *world*,——I desire may be enlarged or contracted in your Worship's fancy, in a compound ratio of the station, profession, knowledge, abilities, height and depth (measuring both ways) of the personage brought before you.

In the present case, if I remember, I fixed it about four or five miles; which not only comprehended the whole parish, but extended itself to two or three of the adjacent hamlets in the skirts of the next parish; which made a considerable thing of it. I must add,

That she was, moreover, very well looked on at one large grange-house, and some other odd houses and farms within two or three miles, as I said, from the smoke of her own chimney:——But I must here, once for all, inform you, that all this will be more exactly delineated and explained in a map, now in the hands of the engraver, which, with many other pieces and developments of this work, will be added to the end of the twentieth volume,—not to swell the work,—I detest the thought of such a thing;—but by way of commentary, scholium, illustration, and key to such passages, incidents, or innuendos as shall be thought to be either of private interpretation, or of dark and doubtful meaning, after my Life and my Opinions shall have been read over (now don't forget the meaning of the word) by all the *world*;——which, betwixt you and me, and in spite of all the gentlemen-reviewers in Great Britain, and of all that their Worships should undertake to write or say to the contrary,—I am determined shall be the case.—I need not tell your Worship that all this is spoke in confidence.

CHAPTER XIV.

Upon looking into my mother's marriage-settlement, in order to satisfy myself and reader in a point necessary to be cleared up, before we could proceed any farther in this history,—I had the good fortune to pop upon the very thing I wanted before I had read a day and a half straight forwards:—it might have taken me up a month;—which shews plainly, that when a man sits down to write a history,—though it be but the

History of Jack Hickathrift or Tom Thumb, he knows no more than his heels what lets and confounded hindrances he is to meet with in his way,—or what a dance he may be led, by one excursion or another, before all is over. Could an historiographer drive on his history, as a muleteer drives on his mule,—straight forward;——for instance, from Rome all the way to Loretto, without ever once turning his head aside, either to the right hand or to the left——he might venture to foretell you to an hour when he should get to his journey's end;——but the thing is, morally speaking, impossible: for, if he is a man of the least spirit, he will have fifty deviations from a straight line to make with this or that party as he goes along, which he can no ways avoid. He will have views and prospects to himself perpetually soliciting his eye, which he can no more help standing still to look at than he can fly; he will, moreover, have various

Accounts to reconcile;
Anecdotes to pick up;
Inscriptions to make out;
Stories to weave in;
Traditions to sift;
Personages to call upon;
Panegyrics to paste up at this door;

Pasquinades at that:——All which both the man and the mule are exempt from. To sum up all; There are archives at every stage to be look'd into, and rolls, records, documents, and endless genealogies, which justice ever and anon calls him back to stay the reading of:——In short, there is no end of it——for my own part I declare I have been at it these six weeks, making all the speed I possibly could,—and am not yet born:—I have just been able, and that's

all, to tell you *when* it happen'd, but not *how*;—so that you see the thing is yet far from being accomplished.

These unforeseen stoppages, which I own I had no conception of when I first set out;—but which I am convinced now will rather increase than diminish as I advance,—have struck out a hint which I am resolved to follow,——and that is,—not to be in a hurry;—but to go on leisurely, writing and publishing two volumes of my life every year;——which, if I am suffered to go on quietly, and can make a tolerable bargain with my bookseller, I shall continue to do as long as I live.

CHAPTER XV.

THE article in my mother's marriage-settlement, which I told the reader I was at the pains to search for, and which, now that I have found it, I think proper to lay before him,—is so much more fully express'd in the deed itself than ever I can pretend to do it, that it would be barbarity to take it out of the lawyer's hand:—It is as follows:—

'And this Indenture further witnesseth, That the 'said Walter Shandy, merchant, in consideration of the 'said intended marriage to be had, and, by God's 'blessing, to be well and truly solemnized and consum-'mated between the said Walter Shandy and Elizabeth 'Mollineux aforesaid, and divers other good and valu-'able causes and considerations him thereunto specially 'moving,—doth grant, covenant, condescend, consent, 'conclude, bargain, and fully agree to and with John

'Dixon and James Turner, esqrs., the above-named 'Trustees, &c., &c.,—to wit,—That in case it should 'hereafter so fall out, chance, happen, or otherwise 'come to pass, That the said Walter Shandy, mer-'chant, shall have left off business before the time 'or times that the said Elizabeth Mollineux shall, 'according to the course of nature or otherwise, 'have left off bearing and bringing forth children;— 'and that, in consequence of the said Walter 'Shandy having so left off business, he shall, in 'despite, and against the free-will, consent, and 'good-liking of the said Elizabeth Mollineux,—make 'a departure from the city of London, in order to 'retire to, and dwell upon, his estate at Shandy 'Hall, in the county of ——, or at any other 'country-seat, castle, hall, mansion-house, messuage, 'or grange-house, now purchased, or hereafter to be 'purchased, or upon any part or parcel thereof;— 'That then, and as often as the said Elizabeth 'Mollineux shall happen to be enceint with child 'or children severally and lawfully begot, or to be 'begotten, upon the body of the said Elizabeth 'Mollineux, during her said coverture,—he the said 'Walter Shandy shall, at his own proper costs and 'charges, and out of his own proper moneys, upon 'good and reasonable notice, which is hereby agreed 'to be within six weeks of her the said Elizabeth 'Mollineux's full reckoning, or time of supposed and 'computed delivery,—pay, or cause to be paid, the 'sum of one hundred and twenty pounds of good 'and lawful money, to John Dixon and James 'Turner, esqrs. or assigns,—upon TRUST and con-'fidence, and for and unto the use and uses, intent, 'end, and purpose following:—That is to say,— 'That the said sum of one hundred and twenty pounds

'shall be paid into the hands of the said Elizabeth 'Mollineux, or to be otherwise applied by them the 'said Trustees, for the well and truly hiring of one 'coach, with able and sufficient horses, to carry and 'convey the body of the said Elizabeth Mollineux, 'and the child or children which she shall be then 'and there enceint and pregnant with,—unto the city 'of London; and for the further paying and defraying 'of all other incidental costs, charges, and expences 'whatsoever,—in and about, and for and relating to 'her said intended delivery and lying-in, in the said 'city or suburbs thereof: And that the said Elizabeth 'Mollineux shall and may, from time to time, and 'at all such time and times as are here covenanted 'and agreed upon,—peaceably and quietly hire the said 'coach and horses, and have free ingress, egress, and 'regress throughout her journey, in and from the said 'coach, according to the tenor, true intent, and meaning 'of these presents, without any let, suit, trouble, dis-'turbance, molestation, discharge, hindrance, forfeiture, 'eviction, vexation, interruption, or incumbrance what-'soever:—And that it shall moreover be lawful to and 'for the said Elizabeth Mollineux, from time to time, 'and as oft or often as she shall well and truly be 'advanced in her said pregnancy, to the time hereto-'fore stipulated and agreed upon,—to live and reside in 'such place or places, and in such family or families, 'and with such relations, friends, and other persons 'within the said city of London, as she at her own 'will and pleasure, notwithstanding her present cover-'ture, and as if she was a *femme sole* and unmarried,— 'shall think fit.—And this Indenture further wit-'nesseth, That for the more effectually carrying of the 'said covenant into execution, the said Walter Shandy, 'merchant, doth hereby grant, bargain, sell, release,

'and confirm unto the said John Dixon and James 'Turner, esqrs. their heirs, executors, and assigns, in 'their actual possession now being, by virtue of an in- 'denture of bargain and sale for a year to them the said 'John Dixon and James Turner, esqrs. by him the 'said Walter Shandy, merchant, thereof made; which 'said bargain and sale for a year, bears date the day 'next before the date of these presents, and by force 'and virtue of the statute for transferring of uses into 'possession,—All that the manor and lordship of 'Shandy, in the county of ——, with all the rights, 'members, and appurtenances thereof; and all and 'every the messuages, houses, buildings, barns, stables, 'orchards, gardens, backsides, tofts, crofts, garths, cot- 'tages, lands, meadows, feedings, pastures, marshes, 'commons, woods, underwoods, drains, fisheries, waters, 'and water-courses;—together with all rents, rever- 'sions, services, annuities, fee-farms, knights' fees, 'views of frankpledge, escheats, reliefs, mines, 'quarries, goods and chattels of felons and fugitives, 'felons of themselves, and put in exigent, deodands, 'fee-warrens, and all other royalties and seigniories, 'rights and jurisdictions, privileges and heredita- 'ments whatsoever.——And also the advowson, dona- 'tion, presentation, and free disposition of the rectory 'or parsonage of Shandy aforesaid, and all and every 'the tenths, tithes, glebe lands.'——In three words, ——My mother was to lie-in (if she chose it) in London.

But, in order to put a stop to the practice of any unfair play on the part of my mother, which a marriage-article of this nature too manifestly opened a door to, and which indeed had never been thought of at all, but for my uncle Toby Shandy,—a clause was added in security of my father, which was this:—

'That in case (my mother) hereafter should, at any 'time, put (my father) to the trouble and expense of a 'London journey, upon false cries and tokens,——that 'for every such instance, she should forfeit all the 'right and title which the covenant gave her to the 'next turn;——but no more,—and so on, *toties quoties*, 'in as effectual a manner as if such a covenant betwixt 'them had not been made.'—This, by the way, was no more than what was reasonable;—and yet, as reasonable as it was, I have ever thought it hard that the whole weight of the article should have fallen entirely, as it did, upon myself.

But I was begot and born to misfortunes;—for my poor mother, whether it was wind or water—or a compound of both,—or neither;—or whether it was simply the mere swell of imagination and fancy in her; or how far a strong wish and desire to have it so, might mislead her judgment:—in short, whether she was deceived or deceiving in this matter, it no way becomes me to decide. The fact was this, That in the latter end of September 1717, which was the year before I was born, my mother having carried my father up to town much against the grain,—he peremptorily insisted upon the clause;—so that I was doom'd, by marriage-articles, to have my nose squeez'd as flat to my face, as if the Destinies had actually spun me without one.

How this event came about,—and what a train of vexatious disappointments, in one stage or other of my life, have pursued me, from the mere loss, or rather compression, of this one single member,—shall be laid before the reader all in due time.

CHAPTER XVI.

My father, as any body may naturally imagine, came down with my mother into the country, in but a pettish kind of a humour. The first twenty or five-and-twenty miles he did nothing in the world but fret and tease himself, and indeed my mother too, about the cursed expense, which he said might every shilling of it have been saved.—Then, what vexed him more than every thing else was, the provoking time of year,—which, as I told you, was towards the end of September, when his wall-fruit, and green-gages especially, in which he was very curious, were just ready for pulling.—'Had 'he been whistled up to London, upon a Tom Fool's 'errand, in any other month of the whole year, he 'should not have said three words about it.'

For the next two whole stages, no subject would go down, but the heavy blow he had sustained from the loss of a son, whom he seems he had fully reckon'd upon in his mind, and register'd down in his pocket-book, a second staff for his old age, in case Bobby should fail him. 'The disappointment of this (he said) 'was ten times more to a wise man than all the money 'which the journey, &c. had cost him, put together: '—rot the hundred and twenty pounds,——he did not 'mind it a rush!'

From Stilton, all the way to Grantham, nothing in the whole affair provoked him so much as the condolences of his friends, and the foolish figure they should both make at church, the first Sunday;——of which, in the satirical vehemence of his wit, now sharpened a little by vexation, he would give so many humorous and provoking descriptions,—and place his

rib and self in so many tormenting lights and attitudes in the face of the whole congregation,—that my mother declared, these two stages were so truly tragicomical, that she did nothing but laugh and cry in a breath, from one end to the other of them all the way.

From Grantham, till they had cross'd the Trent, my father was out of all kind of patience at the vile trick and imposition which he fancied my mother had put upon him in this affair.—'Certainly,' he would say to himself, over and over again, 'the woman could not 'be deceived herself——if she could,——what weakness!'—tormenting word!—which led his imagination a thorny dance, and, before all was over, play'd the deuce and all with him;—for sure as ever the word *weakness* was uttered, and struck full upon his brain, so sure it set him upon running divisions upon how many kinds of weaknesses there were;——that there was such a thing as weakness of the body,—— as well as weakness of the mind;—and then he would do nothing but syllogize within himself, for a stage or two together, How far the cause of all these vexations might, or might not, have arisen out of himself.

In short, he had so many little subjects of disquietude springing out of this one affair, all fretting successively in his mind as they rose up in it, that my mother, whatever was her journey up, had but an uneasy journey of it down.——In a word, as she complained to my uncle Toby, he would have tired out the patience of any flesh alive.

CHAPTER XVII.

THOUGH my father travelled homewards, as I told you, in none of the best of moods,—pshawing and pishing all the way down,—yet he had the complaisance to keep the worst part of the story still to himself;—which was the resolution he had taken of doing himself the justice, which my uncle Toby's clause in the marriage-settlement empowered him: nor was it till the very night in which I was begot, which was thirteen months after, that she had the least intimation of his design; when my father, happening, as you remember, to be a little chagrined and out of temper,——took occasion, as they lay chatting gravely in bed afterwards, talking over what was to come, ——to let her know that she must accommodate herself as well as she could to the bargain made between them in their marriage-deeds; which was, to lie-in of her next child in the country, to balance the last year's journey.

My father was a gentleman of many virtues;—but he had a strong spice of that in his temper, which might, or might not, add to the number.—'Tis known by the name of Perseverance, in a good cause;—and of Obstinacy, in a bad one: of this my mother had so much knowledge, that she knew 'twas to no purpose to make any remonstrance; so she e'en resolved to sit down quietly, and make the most of it.

CHAPTER XVIII.

As the point was that night agreed, or rather determined, that my mother should lie-in of me in the country, she took her measures accordingly; for which purpose, when she was three days, or thereabouts, gone with child, she began to cast her eyes upon the midwife, whom you have so often heard me mention; and before the week was well got round, as the famous Dr. Manningham was not to be had, she had come to a final determination in her mind,——notwithstanding there was a scientific operator within so near a call as eight miles of us, and who, moreover, had expressly wrote a five-shilling book upon the subject of midwifery, in which he had exposed, not only the blunders of the sisterhood itself,—but had likewise superadded many curious improvements for the quicker extraction of the fœtus in cross births, and some other cases of danger which belay us in getting into the world: notwithstanding all this, my mother, I say, was absolutely determined to trust her life, and mine with it, into no soul's hand but this old woman's only.—Now this I like;—when we cannot get at the very thing we wish,——never to take up with the next best in degree to it. No; that's pitiful beyond description.—It is no more than a week from this very day, in which I am now writing this book for the edification of the world,—which is March 9, 1759,——that my dear, dear Jenny, observing I looked a little grave, as she stood cheapening a silk of five-and-twenty shillings a yard, —told the mercer, she was sorry she had given him so much trouble;—and immediately went and bought

herself a yard-wide stuff of ten-pence a yard.—'Tis the duplication of one and the same greatness of soul: only, what lessened the honour of it somewhat in my mother's case, was, that she could not heroine it into so violent and hazardous an extreme, as one in her situation might have wished; because the old midwife had really some little claim to be depended upon,—as much, at least, as success could give her; having, in the course of her practice of near twenty years in the parish, brought every mother's son of them into the world without any one slip or accident which could fairly be laid to her account.

These facts, though they had their weight, yet did not altogether satisfy some few scruples and uneasinesses which hung upon my father's spirits, in relation to this choice.—To say nothing of the natural workings of humanity and justice—or of the yearnings of parental and connubial love, all which prompted him to leave as little to hazard as possible in a case of this kind,——he felt himself concerned in a particular manner, that all should go right in the present case, from the accumulated sorrow he lay open to, should any evil betide his wife and child in lying-in at Shandy Hall.——He knew the world judged by events; and would add to his afflictions in such a misfortune, by loading him with the whole blame of it.——'Alas o' day!—had Mrs. Shandy (poor gentle-'woman!) had but her wish in going up to town 'just to lie-in and come down again; which, they 'say, she begged and prayed for upon her bare 'knees,——and which, in my opinion,—considering 'the fortune which Mr. Shandy got with her,—was no 'such mighty matter to have complied with, the lady 'and her babe might both of them have been alive at 'this hour.'

This exclamation, my father knew, was unanswerable;—and yet, it was not merely to shelter himself,—nor was it altogether for the care of his offspring and wife that he seemed so extremely anxious about this point;—my father had extensive views of things, and stood moreover, as he thought, deeply concerned in it for the public good, from the dread he entertained of the bad uses an ill-fated instance might be put to.

He was very sensible that all political writers upon the subject had unanimously agreed and lamented, from the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign down to his own time, that the current of men and money towards the metropolis, upon one frivolous errand or another,—set in so strong,—as to become dangerous to our civil rights;—though, by the bye,——a *current* was not the image he took most delight in,—a *distemper* was here his favourite metaphor, and he would run it down into a perfect allegory, by maintaining it was identically the same in the body national as in the body natural, where the blood and spirits were driven up into the head faster than they could find their ways down;—a stoppage of circulation must ensue, which was death in both cases.

There was little danger, he would say, of losing our liberties by French politics or French invasions;——nor was he so much in pain of a consumption from the mass of corrupted matter and ulcerated humours in our constitution, which he hoped was not so bad as it was imagined;—but he verily feared that, in some violent push, we should go off, all at once, in a state-apoplexy;—and then, he would say, *The Lord have mercy upon us all!*

My father was never able to give the history of this distemper,—without the remedy along with it.

'Was I an absolute prince,' he would say, pulling

up his breeches with both his hands, as he rose from his arm-chair, 'I would appoint able judges, at every 'avenue of my metropolis, who should take cognizance 'of every fool's business who came there;—and if, upon 'a fair and candid hearing, it appeared not of weight 'sufficient to leave his own home, and come up, bag 'and baggage, with his wife and children, farmer's 'sons, &c., &c., at his backside, they should be all sent 'back, from constable to constable, like vagrants as 'they were, to the place of their legal settlements. By 'this means I should take care that my metropolis 'totter'd not through its own weight;—that the head be 'no longer too big for the body,—that the extremes, 'now wasted and pinn'd in, be restored to their due 'share of nourishment, and regain with it their 'natural strength and beauty:—I would effectually 'provide, That the meadows and cornfields of my 'dominions should laugh and sing;—that good cheer 'and hospitality flourish once more;—and that such 'weight and influence be put thereby into the hands 'of the Squirality of my kingdom, as should counter-'poise what I perceive my Nobility are now taking 'from them.'

'Why are there so few palaces and gentlemen's 'seats,' he would ask, with some emotion, as he walked across the room, 'throughout so many delicious 'provinces in France? Whence is it that the few re-'maining *châteaus* amongst them are so dismantled,—'so unfurnished, and in so ruinous and desolate a 'condition?——Because, Sir,' (he would say) 'in that 'kingdom no man has any country-interest to support; '—the little interest of any kind which any man has 'anywhere in it, is concentrated in the court, and the 'looks of the Grand Monarch: by the sunshine of

'whose countenance, or the clouds which pass across 'it, every Frenchman lives or dies.'

Another political reason which prompted my father so strongly to guard against the least evil accident in my mother's lying-in in the country,——was, That any such instance would infallibly throw a balance of power, too great already, into the weaker vessels of the gentry, in his own, or higher stations;——which, with the many other usurped rights which that part of the constitution was hourly establishing,—would, in the end, prove fatal to the monarchical system of domestic government established in the first creation of things by God.

In this point he was entirely of Sir Robert Filmer's opinion, That the plans and institutions of the greatest monarchies in the eastern parts of the world were, originally, all stolen from that admirable pattern and prototype of this household and paternal power;—which, for a century, he said, and more, had gradually been degenerating away into a mix'd government;——the form of which, however desirable in great combinations of the species,——was very troublesome in small ones,—and seldom produced anything, that he saw, but sorrow and confusion.

For all these reasons, private and public, put together,—my father was for having the man mid-wife, by all means,—my mother, by no means. My father begg'd and intreated she would for once recede from her prerogative in this matter, and suffer him to choose for her:—my mother, on the contrary, insisted upon her privilege in this matter, to choose for herself,—and have no mortal's help but the old woman's.—What could my father do? He was almost at his wits' end;——talked it over with her in all moods;—placed his arguments in all lights;—argued the matter with her

like a Christian,—like a Heathen,—like a husband,—like a father,—like a patriot,—like a man:—My mother answered every thing only like a woman; which was a little hard upon her;—for as she could not assume and fight it out behind such a variety of characters,—'twas no fair match:—'twas seven to one.—What could my mother do?——She had the advantage (otherwise she had been certainly overpowered) of a small reinforcement of chagrin personal at the bottom, which bore her up, and enabled her to dispute the affair with my father with so equal an advantage,—that both sides sung *Te Deum.* In a word, my mother was to have the old woman,—and the operator was to have licence to drink a bottle of wine with my father and my uncle Toby Shandy in the back parlour,—for which he was to be paid five guineas.

I must beg leave, before I finish this chapter, to enter a caveat in the breast of my fair reader;—and it is this,—Not to take it absolutely for granted, from an unguarded word or two which I have dropped in it——'That I am a married man.'—I own, the tender appellation of my dear, dear, Jenny,—with some other strokes of conjugal knowledge, interspersed here and there, might, naturally enough, have misled the most candid judge in the world into such a determination against me.—All I plead for, in this case, Madam, is strict justice; and that you do so much of it, to me as well as to yourself,—as not to prejudge, or receive such an impression of me, till you have better evidence, than, I am positive, at present can be produced against me.—Not that I can be so vain or unreasonable, Madam, as to desire you should therefore think that my dear, dear Jenny is my kept mistress;—no,—that would be flattering my character in the other extreme, and giving it an air of freedom, which, per-

haps, it has no kind of right to. All I contend for, is the utter impossibility, for some volumes, that you, or the most penetrating spirit upon earth, should know how this matter really stands.—It is not impossible, but that my dear, dear Jenny! tender as the appellation is, may be my child.——Consider,—I was born in the year eighteen.—Nor is there any thing unnatural or extravagant in the supposition, that my dear Jenny may be my friend!—Friend!—My friend.—Surely, Madam, a friendship between the two sexes may subsist, and be supported, without——Fy! Mr. Shandy—Without anything, Madam, but that tender and delicious sentiment which ever mixes in friendship, where there is a difference of sex. Let me intreat you to study the pure and sentimental parts of the best French Romances;—it will really, Madam, astonish you to see with what a variety of chaste expressions this delicious sentiment, which I have the honour to speak of, is dressed out.

CHAPTER XIX.

I WOULD sooner undertake to explain the hardest problem in geometry, than pretend to account for it, that a gentleman of my father's great good sense,——knowing, as the reader must have observed him, and curious too in philosophy,—wise also in political reasoning,—and in polemical (as he will find) no way ignorant,—could be capable of entertaining a notion in his head, so out of the common track,—that I fear the reader, when I come to mention it to him, if he is the least of a choleric temper, will immediately throw the book by; if mercurial, he will laugh most heartily at it;—

and if he is of a grave and saturnine cast, he will, at first sight, absolutely condemn as fanciful and extravagant; and that was in respect to the choice and imposition of Christian names, on which he thought a great deal more depended than what superficial minds were capable of conceiving.

His opinion in this matter was, That there was a strange kind of magic bias, which good or bad names, as he called them, irresistibly impressed upon our characters and conduct.

The hero of Cervantes argued not the point with more seriousness,—nor had he more faith,—or more to say on the powers of necromancy in dishonouring his deeds,—or on Dulcinea's name, in shedding lustre upon them, than my father had on those of Trismegistus or Archimedes, on the one hand,—or of Nyky and Simkin, on the other. How many Cæsars and Pompeys, he would say, by mere inspiration of the names, have been rendered worthy of them! And how many, he would add, are there, who might have done exceeding well in the world had not their characters and spirits been totally depressed and Nicodemus'd into nothing!

I see plainly, Sir, by your looks (or as the case happened), my father would say—that you do not heartily subscribe to this opinion of mine,—which, to those, he would add, who have not carefully sifted it to the bottom,—I own has an air more of fancy than of solid reasoning in it;—and yet, my dear Sir, if I may presume to know your character, I am morally assured, I should hazard little in stating a case to you, not as a party in the dispute,—but as a judge, and trusting my appeal upon it to your own good sense and candid disquisition in this matter;——you are a person free from as many narrow prejudices of education as most men;—and, if I may presume to penetrate farther into

you,—of a liberality of genius above bearing down an opinion, merely because it wants friends. Your son, —your dear son,—from whose sweet and open temper you have so much to expect,—your Billy, Sir!—would you, for the world, have called him JUDAS?—Would you, my dear Sir, he would say, laying his hand upon your breast, with the genteelest address,—and in that soft and irresistible *piano* of voice which the nature of the *argumentum ad hominem* absolutely requires,—Would you, Sir, if a *Jew* of a godfather had proposed the name of your child, and offered you his purse along with it, would you have consented to such a desecration of him?——O my God! he would say, looking up, if I know your temper right, Sir,—you are incapable of it;—you would have trampled upon the offer;—you would have thrown the temptation at the tempter's head with abhorrence.

Your greatness of mind in this action, which I admire, with that generous contempt of money, which you shew me in the whole transaction, is really noble;—and what renders it more so, is the principle of it;—the workings of a parent's love upon the truth and conviction of this very hypothesis, namely, That was your son called Judas,—the sordid and treacherous idea, so inseparable from the name, would have accompanied him through life like his shadow, and, in the end, made a miser and a rascal of him, in spite, Sir, of your example.

I never knew a man able to answer this argument. ——But, indeed, to speak of my father as he was;—he was certainly irresistible;—both in his orations and disputations;—he was born an orator;—Θεοδίδακτος.—Persuasion hung upon his lips, and the elements of Logic and Rhetoric were so blended up in him,—and, withal, he had so shrewd a guess at the weak-

nesses and passions of his respondent,—that NATURE might have stood up and said,—'This man is eloquent.' —In short, whether he was on the weak or the strong side of the question, 'twas hazardous in either case to attack him:—and yet, 'tis strange, he had never read Cicero nor Quintilian de Oratore, nor Isocrates, nor Aristotle, nor Longinus, amongst the antients;—nor Vossius, nor Skioppius, nor Ramus, nor Farnaby, amongst the moderns;—and, what is more astonishing, he had never in his whole life the least light or spark of subtilty struck into his mind by one single lecture upon Crackenthorp or Burgersdicius or any Dutch logician or commentator;—he knew not so much as in what the difference of an argument *ad ignorantiam*, and an argument *ad hominem* consisted; so that I well remember, when he went up along with me to enter my name at Jesus' College in ****,—it was a matter of just wonder with my worthy tutor, and two or three fellows of that learned society,—that a man who knew not so much as the names of his tools, should be able to work after that fashion with them.

To work with them in the best manner he could, was what my father was, however, perpetually forced upon;——for he had a thousand little sceptical notions of the comic kind to defend,—most of which notions, I verily believe, at first entered upon the footing of mere whims, and of a *vive la bagatelle;* and as such, he would make merry with them for half an hour or so, and, having sharpened his wit upon them, dismiss them till another day.

I mention this, not only as a matter of hypothesis or conjecture upon the progress and establishment of my father's many odd opinions,—but as a warning to the learned reader against the indiscreet reception of such guests, who, after a free and undisturbed entrance, for

some years, into our brains,—at length claim a kind of settlement there,——working sometimes like yeast;—, but more generally after the manner of the gentle passion, beginning in jest, but ending in downright earnest.

Whether this was the case of the singularity of my father's notions—or that his judgment, at length, became the dupe of his wit;—or how far, in many of his notions, he might, though odd, be absolutely right;——the reader, as he comes at them, shall decide. All that I maintain here is, that in this one, of the influence of Christian names, however it gained footing, he was serious;—he was all uniformity;—he was systematical, and, like all systematic reasoners, he would move both heaven and earth, and twist and torture every thing in nature to support his hypothesis. In a word, I repeat it over again,—he was serious; and, in consequence of it, he would lose all kind of patience whenever he saw people, especially of condition, who should have known better,—as careless and as indifferent about the name they imposed upon their child, or more so, than in the choice of Ponto or Cupid for their puppy-dog.

This, he would say, look'd ill;—and had, moreover, this particular aggravation in it; viz. That when once a vile name was wrongfully or injudiciously given, 'twas not like the case of a man's character, which, when wrong'd, might hereafter be cleared;——and possibly, some time or other, if not in the man's life, at least after his death,—be, somehow or other, set to rights with the world: but the injury of this, he would say, could never be undone;—nay, he doubted even whether an act of Parliament could reach it:——He knew as well as you, that the legislature assumed a power over

surnames; but for very strong reasons, which he could give, it had never yet adventured, he would say, to go a step farther.

It was observable, that though my father, in consequence of this opinion, had, as I have told you, the strongest likings and dislikings towards certain names,—that there were still numbers of names which hung so equally in the balance before him, that they were absolutely indifferent to him. Jack, Dick, and Tom were of this class: these my father called neutral names;—affirming of them, without a satire, that there had been as many knaves and fools at least, as wise and good men, since the world began, who had indifferently borne them;—so that, like equal forces acting against each other in contrary directions, he thought they mutually destroyed each other's effects; for which reason, he would often declare, He would not give a cherry-stone to choose amongst them. Bob, which was my brother's name, was another of these neutral kinds of Christian names, which operated very little either way; and as my father happen'd to be at Epsom when it was given him,—he would oft-times thank Heaven it was no worse. Andrew was something like a negative quantity in Algebra with him;—'twas worse, he said, than nothing.—William stood pretty high:—— Numps again was low with him:—and Nick, he said, was the *Devil.*

But of all the names in the universe, he had the most unconquerable aversion for *Tristram:*—he had the lowest and most contemptible opinion of it of any thing in the world, thinking it could possibly produce nothing in *rerum naturâ*, but what was extremely mean and pitiful; so that in the midst of a dispute on the subject,—in which, by the bye, he was fre-

quently involved,——he would sometimes break off in a sudden and spirited *Epiphonema*, or rather *Erotesis*, raised a third, and sometimes a full fifth above the key of the discourse,——and demand it categorically of his antagonist, Whether he would take upon him to say, he had ever remembered,——whether he had ever read,—or even whether he had ever heard tell of a man, called Tristram, performing anything great or worth recording?—No,—he would say, *Tristram!* —The thing is impossible.

What could be wanting in my father but to have wrote a book to publish this notion of his to the world? Little boots it to the subtle speculatist to stand single in his opinions,—unless he gives them proper vent:— It was the identical thing which my father did:—for in the year sixteen, which was two years before I was born, he was at the pains of writing an express *Dissertation* simply upon the word Tristram,—shewing the world, with great candour and modesty, the grounds of his great abhorrence to the name.

When this story is compared with the title-page, —Will not the gentle reader pity my father from his soul?—to see an orderly and well-disposed gentleman, who tho' singular, yet inoffensive in his notions,—so played upon in them by cross purposes!——to look down upon the stage, and see him baffled and overthrown in all his little systems and wishes! to behold a train of events perpetually falling out against him, and in so critical and cruel a way, as if they had purposely been plann'd and pointed against him, merely to insult his speculations!—In a word, to behold such a one, in his old age, ill-fitted for troubles, ten times in a day suffering sorrow!—ten times in a day calling the child of his prayers *Tristram!*—Melancholy dissyllable of sound! which, to his ears, was unison to

Nincompoop, and every name vituperative under heaven.—By his ashes, I swear it,—if ever malignant spirit took pleasure, or busied itself in traversing the purposes of mortal man,—it must have been here!—and if it was not necessary I should be born before I was christened, I would this moment give the reader an account of it.

CHAPTER XX.

——How could you, Madam, be so inattentive in reading the last chapter? I told you in it, *That my mother was not a Papist.*——Papist! You told me no such thing, Sir.——Madam, I beg leave to repeat it over again, that I told you, as plain, at least, as words, by direct inference, could tell you such a thing.—Then, Sir, I must have miss'd a page.—No, Madam,—you have not miss'd a word.——Then I was asleep, Sir.—My pride, Madam, cannot allow you that refuge.—Then I declare, I know nothing at all about the matter.—That, Madam, is the very fault I lay to your charge; and, as a punishment for it, I do insist upon it, that you immediately turn back, that is, as soon as you get to the next full stop, and read the whole chapter over again. I have imposed this penance upon the lady neither out of wantonness nor cruelty, but from the best of motives; and therefore shall make her no apology for it when she returns back.—'Tis to rebuke a vicious taste, which has crept into thousands besides herself,—of reading straight forwards, more in quest of the adventures than of the deep erudition and knowledge which a book of this cast, if read over as it should be, would infallibly impart with them.——

The mind should be accustomed to make wise reflections, and draw curious conclusions as it goes along; the habitude of which, made Pliny the Younger affirm, 'That he never read a book so bad, but he drew some profit from it.' The stories of Greece and Rome, run over without this turn and application,—do less service, I affirm it, than the history of Parismus and Parismenus, or of the Seven Champions of England, read with it.

——But here comes my fair lady. Have you read over again the chapter, Madam, as I desired you?—You have: and did you not observe the passage, upon the second reading, which admits the inference?——Not a word like it! Then, Madam, be pleased to ponder well the last line but one of the chapter, where I take upon me to say, 'It was *necessary* I should be born 'before I was christen'd.' Had my mother, Madam, been a Papist, that consequence did not follow.*

* The Romish Rituals direct the baptizing of the child, in cases of danger, *before* it is born;—but upon this proviso, That some part or other of the child's body be seen by the baptizer.——But the Doctors of the Sorbonne, by a deliberation held amongst them, April 10, 1733, —have enlarged the powers of the midwives, by determining, that though no part of the child's body should appear,——that baptism shall, nevertheless, be administered to it by injection,—*par le moyen d'une petite canule*,—Anglicè, *a squirt*.——'Tis very strange that St. Thomas Aquinas, who had so good a mechanical head, both for tying and untying the knots of school-divinity,—should, after so much pains bestowed upon this,—give up the point at last, as a second *La chose impossible*.—'Infantes in maternis uteris existentes' (quoth St. Thomas!) 'baptizari possunt *nullo modo*.'—O Thomas! Thomas!

If the reader has the curiosity to see the question upon baptism *by injection*, as presented to the Doctors of the Sorbonne, with their consultation thereupon, it is as follows:—

MÉMOIRE PRÉSENTÉ À MESSIEURS LES DOCTEURS DE SORBONNE.*

Un Chirurgien Accoucheur, représente à Messieurs les Docteurs de Sorbonne, qu'il y a des cas, quoique très rares, où une mère ne

It is a terrible misfortune for this same book of mine, but more so to the Republic of Letters;—so that

sçauroit accoucher, et même où l'enfant est tellement renfermé dans le sein de sa mère, qu'il ne fait paroître aucune partie de son corps, ce qui seroit un cas, suivant les Rituels, de lui conférer, du moins sous condition, le baptême. Le Chirurgien, qui consulte, prétend, par le moyen d'une petite canule, de pouvoir baptiser immediatement l'enfant, sans faire aucun tort à la mère.——Il demand si ce moyen, qu'il vient de proposer, est permis et légitime, et s'il peut s'en servir dans les cas qu'il vient d'exposer.

RÉPONSE.

Le Conseil estime, que la question proposée souffre de grandes difficultés. Les Théologiens posent d'un coté pour principe, que le baptême, qui est une naissance spirituelle, suppose une première naissance ; il faut être né dans le monde, pour renaître en Jesus Christ, comme ils l'enseignent. S. Thomas 3 *part. quæst.* 88, *artic.* 11, suit cette doctrine comme une verité constante ; l'on ne peut, dit ce S. Docteur, baptiser les enfans qui sont renfermés dans le sein de leurs mères, et S. Thomas est fondé sur ce, que les enfans ne sont point nés et ne peuvent être comptés parmi les autres hommes ; d'où il conclut, qu'ils ne peuvent être l'objet d'une action extérieure pour reçevoir par leur ministère les sacremens nécessaires au salut : *Pueri in maternis uteris existentes nondum prodierunt in lucem ut cum aliis hominibus vitam ducant ; unde non possunt subjici actioni humanæ, ut per eorum ministerium sacramenta recipiant ad salutam.* Les rituels ordonnent dans la pratique ce que les théologiens ont établi sur les mêmes matières, et ils defendent tous d'une manière uniforme, de baptiser les enfans qui sont renfermés dans le sein de leurs mères, s'ils ne font paroître quelque partie de leurs corps. Le concours des théologiens, et des rituels, qui sont les règles des diocèses, paroit former une autorité qui termine la question présente ; cependant le conseil de conscience considérant d'un côté, que le raisonnement des théologiens est uniquement fondé sur une raison de convenance, et que la defense des rituels suppose que l'on ne peut baptiser immediatement les enfans ainsi renfermés dans le sein de leurs mères, ce qui est contre la supposition presente ; et d'un autre côté, considérant que les mêmes théologiens enseignent, que l'on peut risquer les sacremens que Jesus Christ a établis comme des moyens faciles, mais nécessaires pour sanc-

* *Vide* Deventer, Paris edit. 4to, 1734, p. 366.

my own is quite swallowed up in the consideration of it,—that this self-same vile pruriency for fresh adventures in all things, has got so strongly into our habit and humour,—and so wholly intent are we upon satisfying the impatience of our concupiscence that way,—that nothing but the gross and more carnal parts of a composition will go down:—the subtle hints and sly communications of science fly off, like spirits upwards,——the heavy moral escapes downwards; and both the one and the other are as much lost to the

tifier les hommes; et d'ailleurs estimant, que les enfans renfermés dans le sein de leurs mères, pourroient être capables de salut, parce-qu'ils sont capables de damnation;—pour ces considérations, et en égard à l'exposé, suivant lequel on assure avoir trouvé un moyen certain de baptiser ces enfans ainsi renfermés, sans faire aucun tort à la mère, le Conseil estime que l'on pourroit se servir du moyen proposé, dans la confiance qu'il a, que Dieu n'a point laissé ces sortes d'enfans sans aucuns secours, et supposant, comme il est exposé, que le moyen dont il s'agit est propre à leur procurer le baptême; cependant comme il s'agiroit, en autorisant la pratique proposée, de changer une règle universellement établie, le Conseil croit que celui qui consulte doit s'addresser à son évêque, et à qui il appartient de juger de l'utilité, et du danger du moyen proposé, et comme, sous le bon plaisir de l'évêque, le Conseil estime qu'il faudroit recourir au Pape, qui a le droit d'expliquer les régles de l'église, et d'y déroger dans le cas, ou la loi ne sçauroit obliger, quelque sage et quelque utile que paroisse la manière de baptiser dont il s'agit, le Conseil ne pourroit l'approver sans le concours de ces deux autorités. On conseille, au moins à celui qui consulte, de s'addresser à son évêque, et de lui faire part de la présente décision, afin que, si le prelat entre dans les raisons sur lesquelles les docteurs soussignés s'appuyent, il puisse être autorisé, dans le cas de nécessité, ou il risqueroit trop d'attendre que la permission fût demandée et accordée d'employer le moyen qu'il propose si avantageux au salut de l'enfant. Au reste, le Conseil, en estimant que l'on pourroit s'en servir, croit cependant, que si les enfans dont il s'agit, venoient au monde, contre l'espérance de ceux qui se seroient servis du même moyen, il seroit nécessaire de les baptiser *sous condition;* et en cela le Conseil se conforme à tous les rituels, qui en autorisant le baptême d'un enfant qui fait paroître quelque partie de

world, as if they were still left in the bottom of the ink-horn.

I wish the male-reader has not pass'd by many a one, as quaint and curious as this one, in which the female-reader has been detected. I wish it may have its effects ;—and that all good people, both male and female, from example, may be taught to think as well as read.

CHAPTER XXI.

——I WONDER what's all that noise, and running backwards and forwards for, above stairs! quoth my father, addressing himself, after an hour and a half's silence, to my uncle Toby,——who, you must know, was sitting on the opposite side of the fire, smoking his social

son corps, enjoignent néanmoins, et ordonnent de le baptiser *sous condition*, s'il vient heureusement au monde.

Délibéré en Sorbonne, le 10 Avril, 1733.

A. LE MOYNE.
L. DE ROMIGNY.
DE MARCILLY.

Mr. Tristram Shandy's compliments to Messrs. Le Moyne, De Romigny, and De Marcilly ; hopes they all rested well the night after so tiresome a consultation.—He begs to know, whether, after the ceremony of marriage, and before that of consummation, the baptizing all the *Homunculi* at once, slapdash, by *injection*, would not be a shorter and safer cut still ; on condition, as above, That if the *Homunculi* do well, and come safe into the world after this, that each and every of them shall be baptized again (*sous condition*).—And provided, in the second place, That the thing can be done, which Mr. Shandy apprehends it may, *par le moyen d'une* petite canule, and *sans faire aucun tort au père?*

pipe all the time, in mute contemplation of a new pair of black plush breeches which he had got on:—What can they be doing, brother?—quoth my father,—we can scarce hear ourselves talk.

I think, replied my uncle Toby, taking his pipe from his mouth, and striking the head of it two or three times upon the nail of his left thumb as he began his sentence,——I think, says he,—— But to enter rightly into my uncle Toby's sentiments upon this matter, you must be made to enter first a little into his character, the outlines of which I shall just give you; and then the dialogue between him and my father will go on as well again.

Pray, what was that man's name,—for I write in such a hurry, I have no time to recollect or look for it,——who first made the observation, 'That there was great 'inconstancy in our air and climate?' Whoever he was, 'twas a just and good observation in him.—But the corollary drawn from it, namely, 'That it is this 'which has furnished us with such a variety of odd 'and whimsical characters;'—that was not his;—it was found out by another man, at least a century and a half after him. Then again,—That this copious store-house of original materials is the true and natural cause, that our comedies are so much better than those of France, or any others that either have been, or can be wrote upon the Continent:——that discovery was not fully made till about the middle of King William's reign,—when the great Dryden, in writing one of his long prefaces (if I mistake not) most fortunately hit upon it. Indeed, toward the latter end of Queen Anne, the great Addison began to patronize the notion, and more fully explained it to the world in one or two of his Spectators;—but the discovery was not his.—Then, fourthly and lastly, That this strange irregularity in our climate,

producing so strange an irregularity in our characters, ——doth thereby, in some sort, make us amends, by giving us somewhat to make us merry with when the weather will not suffer us to go out of doors;—that observation is my own;—and was struck out by me this very rainy day, March 26, 1759, and betwixt the hours of nine and ten in the morning.

Thus—thus, my fellow-labourers and associates in this great harvest of our learning, now ripening before our eyes; thus it is, by slow steps of casual increase, that our knowledge physical, metaphysical, physiological, polemical, nautical, mathematical, enigmatical, technical, biographical, romantical, chemical, and obstetrical, with fifty other branches of it (most of 'em ending as these do, in *ical*), have, for these two last centuries and more, gradually been creeping upwards towards that Ἀκμὴ of their perfections, from which, if we may form a conjecture from the advances of these last seven years, we cannot possibly be far off.

When that happens, it is to be hoped, it will put an end to all kind of writings whatsoever;—the want of all kind of writing will put an end to all kind of reading;—and that, in time,—*As war begets poverty; poverty peace*, —must, in course, put an end to all kind of knowledge; ——and then——we shall have all to begin over again; or, in other words, be exactly where we started.

——Happy! thrice happy times! I only wish that the æra of my begetting, as well as the mode and manner of it, had been a little altered,——or that it could have been put off, with any convenience to my father or mother, for some twenty or five-and-twenty years longer, when a man in the literary world might have stood some chance.——

But I forget my uncle Toby, whom all this while we have left knocking the ashes out of his tobacco-pipe.

His humour was of that particular species, which does honour to our atmosphere: and I should have made no scruple of ranking him amongst one of the first-rate productions of it, had not there appeared too many strong lines in it of a family likeness, which showed that he derived the singularity of his temper more from blood, than either wind or water, or any modifications or combinations of them whatever: And I have, therefore, oft-times wondered, that my father, tho' I believe he had his reasons for it, upon his observing some tokens of eccentricity in my course when I was a boy,—should never once endeavour to account for them in this way: for all the Shandy family were of an original character throughout:—— I mean the males,—the females had no character at all,—except, indeed, my great aunt Dinah, who, about sixty years ago, was married and got with child by the coachman, for which my father, according to his hypothesis of Christian names, would often say, She might thank her godfathers and godmothers.

It will seem very strange,——and I would as soon think of dropping a riddle in the reader's way, which is not my interest to do, as set him upon guessing how it could come to pass, that an event of this kind, so many years after it had happened, should be reserved for the interruption of the peace and unity, which otherwise so cordially subsisted, between my father and my uncle Toby. One would have thought, that the whole force of the misfortune should have spent and wasted itself in the family at first,—as is generally the case.—But nothing ever wrought with our family after the ordinary way. Possibly at the very time this happened, it might have something else to afflict it; and as afflictions are sent

down for our good, and that as this had never done the Shandy Family any good at all, it might lie waiting till apt times and circumstances should give it an opportunity to discharge its office.——Observe, I determine nothing upon this.——My way is ever to point out the curious, different tracts of investigation, to come at the first springs of the events I tell;—not with a pedantic Fescue,—or in the decisive manner of Tacitus, who outwits himself and his reader;—but with the officious humility of a heart devoted to the assistance merely of the inquisitive:—to them I write,——and by them I shall be read,—if any such reading as this could be supposed to hold out so long, to the very end of the world.

Why this cause of sorrow, therefore, was thus reserved for my father and uncle, is undetermined by me. But how and in what direction it exerted itself so as to become the cause of dissatisfaction between them, after it began to operate, is what I am able to explain with great exactness, and is as follows:

My uncle, Toby Shandy, Madam, was a gentleman, who, with the virtues which usually constitute the character of a man of honour and rectitude,——possessed one in a very eminent degree, which is seldom or never put into the catalogue; and that was a most extreme and unparalleled modesty of nature;——though I correct the word Nature, for this reason, that I may not prejudge a point which must shortly come to a hearing, and that is, Whether this modesty of his was natural or acquired?——Whichever way my uncle Toby came by it, 'twas nevertheless modesty in the truest sense of it; and that is, Madam, not in regard to words, for he was so unhappy as to have very little choice in them,—but to things;—and this kind of modesty so possessed him, and it arose

to such a height in him, as almost to equal, if such a thing could be, even the modesty of a woman: that female nicety, Madam, and inward cleanliness of mind and fancy, in your sex, which makes you so much the awe of ours.

You will imagine, Madam, that my uncle Toby had contracted all this from this very source;—that he had spent a great part of his time in converse with your sex; and that, from a thorough knowledge of you, and the force of imitation, which such fair examples render irresistible, he had acquired this amiable turn of mind.

I wish I could say so;—for unless it was with his sister-in-law, my father's wife and my mother,—— my uncle Toby scarce exchanged three words with the sex in as many years.—No; he got it, Madam, by a blow.——A blow!——Yes, Madam, it was owing to a blow from a stone, broke off by a ball from the parapet of a horn-work at the siege of Namur, which struck full upon my uncle Toby's groin.—Which way could that effect it?—The story of that, Madam, is long and interesting;—but it would be running my history all upon heaps to give it you here.——'Tis for an episode hereafter; and every circumstance relating to it, in its proper place, shall be faithfully laid before you:—'Till then, it is not in my power to give farther light into this matter, or say more than what I have said already.——That my uncle Toby was a gentleman of unparalleled modesty, which happening to be somewhat subtilized and rarefied by the constant heat of a little family-pride,——they both so wrought together within him, that he could never bear to hear the affair of my aunt Dinah touched upon, but with the greatest emotion.——The least hint of it was enough to make the blood fly into his face;—but when my father

enlarged upon the story in mixed companies, which the illustration of his hypothesis frequently obliged him to do,—the unfortunate blight of one of the fairest branches of the family would set my uncle Toby's honour and modesty o' bleeding; and he would often take my father aside, in the greatest concern imaginable, to expostulate and tell him, he would give him anything in the world, only to let the story rest.

My father, I believe, had the truest love and tenderness for my uncle Toby, that ever one brother bore towards another; and would have done anything in nature, which one brother in reason could have desired of another, to have made my uncle Toby's heart easy in this, or any other point. But this lay out of his power.

——My father, as I told you, was a philosopher in grain,—speculative,—systematical;—and my aunt Dinah's affair was a matter of as much consequence to him, as the retrogradation of the planets to Copernicus:—the backslidings of Venus in her orbit fortified the Copernican system, called so after his name; and the backslidings of my aunt Dinah, in her orbit, did the same service in establishing my father's system, which, I trust, will for ever hereafter be called the SHANDEAN SYSTEM, after his.

In any other family-dishonour, my father, I believe, had as nice a sense of shame as any man whatever; ——and neither he, nor, I dare say, Copernicus would have divulged the affair in either case, or have taken the least notice of it to the world, but for the obligations they owed, as they thought, to truth.—*Amicus Plato*,—my father would say, construing the words to my uncle Toby, as he went along, *Amicus Plato;*—that is, Dinah was my aunt;—*sed, magis, amica veritas*—but Truth is my sister.

This contrariety of humours betwixt my father and my uncle was the source of many a fraternal squabble. The one could not bear to hear the tale of family disgrace recorded,——and the other would scarce ever let a day pass to an end without some hint at it.

For God's sake, my uncle Toby would cry,——and for my sake, and for all our sakes, my dear brother Shandy,—do let this story of our aunt's, and her ashes, sleep in peace!—How can you—how can you have so little feeling and compassion for the character of our family?——What is the character of a family to an hypothesis? my father would reply.——Nay, if you come to that—what is the life of a family?——The life of a family!—my uncle Toby would say, throwing himself back in his arm-chair, and lifting up his hands, his eyes, and one leg.——Yes, the life,——my father would say, maintaining his point. How many thousands of 'em are there, every year that come, cast away (in all civilized countries at least)——and considered as nothing but common air, in competition of an hypothesis! In my plain sense of things, my uncle Toby would answer,——every such instance is downright Murder, let who will commit it.——There lies your mistake, my father would reply;——for, in *foro Scientiæ*, there is no such thing as Murder;——'tis only Death, brother.

My uncle Toby would never offer to answer this by any other kind of argument than that of whistling half-a-dozen bars of Lillibullero.——You must know, it was the usual channel thro' which his passions got vent, when anything shocked or surprized him:——but especially when any thing, which he deemed very absurd, was offered.

As not one of our logical writers, nor any of the

commentators upon them, that I remember, have thought proper to give a name to this particular species of argument,—I here take the liberty to do it myself, for two reasons: first, That, in order to prevent all confusion in disputes, it may stand as much distinguished, for ever, from every other species of argument——as the *Argumentum ad Verecundiam*, *ex Absurdo*, *ex Fortiori*, or any other argument whatsoever:—and, secondly, That it may be said, by my children's children, when my head is laid to rest, ——that their learn'd grandfather's head had been busied to as much purpose once, as other people's: —That he had invented a name, and generously thrown it into the Treasury of the *Ars Logica*, for one of the most unanswerable arguments in the whole science: and, if the end of disputation is more to silence than convince,—they may add, if they please, —for one of the best arguments too.

I do therefore, by these presents, strictly order and command, That it be known and distinguished by the name and title of the *Argumentum Fistulatorium*, and no other;—and that it rank hereafter with the *Argumentum Baculinum* and the *Argumentum ad Crumenam*, and for ever hereafter be treated of in the same chapter.

As for the *Argumentum Tripodium*, which is never used but by the woman against the man;—and the *Argumentum ad Rem*, which, contrariwise, is made use of by the man only against the woman;—as these two are enough in conscience for one lecture;—— and, moreover, as the one is the best answer to the other,—let them likewise be kept apart, and be treated of in a place by themselves.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE learned Bishop Hall, I mean the famous Dr. Joseph Hall, who was Bishop of Exeter in King James the First's reign, tells us, in one of his Decades, at the end of his Divine Art of Meditation, imprinted in London, in the year 1610, by John Beal, dwelling in Aldersgate-street, 'That it is an abominable thing 'for a man to commend himself:'——and I really think it is so.

And yet, on the other hand, when a thing is executed in a masterly kind of a fashion, which thing is not likely to be found out;—I think it is full as abominable, that a man should lose the honour of it, and go out of the world with the conceit of it rotting in his head.

This is precisely my situation.

For in this long digression which I was accidentally led into, as in all my digressions (one only excepted), there is a master-stroke of digressive skill, the merit of which has all along, I fear, been overlooked by my reader,—not for want of penetration in him,—but because 'tis an excellence seldom looked for, or expected indeed, in a digression;—and it is this: That, though my digressions are all fair, as you observe,—and that I fly off from what I am about, as far, and as often too, as any writer in Great Britain,—yet I constantly take care to order affairs so, that my main business does not stand still in my absence.

I was just going, for example, to have given you the great outlines of my uncle Toby's most whimsical cha-

racter ;—when my aunt Dinah and the coachman came across us, and led us a vagary some millions of miles into the very heart of the planetary system: notwithstanding all this, you perceive that the drawing of my uncle Toby's character went on gently all the time;—not the great contours of it,—that was impossible,—but some familiar strokes and faint designations of it, were here and there touch'd on, as he went along; so that you are much better acquainted with my uncle Toby now than you was before.

By this contrivance, the machinery of my work is of a species by itself; two contrary motions are introduced into it, and reconciled, which were thought to be at variance with each other. In a word, my work is digressive, and it is progressive too,—and at the same time.

This, Sir, is a very different story from that of the earth's moving round her axis in her diurnal rotation, with her progress in her elliptic orbit, which brings about the year, and constitutes that variety and vicissitude of seasons we enjoy;—though I own it suggested the thought,—as I believe the greatest of our boasted improvements and discoveries have come from such trifling hints.

Digressions, incontestably, are the sunshine;—— they are the life, the soul of reading! take them out of this book, for instance,—you might as well take the book along with them;—one cold eternal winter would reign in every page of it: restore them to the writer;—he steps forth like a bridegroom ;—bids All-hail; brings in variety, and forbids the appetite to fail.

All the dexterity is in the good cookery and management of them, so as to be not only for the advantage of the reader, but also of the author, whose distress in this matter is truly pitiable; for if he begins a

digression,—from that moment, I observe, his whole work stands stock still;—and if he goes on with his main work,—then there is an end of his digression.

——This is vile work.—For which reason, from the beginning of this, you see, I have constructed the main work, and the adventitious parts of it, with such intersections, and have so complicated and involved the digressive and progressive movements, one wheel within another, that the whole machine, in general, has been kept a-going;—and what's more, it shall be kept a-going these forty years, if it pleases the Fountain of Health to bless me so long with life and good spirits.

CHAPTER XXIII.

I HAVE a strong propensity in me to begin this chapter very nonsensically; and I will not baulk my fancy:—accordingly I set off thus:

If the fixture of Momus's glass in the human breast, according to the proposed emendation of that arch critic, had taken place,—first, This foolish consequence would certainly have followed:—That the very wisest and very gravest of us all, in one coin or other, must have paid window-money every day of our lives;

And, secondly, That had the said glass been there set up, nothing more would have been wanting, in order to have taken a man's character, but to have taken a chair and gone softly, as you would to a dioptrical bee-hive, and look'd in,—viewed the soul stark-naked;—observed all her motions,—her machina-

tions;—traced all her maggots, from their first engendering to their crawling forth;—watched her loose in her frisks, her gambols, her capricios; and after some notice of her more solemn deportment, consequent upon such frisks, &c.,——then taken your pen and ink and set down nothing but what you had seen, and could have sworn to.—But this is an advantage not to be had by the biographer in this planet;—in the planet Mercury (belike) it may be so; if not, better still for him;——for there, the intense heat of the country, which is proved by computators, from its vicinity to the Sun, to be more than equal to that of red-hot iron,—must, I think, long ago have vitrified the bodies of the inhabitants (as the efficient cause) to suit them for the climate (which is the final cause); so that, betwixt them both, all the tenements of their souls, from top to bottom, may be nothing else, for aught the soundest philosophy can shew to the contrary, but one fine transparent body of clear glass (bating the umbilical knot)—so that, till the inhabitants grow old and tolerably wrinkled, whereby the rays of light, in passing through them, become so monstrously refracted,—or return reflected from their surfaces in such transverse lines to the eye, that a man cannot be seen through,—his soul might as well, unless for mere ceremony, or the trifling advantage which the umbilical point gave her,—might, upon all other accounts, I say, as well play the fool out o'doors as in her own house.

But this, as I said before, is not the case of the inhabitants of this earth;—our minds shine not through the body,—but are wrapt up here in a dark covering of uncrystallized flesh and blood; so that, if we would come to the specific characters of them, we must go some other way to work.

Many, in good truth, are the ways which human wit has been forced to take, to do this thing with exactness.

Some, for instance, draw all their characters with wind instruments.—Virgil takes notice of that way, in the affair of Dido and Æneas;—but it is as fallacious as the breath of fame;—and, moreover, bespeaks a narrow genius. I am not ignorant that the Italians pretend to a mathematical exactness in their designations of one particular sort of character among them, from the *forte* or *piano* of a certain wind-instrument they use, which they say is infallible.—I dare not mention the name of the instrument in this place;—'tis sufficient we have it amongst us,—but never think of making a drawing by it:—this is enigmatical, and intended to be so, at least *ad populum:*—and therefore, I beg, Madam, when you come here, that you read on as fast as you can, and never stop to make any inquiry about it.

There are others, again, who will draw a man's character from no other helps in the world, but merely from his evacuations;—but this often gives a very incorrect outline,—unless, indeed, you take a sketch of his repletions too; and by correcting one drawing from the other, compound one good figure out of them both.

I should have no objection to this method, but that I think it must smell too strong of the lamp,—and be render'd still more operose, by forcing you to have an eye to the rest of his non-naturals.——Why the most natural actions of a man's life should be called his Non-naturals,—is another question.

There are others, fourthly, who disdain every one of these expedients;—not from any fertility of their own, but from the various ways of doing it, which they have borrowed from the honourable devices which

the Pentagraphic Brethren * of the brush have shewn in taking copies.—These, you must know, are your great historians.

One of these you will see drawing a full-length character *against the light;*—that's illiberal,—dishonest,—and hard upon the character of the man who sits.

Others, to mend the matter, will make a drawing of you in the *Camera;*—that is most unfair of all, because *there* you are sure to be represented in some of your most ridiculous attitudes.

To avoid all and every one of these errors in giving you my uncle Toby's character, I am determined to draw it by no mechanical help whatever;——nor shall my pencil be guided by any one wind-instrument which ever was blown upon, either on this or on the other side of the Alps;—nor will I consider either his repletions or his discharges,—or touch upon his non-naturals; but, in a word, I will draw my uncle Toby's character from his HOBBY-HORSE.

CHAPTER XXIV.

IF I was not morally sure that the reader must be out of all patience for my uncle Toby's character,—I would here previously have convinced him that there is no instrument so fit to draw such a thing with, as that which I have pitched upon.

A man and his HOBBY-HORSE, tho' I cannot say that they act and re-act exactly after the same manner in which the soul and body do upon each other; yet, doubtless, there is a communication between them, of some kind; and my opinion rather is, that there is some-

* Pentagraph, an instrument to copy Prints and Pictures mechanically, and in any proportion.

thing in it more of the manner of electrified bodies;—and that, by means of the heated parts of the rider, which come immediately into contact with the HOBBY-HORSE,—by long journeys and much friction, it so happens, that the body of the rider is at length fill'd as full of HOBBY-HORSICAL matter as it can hold;——so that if you are able to give but a clear description of the nature of the one, you may form a pretty exact notion of the genius and character of the other.

Now the HOBBY-HORSE which my uncle Toby always rode upon, was, in my opinion, an HOBBY-HORSE well worth giving a description of, if it was only upon the score of his great singularity;—for you might have travelled from York to Dover,—from Dover to Penzance in Cornwall, and from Penzance to York back again, and not have seen such another upon the road; or if you had seen such a one, whatever haste you had been in, you must infallibly have stopp'd to have taken a view of him. Indeed, the gait and figure of him was so strange, and so utterly unlike was he, from his head to his tail, to any one of the whole species, that it was now and then made a matter of dispute whether he was really a HOBBY-HORSE or no: but as the philosopher would use no other argument to the sceptic, who disputed with him against the reality of motion, save that of rising up upon his legs, and walking across the room;—so would my uncle Toby use no other argument to prove his HOBBY-HORSE was a HOBBY-HORSE indeed, but by getting upon his back and riding him about;—leaving the world, after that, to determine the point as it thought fit.

In good truth, my uncle Toby mounted him with so much pleasure, and he carried my uncle Toby so well,——that he troubled his head very little with what the world either said or thought about it.

It is now high time, however, that I give you a description of him:—but, to go on regularly, I only beg you will give me leave to acquaint you first, how my uncle Toby came by him.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE wound in my uncle Toby's groin, which he received at the siege of Namur, rendering him unfit for the service, it was thought expedient he should return to England, in order, if possible, to be set to rights.

He was four years totally confined,—part of it to his bed, and all of it to his room: and in the course of his cure, which was all that time in hand, suffered unspeakable miseries,—owing to a succession of exfoliations from the *os pubis*, and the outward edge of that part of the *coxendix*, called the *os ilium;*——both which bones were dismally crushed, as much by the irregularity of the stone, which I told you was broken off the parapet,—as by its size,—(though it was pretty large) which inclined the surgeon all along to think, that the great injury which it had done my uncle Toby's groin, was more owing to the gravity of the stone itself, than to the projectile force of it;—which he would often tell him was a great happiness.

My father at that time was just beginning business in London, and had taken a house;—and as the truest friendship and cordiality subsisted between the two brothers,—and that my father thought my uncle Toby could nowhere be so well nursed and taken care of as in his own house,—he assigned him the very best apartment in it:—and, what was a much more sincere mark

of his affection still, he would never suffer a friend or an acquaintance to step into the house on any occasion, but he would take him by the hand, and lead him up stairs to see his brother Toby, and chat an hour by his bed-side.

The history of a soldier's wound beguiles the pain of it;—my uncle's visitors at least thought so; and in their daily calls upon him, from the courtesy arising out of that belief, they would frequently turn the discourse to that subject;—and from that subject the discourse would generally roll on to the siege itself.

These conversations were infinitely kind; and my uncle Toby received great relief from them, and would have received much more but that they brought him into some unforeseen perplexities, which, for three months together, retarded his cure greatly; and if he had not hit upon an expedient to extricate himself out of them, I verily believe they would have laid him in his grave.

What these perplexities of my uncle Toby were,—— 'tis impossible for you to guess:—if you could,—I should blush; not as a relation,—not as a man,—nor even as a woman,—but I should blush as an author; inasmuch as I set no small store by myself upon this very account, that my reader has never yet been able to guess at anything: and in this, Sir, I am of so nice and singular a humour, that if I thought you was able to form the least judgment, or probable conjecture to yourself of what was to come in the next page,—I would tear it out of my book.

THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

Ταράσσει τοὺς Ἀνθρώπους οὐ τὰ Πράγματα,
Ἀλλὰ τὰ περὶ τῶν Πραγμάτων, Δόγματα.

VOL. II. ORIG. EDIT.

THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT

CHAPTER I.

I HAVE begun the new book, on purpose that I might have room enough to explain the nature of the perplexities in which my uncle Toby was involved, from the many discourses and interrogations about the siege of Namur, where he received his wound.

I must remind the reader, in case he has read the history of King William's wars;—but if he has not,—I then inform him that one of the most memorable attacks in that siege, was that which was made by the English and Dutch upon the point of the advanced counter-scarp, between the gate of St. Nicholas, which enclosed the great sluice or water-stop, where the English were terribly exposed to the shot of the counter-guard and demi-bastion of St. Roch: the issue of which hot dispute, in three words, was this: That the Dutch lodged themselves upon the counter-guard—and that the English made themselves masters of the covered-way before St. Nicholas'-gate, notwithstanding the gallantry of the French officers, who exposed themselves upon the glacis sword in hand.

As this was the principal attack of which my uncle

Toby was an eye-witness at Namur,——the army of the besiegers being cut off, by the confluence of the Maes and Sambre, from seeing much of each other's operations,——my uncle Toby was generally more eloquent and particular in his account of it; and the many perplexities he was in, arose out of the almost insurmountable difficulties he found in telling his story intelligibly, and giving such clear ideas of the differences and distinctions between the scarp and counter-scarp,—the glacis and covered-way,—the half-moon and ravelin,—as to make his company fully comprehend where and what he was about.

Writers themselves are too apt to confound these terms; so that you will the less wonder, if, in his endeavours to explain them, and in opposition to many misconceptions, that my uncle Toby did oft-times puzzle his visitors, and sometimes himself too.

To speak the truth, unless the company my father led up stairs were tolerably clear-headed, or my uncle Toby was in one of his explanatory moods, 'twas a difficult thing, do what he could, to keep the discourse free from obscurity.

What rendered the account of this affair the more intricate to my uncle Toby, was this,—that in the attack of the counter-scarp, before the gate of St. Nicholas, extending itself from the bank of the Maes, quite up to the great water-stop,—the ground was cut and cross cut with such a multitude of dykes, drains, rivulets, and sluices, on all sides,—and he would get so sadly bewildered, and set fast amongst them, that frequently he could neither get backwards or forwards to save his life; and was oft-times obliged to give up the attack upon that very account only.

These perplexing rebuffs gave my uncle Toby Shandy more perturbations than you would imagine;

and as my father's kindness to him was continually dragging up fresh friends and enquirers,——he had but a very uneasy task of it.

No doubt my uncle Toby had great command of himself,—and could guard appearances, I believe, as well as most men;—yet, any one may imagine, that when he could not retreat out of the ravelin without getting into the half-moon, or get out of the covered-way without falling down the counter-scarp, nor cross the dyke without danger of slipping into the ditch, but that he must have fretted and fumed inwardly.—He did so;—and the little and hourly vexations, which may seem trifling and of no account to the man who has not read Hippocrates; yet, whoever has read Hippocrates, or Dr. James Mackenzie, and has considered well the effects which the passions and affections of the mind have upon the digestion—(Why not of a wound as well as of a dinner?)—may easily conceive what sharp paroxysms and exacerbations of his wound my uncle Toby must have undergone upon that score only.

—My uncle Toby could not philosophize upon it;—'twas enough he felt it so:—and having sustained the pain and sorrows of it for three months together, he was resolved, some way or other, to extricate himself.

He was one morning lying upon his back in his bed, the anguish and nature of the wound upon his groin suffering him to lie in no other position, when a thought came into his head, that if he could purchase such a thing, and have it pasted down upon a board, as a large map of the fortification of the town and citadel of Namur, with its environs, it might be a means of giving him ease.—I take notice of his desire to have the environs along with the town and citadel, for this reason,—because my uncle Toby's

wound was got in one of the traverses, about thirty toises from the returning angle of the trench, opposite to the salient angle of the demi-bastion of St. Roch: ——so that he was pretty confident he could stick a pin upon the identical spot of ground where he was standing when the stone struck him.

All this succeeded to his wishes; and not only freed him from a world of sad explanations, but, in the end, it proved the happy means, as you will read, of procuring my uncle Toby his HOBBY-HORSE.

CHAPTER II.

THERE is nothing so foolish, when you are at the expense of making an entertainment of this kind, as to order things so badly, as to let your critics and gentry of refined taste run it down: nor is there any thing so likely to make them do it, as that of leaving them out of the party, or, what is full as offensive, of bestowing your attention upon the rest of your guests in so particular a way, as if there was no such thing as a critic (by occupation) at table.

——I guard against both; for, in the first place, I have left half-a-dozen places purposely open for them;—and in the next place, I pay them all court.—Gentlemen, I kiss your hands. I protest, no company could give me half the pleasure:—by my soul, I am glad to see you.——I beg only you will make no strangers of yourselves, but sit down, without any ceremony, and fall on heartily.

I said I had left six places, and I was upon the point of carrying my complaisance so far, as to have left a seventh open for them,—and in this very spot I stand

on; but being told by a critic (tho' not by occupation,—but by nature) that I had acquitted myself well enough, I shall fill it up directly, hoping, in the mean time, that I shall be able to make a great deal of more room next year.

——How, in the name of wonder! could your uncle Toby, who, it seems, was a military man, and whom you have represented as no fool,——be at the same time such a confused, pudding-headed, muddle-headed fellow, as——Go look.

So, Sir Critic, I could have replied; but I scorn it.—'Tis language unurbane,—and only befitting the man who cannot give clear and satisfactory accounts of things, or dive deep enough into the first causes of human ignorance and confusion. It is, moreover, the reply valiant,—and therefore I reject it; for tho' it might have suited my uncle Toby's character as a soldier excellently well,—and had he not accustomed himself, in such attacks, to whistle the *Lillibullero, as he wanted no courage, 'tis the very answer he would have given; yet it would by no means have done for me. You see as plain as can be, that I write as a man of erudition;—that even my similes, my allusions, my illustrations, my metaphors, are erudite,—and that I must sustain my character properly, and contrast it properly too,—else what would become of me?——Why, Sir, I should be undone;—at the very moment that I am going here to fill up one place against a critic,—I should have made an opening for a couple.

——Therefore I answer thus:—

Pray, Sir, in all the reading which you have ever read, did you ever read such a book as Locke's 'Essay upon the Human Understanding?'——Don't answer

* See page 93 for "Lillibullero."

me rashly,—because many, I know, quote the book, who have not read it,—and many have read it who understand it not.—If either of these is your case, as I write to instruct, I will tell you in three words what the book is.—It is a history.—A history! of who? what? where? when? Don't hurry yourself, ——It is a history-book, Sir, (which may possibly recommend it to the world) of what passes in a man's own mind; and if you will say so much of the book, and no more, believe me, you will cut no contemptible figure in a metaphysic circle.

But this by the way.

Now if you will venture to go along with me, and look down into the bottom of this matter, it will be found that the cause of obscurity and confusion in the mind of a man, is threefold.

Dull organs, dear sir, in the first place. Secondly, Slight and transient impressions made by the objects, when the said organs are not dull; and, Thirdly, A memory like unto a sieve; not able to retain what it has received.—Call down Dolly, your chamber-maid, and I will give you my cap and bell along with it, if I make not this matter so plain that Dolly herself should understand it as well as Malbranch.——When Dolly has indited her epistle to Robin, and has thrust her arm into the bottom of her pocket hanging by her right side,—take that opportunity to recollect, that the organs and faculties of perception can, by nothing in this world, be so aptly typified and explained as by that one thing which Dolly's hand is in search of. —Your organs are not so dull that I should inform you,—'tis an inch, Sir, of red seal-wax.

When this is melted and dropped upon the letter, if Dolly fumbles too long for her thimble, till the wax is over-hardened, it will not receive the mark of her

thimble from the usual impulse which was wont to imprint it. Very well. If Dolly's wax, for want of better, is bees-wax, or of a temper too soft,—though it may receive,—it will not hold the impression, how hard soever Dolly thrusts against it; and, last of all, Supposing the wax good, and eke the thimble, but applied thereto in careless haste, as her mistress rings the bell;—in any one of these three cases, the print left by the thimble will be as unlike the prototype as a brass-jack.

Now you must understand, that not one of these was the true cause of the confusion in my uncle Toby's discourse; and it is for that very reason I enlarge upon them so long, after the manner of great physiologists,—to show the world, what it did *not* arise from.

What it *did* arise from, I have hinted above; and a fertile source of obscurity it is,—and ever will be,—and that is, the unsteady uses of words, which have perplexed the clearest and most exalted understandings.

It is ten to one (at Arthur's) whether you have ever read the literary histories of past ages;—if you have, what terrible battles, yclept logomachies, have they occasioned, and perpetuated with so much gall and ink-shed,—that a good-natured man cannot read the accounts of them without tears in his eyes.

Gentle critic! when thou hast weighed all this, and considered within thyself how much of thy own knowledge, discourse, and conversation has been pestered and disordered, at one time or the other, by this, and this only:—what a pudder and racket in Councils about οὐσία and ὑπόστασις; and in the Schools of the learned about power and about spirit;—about essences, and about quintessences;—about substances, and about space;——what confusion in greater Theatres from words of little meaning, and as indeterminate a sense!

when thou considerest this, thou wilt not wonder at my uncle Toby's perplexities,—thou wilt drop a tear of pity upon his scarp and his counter-scarp;—his glacis and his covered-way;—his ravelin, and his half-moon: 'twas not by ideas,—by Heavens! his life was put in jeopardy by words.

CHAPTER III.

When my uncle Toby got his map of Namur to his mind, he began immediately to apply himself, and with the utmost diligence, to the study of it; for nothing being of more importance to him than his recovery, and his recovery depending, as you have read, upon the passions and affections of his mind, it behoved him to take the nicest care to make himself so far master of his subject, as to be able to talk upon it without emotion.

In a fortnight's close and painful application, which, by the bye, did my uncle Toby's wound upon his groin no good,—he was enabled, by the help of some marginal documents at the feet of the elephant, together with Gobesius's military architecture and pyroballogy, translated from the Flemish, to form his discourse with passable perspicuity; and before he was two full months gone,—he was right eloquent upon it, and could make not only the attack of the advanced counter-scarp with great order;——but having by that time gone much deeper into the art than what his first motive made necessary, my uncle Toby was able to cross the Maes and Sambre; make diversions as far as Vauban's line, the abbey of Salsines, &c.; and give his visitors as distinct a history of each of their attacks as of that

of the gate of St. Nicholas, where he had the honour to receive his wound.

But desire of knowledge, like the thirst of riches, increases ever with the acquisition of it. The more my uncle Toby pored over his map, the more he took a liking to it!—by the same process and electrical assimilation, as I told you, through which, I ween, the souls of connoisseurs themselves, by long friction and incumbition, have the happiness, at length, to get all be-virtued,—be-pictured,—be-butterflied, and be-fiddled.

The more my uncle Toby drank of this sweet fountain of science, the greater was the heat and impatience of his thirst; so that before the first year of his confinement had well gone round, there was scarce a fortified town in Italy or Flanders, of which, by one means or other, he had not procured a plan, reading over as he got them, and carefully collating therewith the histories of their sieges, their demolitions, their improvements, and new works; all which he would read with that intense application and delight, that he would forget himself, his wound, his confinement, his dinner.

In the second year, my uncle Toby purchased 'Ramelli' and 'Cataneo,' translated from the Italian;—likewise 'Stevinus,' 'Moralis,' the 'Chevalier de 'Ville,' 'Lorini,' 'Coehorn,' 'Sheeter,' the 'Count de 'Pagon,' the 'Marshal Vauban,' 'Mons. Blondel,' with almost as many more books of military architecture as Don Quixotte was found to have of chivalry, when the curate and barber invaded his library.

Towards the beginning of the third year, which was in August, ninety-nine, my uncle Toby found it necessary to understand a little of projectiles:—and having judged it best to draw his knowledge from the foun-

tain-head, he began with N. Tartaglia, who it seems was the first man who detected the imposition of a cannon-ball's doing all that mischief under the notion of a right line.—This, N. Tartaglia proved, to my uncle Toby, to be an impossible thing.

——Endless is the search of truth.

No sooner was my uncle Toby satisfied which road the cannon-ball *did not* go, but he was insensibly led on, and resolved in his mind to inquire and find out which road the ball *did* go: for which purpose he was obliged to set off afresh with old Maltus, and studied him devoutly.—He proceeded next to Galileo and Torricellius, wherein, by certain geometrical rules, infallibly laid down, he found the precise path to be a Parabola,—or else an Hyperbola,—and that the parameter, or *latus rectum*, of the conic section of the said path, was to the quantity and amplitude in a direct *ratio*, as the whole line to the sine of double the angle of incidence, formed by the breech upon an horizontal plane;—and that the semiparameter,——Stop! my dear uncle Toby,——stop!—go not one foot farther into this thorny and bewildered track:—intricate are the steps! intricate are the mazes of this labyrinth! intricate are the troubles which the pursuit of this bewitching phantom Knowledge will bring upon thee!—O, my uncle, fly—fly—fly from it, as from a serpent!——Is it fit, good-natured man! thou should'st sit up, with the wound upon thy groin, whole nights, baking thy blood with hectic watchings?——Alas! 'twill exasperate thy symptoms—check thy perspirations—evaporate thy spirits—waste thy animal strength—dry up thy radical moisture—bring thee into a costive habit of body—impair thy health—and hasten all the infirmities of thy old age.——O my uncle! my uncle Toby!

MY UNCLE TOBY'S WHISTLE.

LILLIBULLERO.

THE Ballad* to this tune was written in the year 1686, on account of King James II. nominating to the Lieutenancy of Ireland, General Talbot, newly created Earl of Tyrconnel, a furious Papist, who had recommended himself to his bigotted master by his arbitrary treatment of the Protestants in the preceding year, when only Lieutenant General; and whose subsequent conduct fully justified his expectations and their fears.

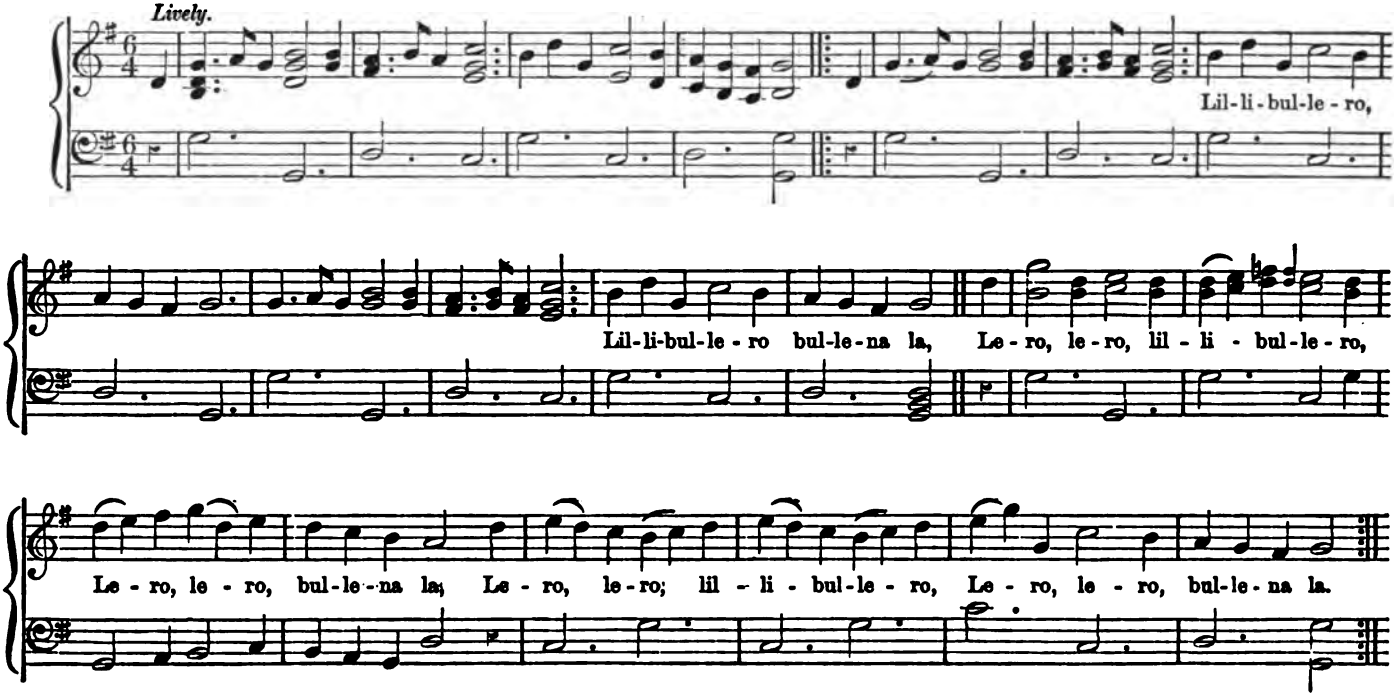
This foolish Ballad, treating the Papists, and chiefly the Irish, in a very ridiculous manner, had a burden, said to be Irish words, 'Lero, lero, lillibullero;' and made an impression on the (King's) army, more powerful than either the Philippics of Demosthenes or Cicero. The whole army, and at last the people, both in city and country, were singing it perpetually. Perhaps never had so slight a thing so great an effect, for it contributed not a little towards the Revolution in 1688.†

LILLIBULLERO, and BULLEN-A-LAH, are said to have been the watch-words used among the Irish Papists, in their massacre of the Protestants, in 1641.

* See Percy's 'Reliques of Ancient English Poetry,' vol. ii. p. 358.

† See Bishop Burnet's 'History of his own Times;' and King's 'State of the Protestants in Ireland,' 1691. 4to.

LILLIBULLERO.



CHAPTER IV.

I WOULD not give a groat for that man's knowledge in pen-craft, who does not understand this:——That the best plain narrative in the world, tacked very close to the last spirited apostrophe to my uncle Toby,——would have felt both cold and vapid upon the reader's palate;—therefore I forthwith put an end to the chapter, though I was in the middle of my story.

——Writers of my stamp have one principle in common with painters. Where an exact copying makes our picture less striking, we choose the less evil; deeming it even more pardonable to trespass against truth than beauty. This is to be understood *cum grano salis:* but be it as it will,—as the parallel is made more for the sake of letting the apostrophe cool, than any thing else,—'tis not very material whether, upon any other score, the reader approves of it or not.

In the latter end of the third year, my uncle Toby perceiving that the parameter and semiparameter of the conic section angered his wound, he left off the study of projectiles in a kind of a huff, and betook himself to the practical part of fortification only; the pleasure of which, like a spring held back, returned upon him with redoubled force.

It was in this year that my uncle began to break in upon the daily regularity of a clean shirt,——to dismiss his barber unshaven,——and to allow his surgeon scarce time sufficient to dress his wound, concerning himself so little about it, as not to ask him once in seven times dressing, how it went on: when, lo!—all of a sudden, for the change was as quick as lightning, he began to sigh heavily for his recovery,——

complained to my father, grew impatient with the surgeon:——and one morning, as he heard his foot coming up stairs, he shut up his books, and thrust aside his instruments, in order to expostulate with him upon the protraction of the cure, which, he told him, might surely have been accomplished at least by that time:—He dwelt long upon the miseries he had undergone, and the sorrows of his four years' melancholy imprisonment;——adding, that had it not been for the kind looks and fraternal cheerings of the best of brothers,—he had long since sunk under his misfortunes.——My father was by. My uncle Toby's eloquence brought tears into his eyes;—— 'twas unexpected:——My uncle Toby, by nature, was not eloquent;—it had the greater effect:——The surgeon was confounded;—not that there wanted grounds for such, or greater marks of impatience,— but 'twas unexpected too. In the four years he had attended him, he had never seen any thing like it in my uncle Toby's carriage; he had never once dropped one fretful or discontented word;——he had been all patience,—all submission.

——We lose the right of complaining, sometimes, by forbearing it;—but we often treble the force:— The surgeon was astonished; but much more so, when he heard my uncle Toby go on, and peremptorily insist upon his healing up the wound directly,—or sending for Monsieur Ronjat, the king's serjeant-surgeon, to do it for him.

The desire of life and health is implanted in man's nature;——the love of liberty and enlargement is a sister-passion to it: These my uncle Toby had in common with his species——and either of them had been sufficient to account for his earnest desire to get well, and out of doors;——but I have told you

before, that nothing wrought with our family after the common way;——and from the time and manner in which this eager desire shewed itself in the present case, the penetrating reader will suspect there was some other cause or crotchet for it in my uncle Toby's head:——There was so, and 'tis the subject of the next chapter to set forth what that cause and crotchet was. I own, when that's done, 'twill be time to return back to the parlour fireside, where we left my uncle in the middle of his sentence.

CHAPTER V.

When a man gives himself up to the government of a ruling passion,—or, in other words, when his Hobby-Horse grows headstrong,——farewell cool reason and fair discretion!

My uncle Toby's wound was near well! and as soon as the surgeon recovered his surprize, and could get leave to say as much——he told him, 'twas just beginning to incarnate; and that if no fresh exfoliation happened,—which there was no sign of, it would be dried up in five or six weeks. The sound of as many Olympiads, twelve hours before, would have conveyed an idea of shorter duration to my uncle Toby's mind.——The succession of his ideas was now rapid,—he broiled with impatience to put his design in execution;——and so, without consulting farther with any soul living,—which, by the bye, I think is right, when you are predetermined to take no one soul's

advice,——he privately ordered Trim, his man, to pack up a bundle of lint and dressings, and hire a chariot-and-four to be at the door exactly by twelve o'clock that day, when he knew my father would be upon 'Change.——So leaving a bank-note upon the table for the surgeon's care of him, and a letter of tender thanks for his brother's—he packed up his maps, his books of fortification, his instruments, &c., and, by the help of a crutch on one side, and Trim on the other,——my uncle Toby embarked for Shandy-Hall.

The reason, or rather the rise of this sudden emigration, was as follows:

The table in my uncle Toby's room, and at which, the night before this change happened, he was sitting with his maps, &c., about him—being somewhat of the smallest, for that infinity of great and small instruments of knowledge which usually lay crowded upon it—he had the accident, in reaching over for his tobacco-box, to throw down his compasses; and in stooping to take the compasses up, with his sleeve he threw down his case of instruments and snuffers; and as the dice took a run against him, in his endeavouring to catch the snuffers in falling,——he thrust Monsieur Blondel off the table, and Count de Pagon o'top of him.

'Twas to no purpose for a man, lame as my uncle Toby was, to think of redressing these evils by himself,—he rung his bell for his man Trim;——Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, prithee see what confusion I have here been making—I must have some better contrivance, Trim.——Canst not thou take my rule, and measure the length and breadth of this table, and then go and bespeak me one as big again?——Yes, an' please your honour, replied Trim, making a bow; but I hope your Honour will be

soon well enough to get down to your country-seat, where—as your Honour takes so much pleasure in fortification—we could manage this matter to a T.

I must here inform you, that this servant of my uncle Toby's, who went by the name of Trim, had been a corporal in my uncle's own company;—his real name was James Butler,—but having got the nickname of Trim, in the regiment, my uncle Toby, unless when he happened to be very angry with him, would never call him by any other name.

The poor fellow had been disabled for the service, by a wound on his left knee by a musket-bullet, at the battle of Landen, which was two years before the affair of Namur;—and as the fellow was well-beloved in the regiment, and a handy fellow into the bargain, my uncle Toby took him for his servant; and of an excellent use was he, attending my uncle Toby, in the camp and in his quarters, as a valet, groom, barber, cook, sempster, and nurse; and indeed, from first to last, waited upon him and served him with great fidelity and affection.

My uncle Toby loved the man in return; and what attached him more to him still, was the similitude of their knowledge.——For Corporal Trim (for so, for the future, I shall call him) by four years' occasional attention to his Master's discourse upon fortified towns, and the advantage of prying and peeping continually into his Master's plans, &c., exclusive and besides what he gained HOBBY-HORSICALLY, as a body-servant, *Non Hobby Horsical per se;*——had become no mean proficient in the science; and was thought, by the cook and chamber-maid, to know as much of the nature of strongholds as my uncle Toby himself.

I have but one more stroke to give, to finish Corporal Trim's character,——and it is the only dark line in it.

—The fellow loved to advise, or rather, to hear himself talk; his carriage, however, was so perfectly respectful, 'twas easy to keep him silent when you had him so; but set his tongue a-going,—you had no hold of him—he was voluble;—the eternal interlardings of *your Honour*, with the respectfulness of Corporal Trim's manner, interceding so strong in behalf of his elocution, —that though you might have been incommoded,—— you could not well be angry. My uncle Toby was seldom either the one or the other with him,—or, at least, this fault, in Trim, broke no squares with them. My uncle Toby, as I said, loved the man;——and besides, as he ever looked upon a faithful servant,—as an humble friend,—he could not bear to stop his mouth.——Such was Corporal Trim.

If I durst presume, continued Trim, to give your Honour my advice, and speak my opinion in this matter.—Thou art welcome, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby——speak,——speak what thou thinkest upon the subject, man, without fear.—Why then, replied Trim (not hanging his ears and scratching his head like a country-lout, but) stroking his hair back from his forehead, and standing erect as before his division, —I think, quoth Trim, advancing his left, which was his lame leg, a little forwards,—and pointing with his right hand open towards a map of Dunkirk, which was pinned against the hangings,——I think, quoth Corporal Trim, with humble submission to your Honour's better judgment,—— that these ravelins, bastions, curtains, and hornworks make but a poor, contemptible, fiddle-faddle piece of work of it here upon paper, compared to what your Honour and I could make of it, were we in the country by ourselves, and had but a rood, or a rood and a half of ground to do what we pleased with. As summer is coming on,

continued Trim, your Honour might sit out of doors, and give me the nography—(Call it ichnography, quoth my uncle)——of the town or citadel your Honour was pleased to sit down before, and I will be shot by your Honour upon the glacis of it, if I did not fortify it to your Honour's mind.——I dare say thou would'st, Trim, quoth my uncle.—For if your Honour, continued the corporal, could but mark me the polygon, with its exact lines and angles—That I could do very well, quoth my uncle.—I would begin with the fossé; and if your Honour could tell me the proper depth and breadth—I can to a hair's breadth, Trim, replied my uncle—I would throw out the earth upon this hand towards the town for the scarp,—and on that hand towards the campaign for the counter-scarp—(Very right, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby)—— And when I had sloped them to your mind,——an' please your Honour, I would face the glacis, as the finest fortifications are done in Flanders, with sods—(and as your Honour knows they should be)—and I would make the walls and parapets with sods too.—— The best engineers call them Gazons, Trim, said my uncle Toby.——Whether they are gazons or sods, is not much matter, replied Trim; your Honour knows they are ten times beyond a facing either of brick or stone.——I know they are, Trim, in some respects, ——quoth my uncle Toby, nodding his head;—for a cannon-ball enters into the gazon right onwards, without bringing any rubbish down with it, which might fill the fossé (as was the case at St. Nicholas's gate), and facilitate the passage over it.

Your Honour understands these matters, replied Corporal Trim, better than any officer in his Majesty's service;——but would your Honour please to let the bespeaking of the table alone, and let us but go into

the country, I would work, under your Honour's directions, like a horse, and make fortifications for you something like a tansy, with all their batteries, saps, ditches, and palisadoes, that it should be worth all the world's riding twenty miles to go and see it.

My uncle Toby blushed as red as scarlet, as Trim went on;—but it was not a blush of guilt,—of modesty, or of anger;—it was a blush of joy;—he was fired with Corporal Trim's project and description.——Trim! said my uncle Toby, thou hast said enough.——We might begin the campaign, continued Trim, on the very day that his Majesty and the Allies take the field, and demolish them town by town, as fast as —(Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, say no more!) Your Honour, continued Trim, might sit in your arm-chair (pointing to it) this fine weather, giving me your orders, and I would——(Say no more, Trim! quoth my uncle Toby)——Besides, your Honour would get not only pleasure and good pastime,—but good air, and good exercise, and good health,—and your Honour's wound would be well in a month. Thou hast said enough, Trim,—quoth my uncle Toby (putting his hand into his breeches-pocket)—I like thy project mightily.—And if your Honour pleases, I'll this moment go and buy a pioneer's spade, to take down with us; and I'll bespeak a shovel and a pick-axe, and a couple of——Say no more, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, leaping up upon one leg, quite overcome with rapture,—and thrusting a guinea into Trim's hand—Trim, said my uncle Toby, say no more;—but go down, Trim, this moment, my lad, and bring up my supper this instant.

Trim ran down and brought up his master's supper,——to no purpose;—Trim's plan of operation ran so in my uncle Toby's head, he could not taste it.—

Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, get me to bed.—'Twas all one. Corporal Trim's description had fired his imagination,—my uncle Toby could not shut his eyes. —The more he considered it, the more bewitching the scene appeared to him;—so that, two full hours before daylight, he had come to a final determination, and had concerted the whole plan of his and Corporal Trim's decampment.

My uncle Toby had a little neat country-house of his own, in the village where my father's estate lay at Shandy, which had been left him by an old uncle, with a small estate of about one hundred pounds a-year. Behind this house, and contiguous to it, was a kitchen-garden of about half an acre; and at the bottom of the garden, and cut off from it by a tall yew hedge, was a bowling-green, containing just about as much ground as Corporal Trim wished for;—so that as Trim uttered the words, 'A rood and a half of ground, to do what 'they would with,'—this identical bowling-green instantly presented itself and became curiously painted, all at once, upon the retina of my uncle Toby's fancy; —which was the physical cause of making him change colour, or at least, of heightening his blush, to that immoderate degree I spoke of.

Never did lover post down to a beloved mistress with more heat and expectation than my uncle Toby did, to enjoy this selfsame thing in private;—I say in private;—for it was sheltered from the house, as I told you, by a tall yew hedge, and was covered on the other three sides, from mortal sight, by rough holly and thick-set flowering shrubs: so that the idea of not being seen, did not a little contribute to the idea of pleasure preconceived in my uncle Toby's mind.— Vain thought! however thick it was planted about,— or private soever it might seem,—to think, dear uncle

Toby, of enjoying a thing which took up a whole rood and a half of ground,——and not have it known!

How my uncle Toby and Corporal Trim managed this matter,——with the history of their campaigns, which were no way barren of events,——may make no uninteresting under-plot in the epitasis and working-up of this drama.—At present, the scene must drop,—and change for the parlour fire-side.

CHAPTER VI.

——What can they be doing, brother? said my father.—I think, replied my uncle Toby,—taking, as I told you, his pipe from his mouth, and striking the ashes out of it as he began his sentence;——I think, replied he,—it would not be amiss, brother, if we rung the bell.

Pray, what's all that racket over our heads, Obadiah?——quoth my father:——my brother and I can scarce hear ourselves speak.

Sir, answered Obadiah, making a bow towards his left shoulder,—my Mistress is taken very badly.—And where's Susannah running down the garden there, as if they were going to ravish her?——Sir, she is running the shortest cut into the town, replied Obadiah, to fetch the old midwife.—Then saddle a horse, quoth my father, and do you go directly for Dr. Slop, the man-midwife, with all our services,——and let him know your mistress is fallen into labour,——and that I desire he will return with you with all speed.

It is very strange, says my father, addressing himself to my uncle Toby, as Obadiah shut the door,——as there is so expert an operator as Dr. Slop so near,—that my wife should persist to the very last in this obstinate humour of hers, in trusting the life of my child, who has had one misfortune already, to the ignorance of an old woman;——and not only the life of my child, brother,——but her own life, and with it the lives of all the children I might, peradventure, have begot out of her hereafter.

Mayhap, brother, replied my uncle Toby, my sister does it to save the expense:—A pudding's end,—replied my father,——the Doctor must be paid the same for inaction as action,—if not better,—to keep him in temper.

——Then it can be out of nothing in the whole world, quoth my uncle Toby, in the simplicity of his heart,—but Modesty.—My sister, I dare say, added he, does not care to let a man come so near her ——. I will not say whether my uncle Toby had completed the sentence or not;—'tis for his advantage to suppose he had,——as, I think he could have added no ONE WORD which would have improved it.

If, on the contrary, my uncle Toby had not fully arrived at the period's end—then the world stands indebted to the sudden snapping of my father's tobacco-pipe for one of the neatest examples of that ornamental figure in oratory, which Rhetoricians style the *Aposiopesis*.——Just Heaven! how does the *Poco più* and the *Poco meno* of the Italian artists;—the insensible MORE or LESS, determine the precise line of beauty in the sentence, as well as in the statue! How do the slight touches of the chisel, the pencil, the pen, the fiddle-stick, *et cætera*, give the true

swell,—which gives the true pleasure!—O my countrymen!—be nice; be cautious of your language;—and never, O! never let it be forgotten upon what small particles your eloquence and your fame depend.

——'My sister, mayhap,' quoth my uncle Toby, 'does not choose to let a man come so near her——' Make this dash, 'tis an Aposiopesis;—Take the dash away, and write *Backside*,——'tis bawdy.—Scratch Backside out, and put *Cover'd-way* in, 'tis a Metaphor;—and, I dare say, as fortification ran so much in my uncle Toby's head, that if he had been left to have added one word to the sentence,——that word was it.

But whether that was the case, or not the case;—or whether the snapping of my father's tobacco-pipe, so critically, happened through accident or anger, will be seen in due time.

CHAPTER VII.

Tho' my father was a good natural philosopher,—yet he was something of a moral philosopher too; for which reason, when his tobacco-pipe snapp'd short in the middle,—he had nothing to do, as such, but to have taken hold of the two pieces, and thrown them gently upon the back of the fire.—— He did no such thing;——he threw them with all the violence in the world;—and, to give the action still more emphasis,—he started upon both legs to do it.

This looked something like heat;—and the manner

of his reply to what my uncle Toby was saying, proved it was so.

—'Not choose,' quoth my father, (repeating my uncle Toby's words) 'to let a man come so near her——!' By Heaven, brother Toby! you would try the patience of Job;—and I think I have the plagues of one already without it.——Why?——Where?——Wherein?——Wherefore?——Upon what account? replied my uncle Toby, in the utmost astonishment.—To think, said my father, of a man living to your age, brother, and knowing so little about women!——I know nothing at all about them,—replied my uncle Toby: And I think, continued he, that the shock I received the year after the demolition of Dunkirk, in my affair with Widow Wadman; which shock you know I should not have received, but from my total ignorance of the sex,—has given me just cause to say, That I neither know, nor do pretend to know, anything about 'em, or their concerns either.—Methinks, brother, replied my father, you might, at least, know so much as the right end of a woman from the wrong.

It is said in Aristotle's Master-Piece, 'That when a 'man doth think of any thing which is past,——he 'looketh down upon the ground;——but that when he 'thinketh of something that is to come, he looketh up 'towards the heavens.'

My uncle Toby, I suppose, thought of neither, for he look'd horizontally.—Right end! quoth my uncle Toby, muttering the two words low to himself, and fixing his two eyes insensibly, as he muttered them, upon a small crevice, formed by a bad joint in the chimney-piece——Right end of a woman?——I declare, quoth my uncle, I know no more which it is than the man in the moon;——and if I was to think,

continued my uncle Toby (keeping his eyes still fixed upon the bad joint), this month together, I am sure I should not be able to find it out.

Then, brother Toby, replied my father, I will tell you.

Every thing in this world, continued my father (filling a fresh pipe)—every thing in this world, my dear brother Toby, has two handles.——Not always, quoth my uncle Toby.——At least, replied my father, every one has two hands,——which comes to the same thing.——Now, if a man was to sit down coolly, and consider within himself the make, the shape, the construction, come-at-ability, and convenience of all the parts which constitute the whole of that animal, called Woman, and compare them analogically——I never understood rightly the meaning of that word,—quoth my uncle Toby.—

Analogy, replied my father, is the certain relation and agreement which different——Here, a devil of a rap at the door snapped my father's definition (like his tobacco-pipe) in two,—and, at the same time, crushed the head of as notable and curious a dissertation as ever was engendered in the womb of speculation;—it was some months before my father could get an opportunity to be safely delivered of it:—And, at this hour, it is a thing full as problematical as the subject of the dissertation itself—(considering the confusion and distresses of our domestic misadventures, which are now coming thick one upon the back of another) whether I shall be able to find a place for it in the third volume or not.

CHAPTER VIII.

It is about an hour and a half's tolerable good reading since my uncle Toby rung the bell, when Obadiah was ordered to saddle a horse, and go for Dr. Slop, the man-midwife;—so that no one can say, with reason, that I have not allowed Obadiah time enough, poetically speaking, and considering the emergency too, both to go and come;——though, morally and truly speaking, the man perhaps has scarce had time to get on his boots.

If the hypercritic will go upon this; and is resolved after all, to take a pendulum, and measure the true distance betwixt the ringing of the bell, and the rap at the door;—and after finding it to be no more than two minutes, thirteen seconds, and three-fifths,—should take upon him to insult over me for such a breach in the unity, or rather probability of time;—I would remind him, that the idea of duration, and of its simple modes, is got merely from the train and succession of our ideas——and is the true scholastic pendulum, and by which, as a scholar, I will be tried in this matter,—abjuring and detesting the jurisdiction of all other pendulums whatever.

I would therefore desire him to consider that it is but poor eight miles from Shandy-Hall to Dr. Slop, the man-midwife's house:—and that whilst Obadiah has been going those said miles and back, I have brought my uncle Toby from Namur, quite across all Flanders, into England:—That I have had him ill upon my hands near four years;—and have since travelled him and Corporal Trim, in a chariot-and-four, a journey of near two hundred miles down

into Yorkshire;——all which, put together, must have prepared the reader's imagination for the entrance of Dr. Slop upon the stage,—as much, at least (I hope) as a dance, a song, or a concerto between the acts.

If my hypercritic is intractable, alleging, that two minutes and thirteen seconds are no more than two minutes and thirteen seconds, when I have said all I can about them; and that this plea, though it might save me dramatically, will damn me biographically, rendering my book from this very moment a professed Romance, which, before, was a book apocryphal:—— If I am thus pressed—I then put an end to the whole objection and controversy about it all at once, —by acquainting him, that Obadiah had not got above three-score yards from the stable-yard, before he met with Dr. Slop;—and indeed he gave a dirty proof that he had met with him, and was within an ace giving a tragical one too.

Imagine to yourself——But this had better begin a new chapter.

CHAPTER IX.

IMAGINE to yourself a little squat, uncourtly figure of a Dr. Slop, of about four feet and a half perpendicular height, with a breadth of back, and a sesquipedality of belly, which might have done honour to a serjeant in the horse-guards.

Such were the outlines of Doctor Slop's figure, which—if you have read *Hogarth's* analysis of beauty, and if you have not, I wish you would;——you

must know, may as certainly be caricatured, and conveyed to the mind by three strokes as three hundred.

Imagine such a one,——for such, I say, were the outlines of Dr. Slop's figure, coming slowly along, foot by foot, waddling though the dirt upon the *vertebræ* of a little diminutive pony, of a pretty colour—— but of strength——alack!——scarce able to have made an amble of it, under such a fardel, had the roads been in an ambling condition.——They were not.——Imagine to yourself, Obadiah mounted upon a strong monster of a coach-horse, pricked into a full gallop, and making all practicable speed the adverse way.

Pray, Sir, let me interest you a moment in this description.

Had Dr. Slop beheld Obadiah a mile off, posting in a narrow lane directly towards him, at that monstrous rate,—splashing and plunging like a devil thro' thick and thin, as he approached, would not such a phenomenon, with such a vortex of mud and water moving along with it, round its axis,—have been a subject of juster apprehension to Dr. Slop in his situation, than the *worst* of Whiston's comets?—To say nothing of the Nucleus; that is, of Obadiah and the coach-horse.—In my idea, the vortex alone of 'em was enough to have involved and carried, if not the doctor, at least the doctor's pony, quite away with it. What then do you think must the terror and hydrophobia of Dr. Slop have been, when you read (which you are just going to do) that he was advancing thus warily along towards Shandy-Hall, and had approached to within sixty yards of it, and within five yards of a sudden turn, made by an acute angle of the garden-wall,—and in the dirtiest part of a

dirty lane,—when Obadiah and his coach-horse turned the corner, rapid, furious,—pop,—full upon him!—Nothing, I think, in nature, can be supposed more terrible than such a rencounter,—so impromptu! so ill prepared to stand the shock of it as Dr. Slop was.

What could Dr. Slop do?——he crossed himself +.—Pugh!—but the doctor, Sir, was a Papist.—No matter; he had better have kept hold of the pommel.—He had so;—nay, as it happened, he had better have done nothing at all; for in crossing himself he let go his whip,——and in attempting to save his whip betwixt his knee and his saddle's skirt, as it slipped, he lost his stirrup,——in losing which he lost his seat;——and in the multitude of all these losses (which, by the bye, shews what little advantage there is in crossing) the unfortunate doctor lost his presence of mind. So that without waiting for Obadiah's onset, he left his pony to its destiny, tumbling off it diagonally, something in the style and manner of a pack of wool, and without any other consequence from the fall, save that of being left (as it would have been) with the broadest part of him sunk about twelve inches deep in the mire.

Obadiah pull'd off his cap twice to Dr. Slop;—once as he was falling,—and then again when he saw him seated.——Ill-timed complaisance;—had not the fellow better have stopped his horse, and got off and help'd him?—Sir, he did all that his situation would allow;—but the *momentum* of the coach-horse was so great, that Obadiah could not do it all at once; he rode in a circle three times round Dr. Slop, before he could fully accomplish it any how;—and at the last, when he did stop his beast, 'twas done with such an explosion of mud, that Obadiah had

better have been a league off. In short, never was a Dr. Slop so beluted, and so transubstantiated, since that affair came into fashion.

CHAPTER X.

WHEN Dr. Slop entered the back parlour, where my father and my uncle Toby were discoursing upon the nature of women,——it was hard to determine whether Dr. Slop's figure, or Dr. Slop's presence, occasioned more surprize to them; for as the accident happened so near the house, as not to make it worth while for Obadiah to remount him,—— Obadiah had led him in as he was, *unwiped, unappointed, unannealed*, with all his stains and blotches on him.—He stood like *Hamlet's* ghost, motionless, and speechless, for a full minute and a half at the parlour-door (Obadiah still holding his hand) with all the majesty of mud:—his hinder parts, upon which he had received his fall, totally besmeared;——and in every other part of him, blotched over in such a manner with Obadiah's explosion, that you would have sworn (without mental reservation) that every grain of it had taken effect.

Here was a fair opportunity for my uncle Toby to have triumphed over my father, in his turn;—for no mortal, who had beheld Dr. Slop in that pickle, could have dissented from so much, at least, of my uncle Toby's opinion, 'That mayhap his sister might not 'care to let such a Dr. Slop come so near her ——.' But it was the *argumentum ad hominem;* and if my

uncle Toby was not very expert at it, you may think he might not care to use it.——No; the reason was, 'twas not his nature to insult.

Dr. Slop's presence at that time was no less problematical than the mode of it; tho' it is certain, one moment's reflection in my father might have solved it; for he had apprized Dr. Slop but the week before, that my mother was at her full reckoning; and as the doctor had heard nothing since, 'twas natural and very political too in him, to have taken a ride to Shandy-Hall, as he did, merely to see how matters went on.

But my father's mind took, unfortunately, a wrong turn in the investigation; running like the hypercritic's, altogether upon the ringing of the bell and the rap upon the door,—measuring their distance, and keeping his mind so intent upon the operation, as to have power to think of nothing else——common-place infirmity of the greatest mathematicians! working with might and main at the demonstration, and so wasting all their strength upon it, that they have none left in them to draw the corollary, to do good with.

The ringing of the bell and the rap upon the door struck likewise strong upon the *sensorium* of my uncle Toby,—but it excited a very different train of thoughts;—the two irreconcileable pulsations instantly brought Stevinus, the great engineer, along with them, into my uncle Toby's mind. What business Stevinus had in this affair, is the greatest problem of all:—— It shall be solved;—but not in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XI.

Writing, when properly managed (as you may be sure I think mine is), is but a different name for conversation. As no one, who knows what he is about in good company, would venture to talk all;——so no author, who understands the just boundaries of decorum and good-breeding, would presume to think all: the truest respect which you can pay to the reader's understanding, is to halve this matter amicably, and leave him something to imagine, in his turn, as well as yourself.

For my own part, I am eternally paying him compliments of this kind, and do all that lies in my power to keep his imagination as busy as my own.

'Tis his turn now;—I have given an ample description of Dr. Slop's sad overthrow, and of his sad appearance in the back-parlour;—his imagination must now go on with it for a while.

Let the reader imagine then, that Dr. Slop has told his tale—and in what words, and with what aggravations, his fancy chooses; let him suppose, that Obadiah had told his tale also, and with such rueful looks of affected concern, as he thinks best will contrast the two figures as they stand by each other.——Let him imagine, that my father has stepped up stairs to see my mother:—and to conclude this work of imagination, let him imagine the doctor washed,—rubbed down and condoled,—felicitated, got into a pair of Obadiah's pumps, stepping forward towards the door, upon the very point of entering upon action.

Truce!—truce, good Dr. Slop!—stay thy obstetric hand;——return it safe into thy bosom, to keep it warm;——little dost thou know what obstacles,——

little dost thou think what hidden causes retard its operation!——Hast thou, Dr. Slop, hast thou been entrusted with the secret articles of the solemn treaty which has brought thee into this place?—Art thou aware that, at this instant, a daughter of Lucina is put obstetrically over thy head?—Alas! 'tis too true.—Besides, great son of Pilumnus! what canst thou do?—Thou hast come forth unarm'd;—thou hast left thy *tire-tête*,—thy new-invented *forceps*,—thy *crotchet*,—thy *squirt*, and all thy instruments of salvation and deliverance, behind thee:—By Heaven! at this moment they are hanging up in a green baize bag, betwixt thy two pistols, at the bed's head!—Ring;—call;—send Obadiah back upon the coach-horse, to bring them with all speed.

——Make great haste, Obadiah, quoth my father, and I'll give thee a crown! and quoth my uncle Toby, I'll give him another!

CHAPTER XII.

Your sudden and unexpected arrival, quoth my uncle Toby, addressing himself to Dr. Slop (all three of them sitting down to the fire together, as my uncle Toby began to speak)—instantly brought the great Stevinus into my head, who, you must know, is a favourite author with me.—Then, added my father, making use of the argument *ad crumenam*,—I will lay twenty guineas to a single crown-piece (which will serve to give away to Obadiah when he gets back) that this same Stevinus was some engineer or other,

—or has wrote something or other, either directly or indirectly, upon the science of fortification.

He has so,—replied my uncle Toby.—I knew it, said my father; though, for the soul of me, I cannot see what kind of connection there can be betwixt Dr. Slop's sudden coming, and a discourse upon fortification;—yet I fear'd it.—Talk of what we will, brother,——or let the occasion be never so foreign or unfit for the subject,—you are sure to bring it in. I would not, brother Toby, continued my father, ——I declare I would not have my head so full of curtains and horn-works.—That I dare say you would not! quoth Dr. Slop, interrupting him, and laughing most immoderately at his pun.

Dennis the critic could not detest and abhor a pun, or the insinuation of a pun, more cordially than my father;—he would grow testy upon it at any time;—but to be broke in upon by one, in a serious discourse, was as bad, he would say, as a fillip upon the nose;——he saw no difference.

Sir, quoth my uncle Toby, addressing himself to Dr. Slop,—the curtains my brother Shandy mentions here, have nothing to do with bedsteads;—tho' I know Du Cange says, 'That bed-curtains, in all 'probability, have taken their name from them;'—nor have the horn-works he speaks of, anything in the world to do with the horn-works of cuckoldom: But the *curtain*, Sir, is the word we use in fortification, for that part of the wall or rampart which lies between the two bastions, and joins them.—Besiegers seldom offer to carry on their attacks directly against the curtain, for this reason because they are so well *flanked*. ('Tis the case of other curtains, quoth Dr. Slop, laughing.) However, continued my uncle Toby, to make them sure, we generally choose to

place ravelins before them, taking care only to extend them beyond the fossé or ditch:——The common men, who know very little of fortification, confound the ravelin and the half-moon together,—tho' they are very different things;—not in their figure or construction, for we make them exactly alike, in all points; for they always consist of two faces, making a salient angle, with the gorges, not straight, but in form of a crescent.——Where then lies the difference? (quoth my father, a little testily.)—In their situations, answered my uncle Toby:—for when a ravelin, brother, stands before the curtain, it is a ravelin; and when a ravelin stands before a bastion, then the ravelin is not a ravelin;—it is a half-moon;—a half-moon likewise is a half-moon, and no more, so long as it stands before its bastion;—but was it to change place, and get before the curtain,—'twould be no longer a half-moon; a half-moon, in that case, is not a half-moon;—'tis no more than a ravelin.——I think, quoth my father, that the noble science of defence has its weak sides as well as others.

—As for the horn-work (heigh! ho! sighed my father) which, continued my uncle Toby, my brother was speaking of, they are a very considerable part of an outwork;——they are called by the French engineers, *Ouvrage à corne*, and we generally make them to cover such places as we suspect to be weaker than the rest;——'tis formed by two epaulments or demi-bastions—they are very pretty,——and if you will take a walk, I'll engage to shew you one well worth your trouble.——I own, continued my uncle Toby, when we crown them, they are much stronger, but then they are very expensive, and take up a great deal of ground, so that, in my opinion, they are most of

use to cover or defend the head of a camp; otherwise the double *tenaille*——By the mother who bore us! ——brother Toby, quoth my father, not able to hold out any longer,——you would provoke a saint;—— here have you got us, I know not how, not only souse into the middle of the old subject again, but so full is your head of these confounded works, that though my wife is this moment in the pains of labour, and you hear her cry out, yet nothing will serve you but to carry off the man-midwife.——*Accoucheur*,—if you please, quoth Dr. Slop.——With all my heart! replied my father; I don't care what they call you;—but I wish the whole science of fortification, with all its inventors, at the devil;—it has been the death of thousands,—and it will be mine in the end.—I would not, I would not, brother Toby, have my brains so full of saps, mines, blinds, gabions, palisadoes, ravelins, half-moons, and such trumpery, to be proprietor of Namur, and of all the towns in Flanders with it.

My uncle Toby was a man patient of injuries;—not from want of courage;—I have told you in a former chapter, 'that he was a man of courage:'—and will add here, that where just occasions presented, or called it forth,—I know no man under whose arm I would have sooner taken shelter;——nor did this arise from any insensibility or obtuseness of his intellectual parts,—for he felt this insult of my father's as feelingly as a man could do;—but he was of a peaceful, placid nature—no jarring element in it—all was mixed up so kindly within him; my uncle Toby had scarce a heart to retaliate upon a fly.

—Go,—says he one day at dinner, to an overgrown one which had buzzed about his nose, and tormented him cruelly all dinner-time,—and which, after infinite attempts, he had caught at last, as it flew by him;

—I'll not hurt thee, says my uncle Toby, rising from his chair, and going across the room with the fly in his hand,——I'll not hurt a hair of thy head;—Go,—says he, lifting up the sash, and opening his hand as he spoke, to let it escape;—go, poor devil, get thee gone; why should I hurt thee?——This world surely is wide enough to hold both thee and me.

I was but ten years old when this happened; but whether it was, that the action itself was more in unison to my nerves at that age of pity, which instantly set my whole frame into one vibration of most pleasurable sensation;—or how far the manner and expression of it might go towards it;—or in what degree or by what secret magic,—a tone of voice and harmony of movement, attuned by mercy, might find a passage to my heart, I know not;—this I know that the lesson of universal good-will then taught and imprinted by my uncle Toby has never since been worn out of my mind: and tho' I would not depreciate what the study of the *literæ humaniores*, at the University, have done for me in that respect, or discredit the other helps of an expensive education bestowed upon me, both at home and abroad, since;—yet I often think that I owe one half of my philanthropy to that one accidental impression.

This is to serve for parents and governors, instead of a whole volume upon the subject.

I could not give the reader this stroke in my uncle Toby's picture, by the instrument by which I drew the other parts of it—that taking in no more than the mere HOBBY-HORSICAL likeness:——this is a part of his moral character. My father, in this patient endurance of wrongs, which I mention, was very different, as the reader must long ago have noted; he had a much more acute and quick sensibility of nature, attended

with a little soreness of temper; tho' this never transported him to anything which looked like malignancy: —yet in the little rubs and vexations of life, 'twas apt to show itself in a drollish and witty kind of peevishness.——He was, however, frank and generous in his nature;——at all times open to conviction; and in the little ebullitions of this subacid humour towards others, but particularly towards my uncle Toby, whom he truly loved,——he would feel more pain, ten times told (except in the affair of my aunt Dinah, or where an hypothesis was concerned) than what he ever gave.

The characters of the two brothers, in this view of them, reflected light upon each other, and appeared with great advantage in this affair which rose about Stevinus.

I need not tell the reader, if he keeps a HOBBY-HORSE,——that a man's HOBBY-HORSE is as tender a part as he has about him; and that these unprovoked strokes at my uncle Toby's could not be unfelt by him. ——No:——as I said above, my uncle Toby did feel them, and very sensibly too.

Pray, Sir, what said he?—How did he behave?—O, Sir!—it was great: for as soon as my father had done insulting his HOBBY-HORSE,——he turned his head without the least emotion, from Dr. Slop, to whom he was addressing his discourse, and looking up into my father's face, with a countenance spread over with so much good-nature;——so placid——so fraternal—— so inexpressibly tender towards him;—it penetrated my father to his heart: He rose up hastily from his chair, and, seizing hold of both my uncle Toby's hands as he spoke:—Brother Toby, said he,—I beg thy pardon;——forgive, I pray thee, this rash humour which my mother gave me.——My dear, dear brother, answered my uncle Toby, rising up by my father's

help, say no more about it;—you are heartily welcome, had it been ten times as much, brother. But 'tis ungenerous, replied my father, to hurt any man;——a brother worse;——but to hurt a brother of such gentle manners,—so unprovoking,—and so unresenting;—— 'tis base:——by Heaven, 'tis cowardly!—You are heartily welcome, brother, quoth my uncle Toby,—— had it been fifty times as much.——Besides, what have I to do, my dear Toby, cried my father, either with your amusements or your pleasures, unless it was in my power (which it is not) to increase their measure?

——Brother Shandy, answered my uncle Toby, looking wistfully in his face,——you are much mistaken in this point:—for you do increase my pleasure very much, in begetting children for the Shandy family at your time of life.—But, by that, Sir, quoth Dr. Slop, Mr. Shandy increases his own.——Not a jot, quoth my father.

CHAPTER XIII.

My brother does it, quoth my uncle Toby, out of *principle*.——In a family way, I suppose, quoth Dr. Slop.——Pshaw! said my father,—'tis not worth talking of.

CHAPTER XIV.

At the end of the last chapter, my father and my uncle Toby were left both standing, like Brutus and

Cassius, at the close of the scene, making up their accounts.

As my father spoke the three last words,——he sat down;—my uncle Toby exactly followed his example; only, that before he took his chair, he rung the bell, to order Corporal Trim, who was in waiting, to step home for Stevinus:——my uncle Toby's house being no farther off than the opposite side of the way.

Some men would have dropped the subject of Stevinus; but my uncle Toby had no resentment in his heart, and he went on with the subject, to shew my father that he had none.

Your sudden appearance, Dr. Slop, quoth my uncle, resuming the discourse, instantly brought Stevinus into my head. (My father, you may be sure, did not offer to lay any more wagers upon Stevinus's head.)——Because, continued my uncle Toby, the celebrated sailing chariot, which belonged to Prince Maurice, and was of such wonderful contrivance, and velocity, as to carry half-a-dozen people thirty German miles, in I don't know how few minutes,——was invented by Stevinus, that great mathematician and engineer.

You might have spared your servant the trouble, quoth Dr. Slop, (as the fellow is lame) of going for Stevinus's account of it; because, in my return from Leyden thro' the Hague, I walked as far as Schevling, which is two long miles, on purpose to take a view of it.

That's nothing, replied my uncle Toby, to what the learned Peireskius did, who walked a matter of five hundred miles, reckoning from Paris to Schevling, and from Schevling to Paris back again, in order to see it,—and nothing else.

Some men cannot bear to be out-gone.

The more fool Peireskius! replied Dr. Slop. But

mark, 'twas out of no contempt of Peireskius at all;——but that Peireskius's indefatigable labour in trudging so far on foot, out of love for the sciences, reduced the exploit of Dr. Slop, in that affair, to nothing:—the more fool Peireskius! said he again.—Why so?—replied my father, taking his brother's part, not only to make reparation as fast as he could for the insult he had given him, which sat still upon my father's mind;——but partly, that my father began really to interest himself in the discourse.——Why so?——said he. Why is Peireskius, or any man else, to be abused for an appetite for that, or any other morsel of sound knowledge? for notwithstanding I know nothing of the chariot in question, continued he, the inventor of it must have had a very mechanical head;—and tho' I cannot guess upon what principles of philosophy he has achieved it;—yet certainly his machine has been constructed upon solid ones, be they what they will, or it could not have answered at the rate my brother mentions.

It answered, replied my uncle Toby, as well, if not better; for, as Peireskius elegantly expresses it, speaking of the velocity of its motion, *Tam citus erat, quam erat ventus;* which, unless I have forgotten my Latin, is, *that it was as swift as the wind itself.*

But pray, Dr. Slop, quoth my father, interrupting my uncle (tho' not without begging pardon for it at the same time), upon what principles was this self-same chariot set a-going?—Upon very pretty principles to be sure, replied Dr. Slop:—and I have often wondered, continued he, evading the question, why none of our gentry, who live upon large plains like this of ours,—(especially they whose wives are not past child-bearing) attempt nothing of this kind; for it would not only be infinitely expeditious upon sudden calls, to which the sex is subject,—if the wind only

served,—but would be excellent good husbandry to make use of the winds, which cost nothing, and which eat nothing, rather than horses, which (the devil take 'em) both cost and eat a great deal.

For that very reason, replied my father, 'Because 'they cost nothing, and because they eat nothing,'—the scheme is bad;—it is the consumption of our products, as well as the manufactures of them, which gives bread to the hungry, circulates trade, brings in money, and supports the value of our lands;—and tho', I own, if I was a Prince, I would generously recompense the scientific head which brought forth such contrivances;—yet I would as peremptorily suppress the use of them.

My father here had got into his element,——and was going on as prosperously with his dissertation upon trade, as my uncle Toby had, before, upon his of fortification;—but to the loss of much sound knowledge, the Destinies in the morning had decreed that no dissertation of any kind should be spun by my father that day,——for as he opened his mouth to begin the next sentence—

CHAPTER XV.

In popped Corporal Trim with Stevinus:—But 'twas too late,—all the discourse had been exhausted without him, and was running into a new channel.

—You may take the book home again, Trim, said my uncle Toby, nodding to him.

But prithee, Corporal, quoth my father, drolling,

—look first into it, and see if thou canst spy aught of a sailing chariot in it.

Corporal Trim, by being in the service, had learned to obey,—and not to remonstrate;—so taking the book to a side-table, and running over the leaves: An' please your Honour, said Trim, I can see no such thing;—however, continued the Corporal, drolling a little in his turn, I'll make sure work of it, an' please your Honour:—so taking hold of the two covers of the book, one in each hand, and letting the leaves fall down as he bent the covers back, he gave the book a good sound shake.

There is something fallen out, however, said Trim, an' please your Honour;—but it is not a chariot, or any thing like one.—Prithee, Corporal, said my father, smiling, what is it then?—I think, answered Trim, stooping to take it up,——'tis more like a sermon, for it begins with a text of scripture, and the chapter and verse;—and then goes on, not as a chariot, but like a sermon directly.

The company smiled.

I cannot conceive how it is possible, quoth my uncle Toby, for such a thing as a sermon to have got into my Stevinus.

I think 'tis a sermon, replied Trim;—but if it please your Honours, as it is a fair hand, I will read you a page;—for Trim, you must know, loved to hear himself read almost as well as talk.

I have ever a strong propensity, said my father, to look into things which cross my way by such strange fatalities as these;—and as we have nothing better to do, at least till Obadiah gets back, I shall be obliged to you, brother, if Dr. Slop has no objection to it, to order the Corporal to give us a page or two of it,—if he is as able to do it as he seems willing.

An' it please your Honour, quoth Trim, I officiated two whole campaigns, in Flanders, as clerk to the chaplain of the regiment.——He can read it, quoth my uncle Toby, as well as I can.——Trim, I assure you, was the best scholar in my company, and should have had the next halberd, but for the poor fellow's misfortune. Corporal Trim laid his hand upon his heart, and made an humble bow to his master;—then, laying down his hat upon the floor, and taking up the sermon in his left hand, in order to have his right at liberty,——he advanced, nothing doubting, into the middle of the room, where he could best see, and be best seen by his audience.

CHAPTER XVI.

—If you have any objection,—said my father, addressing himself to Dr. Slop.—Not in the least, replied Dr. Slop;—for it does not appear on which side of the question it is wrote,——it may be a composition of a divine of our church, as well as yours,—so that we run equal risques.——'Tis wrote upon neither side, quoth Trim, for 'tis only upon *Conscience*, an' please your Honours.

Trim's reason put his audience into good humour,—all but Dr. Slop, who, turning his head about towards Trim, looked a little angry.

Begin, Trim,—and read distinctly, quoth my father.—I will, an' please your Honour, replied the Corporal, making a bow, and bespeaking attention with a slight movement of his right hand.

CHAPTER XVII.

——But before the Corporal begins, I must first give you a description of his attitude;——otherwise he will naturally stand represented, by your imagination, in an uneasy posture,—stiff,—perpendicular,—dividing the weight of his body equally upon both legs;——his eye fixed, as if on duty;—his look determined;—clenching the sermon in his left hand, like his firelock.——In a word, you would be apt to paint Trim as if he was standing in his platoon, ready for action.—His attitude was as unlike all this as you can conceive.

He stood before them with his body swayed, and bent forwards just so far as to make an angle of 85 degrees and a half upon the plane of the horizon;—which sound orators, to whom I address this, know very well to be the true persuasive angle of incidence:—in any other angle you may talk and preach;—'tis certain;—and it is done every day;—but with what effect,—I leave the world to judge!

The necessity of this precise angle of 85 degrees and a half, to a mathematical exactness,——does it not shew us, by the way, how the arts and sciences mutually befriend each other?

How the deuce Corporal Trim, who knew not so much as an acute angle from an obtuse one, came to hit it so exactly;——or whether it was chance or nature, or good sense, or imitation, &c., shall be commented upon in that part of the Cyclopædia of Arts and Sciences, where the instrumental parts of the eloquence of the senate, the pulpit, and the bar, the coffee-house, the bedchamber, and fireside, fall under consideration.

He stood,—for I repeat it, to take the picture of him in at one view, with his body swayed, and somewhat bent forwards,—his right leg from under him, sustaining seven-eighths of his whole weight,——the foot of his left leg, the defect of which was no disadvantage to his attitude, advanced a little,—not laterally, nor forwards, but in a line betwixt them;—his knee bent, but that not violently,—but so as to fall within the limits of the line of beauty;—and I add, of the line of science too;—for, consider, it had one-eighth part of his body to bear up;—so that in this case the position of the leg is determined,—because the foot could be no farther advanced, or the knee more bent, than what would allow him mechanically to receive an eighth part of his whole weight under it, and to carry it too.

☞ This I recommend to painters:—need I add, to orators?—I think not; for, unless they practise it, ——they must fall upon their noses.

So much for Corporal Trim's body and legs.—— He held the sermon loosely, not carelessly, in his left hand, raised something above his stomach, and detached a little from his breast;——his right arm falling negligently by his side, as nature and the laws of gravity ordered it,——but with the palm of it open and turned towards his audience, ready to aid the sentiment, in case it stood in need.

Corporal Trim's eyes and the muscles of his face were in full harmony with the other parts of him;—he looked frank,—unconstrained,—something assured,—but not bordering upon assurance.

Let not the critic ask how Corporal Trim could come by all this.——I've told him it should be explained;—but so he stood before my father, my uncle Toby, and Dr. Slop,—so swayed his body, so con-

tracted his limbs, and with such an oratorical sweep throughout the whole figure,——a statuary might have modelled from it;—nay, I doubt whether the oldest Fellow of a College,—or the Hebrew Professor himself, could have much mended it.

Trim made a bow, and read as follows:—

THE SERMON.

HEBREWS, xiii. 18.

——*For, we* trust, *we have a good Conscience.*

'TRUST!——Trust we have a good conscience!'

[Certainly, Trim, quoth my father, interrupting him, you give that sentence a very improper accent; for you curl up your nose, man, and read it with such a sneering tone, as if the Parson was going to abuse the Apostle.

He is, an' please your Honour, replied Trim. Pugh! said my father, smiling.

Sir, quoth Dr. Slop, Trim is certainly in the right; for the writer (who I perceive is a Protestant), by the snappish manner in which he takes up the apostle, is certainly going to abuse him;—if this treatment of him has not done it already. But from whence, replied my father, have you concluded so soon, Dr. Slop, that the writer is of our church?—for aught I can see yet, he may be of any church.—Because, answered Dr. Slop, if he was of ours, he durst no more take such a licence, than a bear by his beard:—If, in our com-

munion, Sir, a man was to insult an apostle,——a saint,——or even the paring of a saint's nail,—he would have his eyes scratched out.—What, by the saint? quoth my uncle Toby.—No, replied Dr. Slop, he would have an old house over his head.—Pray is the Inquisition an ancient building, answered my uncle Toby, or is it a modern one?—I know nothing of architecture, replied Dr. Slop.—An', please your Honours, quoth Trim, the Inquisition is the vilest—— Prithee spare thy description, Trim, I hate the very name of it, said my father.—No matter for that, answered Dr. Slop,—it has its uses; for tho' I'm no great advocate for it, yet, in such a case as this, he would soon be taught better manners; and I can tell him, if he went on at that rate, would be flung into the Inquisition for his pains. God help him then! quoth my uncle Toby.—Amen! added Trim; for Heaven above knows, I have a poor brother who has been fourteen years a captive in it.—I never heard one word of it before, said my uncle Toby, hastily:—How came he there, Trim?——O, Sir, the story will make your heart bleed,—as it has made mine a thousand times;—but it is too long to be told now;—your Honour shall hear it, from first to last, some day when I am working beside you in our fortifications;—but the short of the story is this;—That my brother Tom went over a servant to Lisbon,—and then married a Jew's widow, who kept a small shop, and sold sausages, which, somehow or other, was the cause of his being taken in the middle of the night out of his bed, where he was lying with his wife and two small children, and carried directly to the Inquisition, where, God help him! continued Trim, fetching a sigh from the bottom of his heart,—the poor honest lad lies confined at this hour. He was as honest a

soul, added Trim, (pulling out his handkerchief) as ever blood warmed.——

The tears trickled down Trim's cheeks faster than he could well wipe them away.—A dead silence in the room ensued for some minutes.—Certain proof of pity!

Come, Trim, quoth my father, after he saw the poor fellow's grief had got a little vent,—read on,—and put this melancholy story out of thy head:—I grieve that I interrupted thee; but prithee begin the sermon again;—for if the first sentence in it is matter of abuse, as thou sayest, I have a great desire to know what kind of provocation the apostle has given.

Corporal Trim wiped his face, and returned his handkerchief into his pocket, and, making a bow as he did it,—he began again.]

THE SERMON.

HEBREWS, xiii. 18.

——*For, we* trust, *we have a good Conscience.*——

'TRUST!—trust we have a good conscience! Surely 'if there is any thing in this life which a man may 'depend upon, and to the knowledge of which he is 'capable of arriving upon the most indisputable evi-'dence, it must be this very thing,—whether he has 'a good conscience or no.'

[I am positive I am right, quoth Dr. Slop.]

'If a man thinks at all, he cannot well be a stranger 'to the true state of this account:——he must be

'privy to his own thoughts and desires;—he must 'remember his past pursuits, and know certainly the 'true springs and motives, which, in general, have 'governed the actions of his life.'

[I defy him, without an assistant, quoth Dr. Slop.]

'In other matters we may be deceived by false 'appearances; and, as the wise man complains, *hardly* '*do we guess aright at the things that are upon the* '*earth, and with labour do we find the things that are* '*before us.* But here the mind has all the evidence 'and facts within herself;——is conscious of the web 'she has wove;——knows its texture and fineness, 'and the exact share which every passion has had in 'working upon the several designs which virtue or 'vice has planned before her.'

[The language is good, and I declare Trim reads very well, quoth my father.]

'Now,—as conscience is nothing else but the know-'ledge which the mind has within herself of this; 'and the judgment, either of approbation or censure, 'which it unavoidably makes upon the successive 'actions of our lives; 'tis plain you will say, from 'the very terms of the proposition,—whenever this 'inward testimony goes against a man, and he stands 'self-accused, that he must necessarily be a guilty 'man.—And, on the contrary, when the report is 'favourable on his side, and his heart condemns him 'not, that it is not a matter of *trust*, as the apostle 'intimates, but a matter of *certainty* and fact, that 'the conscience is good, and that the man must be 'good also.'

[Then the apostle is altogether in the wrong, I suppose, quoth Dr. Slop, and the Protestant divine is in the right.—Sir, have patience, replied my father, for I think it will presently appear that St. Paul and

the Protestant divine are both of an opinion.—As nearly so, quoth Dr. Slop, as east is to west;—but this, continued he, lifting both hands, comes from the liberty of the press!

It is no more at the worst, replied my uncle Toby, than the liberty of the pulpit; for it does not appear that the sermon is printed, or ever likely to be.

Go on, Trim, quoth my father.]

'At first sight this may seem to be a true state 'of the case: and I make no doubt but the knowledge 'of right and wrong is so truly impressed upon the 'mind of man,—that did no such thing ever happen, 'as that the conscience of a man, by long habits of sin, 'might (as the scripture assures it may) insensibly be-'come hard;—and, like some tender parts of his body, 'by much stress and continual hard usage, lose by 'degrees that nice sense and perception with which 'God and nature endowed it:—did this never happen; '—or was it certain that self-love could never hang 'the least bias upon the judgment;—or that the little 'interests below could rise up and perplex the faculties 'of our upper regions, and encompass them about 'with clouds and thick darkness:——Could no such 'thing as favour and affection enter this sacred court: '—Did Wit disdain to take a bribe in it; or was 'ashamed to show its face as an advocate for an un-'warrantable enjoyment:—Or, lastly, were we assured 'that Interest stood always unconcerned whilst the 'cause was hearing—and that Passion never got into 'the judgment-seat, and pronounced sentence in the 'stead of Reason, which is supposed always to preside 'and determine upon the case:—Was this truly so, 'as the objection must suppose;—no doubt, then, the 'religious and moral state of a man would be exactly 'what he himself esteemed it:—and the guilt or

'innocence of every man's life could be known, in 'general, by no better measure, than the degrees of 'his own approbation and censure.

'I own, in one case, whenever a man's conscience 'does accuse him (as it seldom errs on that side), 'that he is guilty; and unless in melancholy and 'hypochondriac cases, we may safely pronounce upon 'it, that there is always sufficient grounds for the 'accusation.

'But the converse of the proposition will not hold 'true;——namely, that whenever there is guilt, the con-'science must accuse; and if it does not, that a man 'is therefore innocent.——This is not fact.——So that 'the common consolation which some good Christian or 'other is hourly administering to himself, that he 'thanks God his mind does not misgive him; and 'that, consequently, he has a good conscience, because 'he hath a quiet one,—is fallacious;—and as cur-'rent as the inference is, and as infallible as the rule 'appears at first sight, yet when you look nearer to it, 'and try the truth of this rule upon plain facts,——you 'see it liable to so much error from a false applica-'tion; the principle upon which it goes so often per-'verted;——the whole force of it lost, and sometimes 'so vilely cast away, that it is painful to produce the 'common examples from human life, which confirm 'the account.

'A man shall be vicious and utterly debauched 'in his principles;—exceptionable in his conduct to 'the world; shall live shameless, in the open commis-'sion of a sin which no reason or pretence can justify, '——a sin by which, contrary to all the workings of 'humanity, he shall ruin for ever the deluded partner 'of his guilt;—rob her of her best dowry; and not 'only cover her own head with dishonour,—but involve

'a whole virtuous family in shame and sorrow for her 'sake. Surely, you will think conscience must lead 'such a man a troublesome life; he can have no rest 'night or day from its reproaches.

'Alas! CONSCIENCE had something else to do all 'this time, than break in upon him; as Elijah re-'proached the god Baal,——this domestic god *was* '*either talking, or pursuing, or was on a journey, or* '*peradventure he slept, and could not be awoke.*

'Perhaps He was gone out in company with 'Honour, to fight a duel; to pay off some debt at 'play;——or dirty annuity, the bargain of his lust. 'Perhaps CONSCIENCE all this time was engaged at 'home, talking aloud against petty larceny, and exe-'cuting vengeance upon some such puny crimes, as 'his fortune and rank of life secured him against all 'temptation of committing; so that he lives as 'merrily,'——[If he was of our church, tho', quoth Dr. Slop, he could not]—'sleeps as soundly in his 'bed;—and at last meets death as unconcernedly; 'perhaps much more so, than a much better man.'

[All this is impossible with us, quoth Dr. Slop, turning to my father;—the case could not happen in our church.—It happens in ours, however, replied my father, but too often.——I own, quoth Dr. Slop, (struck a little with my father's frank acknowledgment)—that a man in the Romish church may live as badly;—but then he cannot easily die so.——'Tis little matter, replied my father, with an air of indifference,—how a rascal dies.—I mean, answered Dr. Slop, he would be denied the benefits of the last sacraments.—Pray how many have you in all? said my uncle Toby,——for I always forget.——Seven, answered Dr. Slop.——Humph!—said my uncle Toby, tho' not accented as a note of acquiescence,—but as an interjection of that

particular species of surprise, when a man, in looking into a drawer, finds more of a thing than he expected.—Humph! replied my uncle Toby. Dr. Slop, who had an ear, understood my uncle Toby as well as if he had wrote a whole volume against the seven sacraments.——Humph! replied Dr. Slop, (stating my uncle Toby's argument over again to him) ——Why, Sir, are there not seven cardinal virtues? ——Seven mortal sins?——Seven golden candlesticks?——Seven heavens?——'Tis more than I know, replied my uncle Toby.——Are there not seven wonders of the world?——Seven days of the creation?——Seven planets?——Seven plagues?—— That there are, quoth my father, with a most affected gravity. But prithee, continued he, go on with the rest of thy characters, Trim.]

'Another is sordid, unmerciful,' (here Trim waved his right hand,) 'a strait-hearted, selfish wretch, incapable either of private friendship or public spirit. 'Take notice how he passes by the widow and orphan 'in their distress, and sees all the miseries incident to human life without a sigh or a prayer, [An' please your Honours, cried Trim, I think this a viler man than the other.]

'Shall not conscience rise up and sting him on such 'occasions? No; thank God there is no occasion! *I 'pay every man his own;—I have no fornication to 'answer to my conscience;—no faithless vows or promises 'to make up;—I have debauched no man's wife or child: 'thank God, I am not as other men, adulterers, unjust, 'or even as this libertine, who stands before me!*

'A third is crafty and designing in his nature. 'View his whole life;—'tis nothing but a cunning 'contexture of dark arts and unequitable subterfuges, 'basely to defeat the true intent of all laws,——plain

'dealing, and the safe enjoyment of our several pro-
'perties.——You will see such a one working out a
'frame of little designs upon the ignorance and per-
'plexities of the poor and needy man;—shall raise
'a fortune upon the inexperience of a youth, or the
'unsuspecting temper of his friend, who would have
'trusted him with his life.

'When old age comes on, and repentance calls him
'to look back upon his black account, and state it
'over again with his conscience——CONSCIENCE looks
'into the STATUTES AT LARGE;—finds no express
'law broken by what he has done;—perceives no
'penalty or forfeiture of goods and chattels incurred;
'—sees no scourge waving over his head, or prison
'opening its gates upon him:—What is there to af-
'fright his conscience?—Conscience has got safely
'entrenched behind the Letter of the Law: sits there
'invulnerable, fortified with Cases and Reports so
'strongly on all sides, that it is not preaching can
'dispossess it of its hold.'

[Here Corporal Trim and my uncle Toby exchanged looks with each other.—Aye, aye, Trim! quoth my uncle Toby, shaking his head,——these are but sorry fortifications, Trim.——O! very poor work, answered Trim, to what your Honour and I make of it.——The character of this last man, said Dr. Slop, interrupting Trim, is more detestable than all the rest; and seems to have been taken from some pettifogging Lawyer amongst you. Amongst us, a man's conscience could not possibly continue so long *blinded*:——three times in a year, at least, he must go to confession.—Will that restore it to sight? quoth my uncle Toby.——Go on, Trim, quoth my father, or Obadiah will have got back before thou hast got to the end of thy sermon.——'Tis a very short one, replied Trim.——

I wish it was longer! quoth my uncle Toby, for I like it hugely.—Trim went on.]

'A fourth man shall want even this refuge; shall 'break through all the ceremony of slow chicane; '—— scorns the doubtful workings of secret plots 'and cautious trains to bring about his purpose:—— 'See the barefaced villain, how he cheats, lies, per- 'jures, robs, murders!—Horrid!—But indeed much 'better was not to be expected in the present case— 'the poor man was in the dark!——his priest had 'got the keeping of his conscience;——and all he 'would let him know of it, was, That he must 'believe in the Pope;—go to Mass;—cross himself;— 'tell his beads;—be a good Catholic; and that this, 'in all conscience, was enough to carry him to 'heaven.—What!—if he perjures?—Why, he had a 'mental reservation in it.—But if he is so wicked 'and abandoned a wretch as you represent him;—if 'he robs,—if he stabs, will not conscience, on every 'such act, receive a wound itself?—Aye,—but the 'man has carried it to confession;——the wound 'digests there, and will do well enough, and in a 'short time be quite healed up by absolution. O 'Popery! what hast thou to answer for!——when 'not content with the too many natural and fatal 'ways, thro' which the heart of man is every day 'thus treacherous to itself above all things,—thou 'hast wilfully set open the wide gate of deceit 'before the face of this unwary traveller,—too 'apt, God knows, to go astray of himself, and 'confidently speak peace to himself, when there is 'no peace.

'Of this, the common instances which I have drawn 'out of life, are too notorious to require much evidence. 'If any man doubts the reality of them, or thinks it

'impossible for a man to be such a bubble to himself,
'—I must refer him a moment to his own reflec-
'tions, and will then venture to trust my appeal with
'his own heart.

'Let him consider in how different a degree of
'detestation, numbers of wicked actions stand *there*,
'tho' equally bad and vicious in their own natures;
'—— he will soon find, that such of them as strong
'inclination and custom have prompted him to com-
'mit, are generally dressed out and painted with all
'the false beauties which a soft and a flattering hand
'can give them;—and that the others, to which he
'feels no propensity, appear at once naked and de-
'formed, surrounded with all the true circumstances
'of folly and dishonour.

'When David surprized Saul sleeping in the cave, and
'cut off the skirt of his robe,—we read that his
'heart smote him for what he had done:—but in
'the matter of Uriah, where a faithful and gallant
'servant, whom he ought to have loved and honoured,
'fell to make way for his lust,—where conscience
'had so much greater reason to take the alarm, his
'heart smote him not. A whole year had almost
'passed from the first commission of that crime, to the
'time Nathan was sent to reprove him; and we read
'not once of the least sorrow or compunction of
'heart which he testified, during all that time, for
'what he had done.

'Thus conscience, this once able monitor,—placed
'on high as a judge within us, and intended by our
'Maker as a just and equitable one too,—by an
'unhappy train of causes and impediments, takes often
'such imperfect cognizance of what passes,—does
'its office so negligently,—sometimes so corruptly,
'that it is not to be trusted alone; and therefore we

'find there is a necessity, an absolute necessity, of 'joining another principle with it, to aid, if not govern, 'its determinations.

'So that, if you would form a just judgment of 'what is of infinite importance to you not to be misled 'in,—namely, in what degree of real merit you stand, 'either as an honest man, an useful citizen, a faithful 'subject to your king, or a good servant to your God, '—call in religion and morality. Look: What is 'written in the law of God?——How readest thou? '—Consult calm reason and the unchangeable obliga- 'tions of justice and truth!—what say they?

'Let CONSCIENCE determine the matter upon these 'reports;—and then if thy heart condemns thee not, 'which is the case the apostle supposes,—the rule will 'be infallible;'—[Here Dr. Slop fell asleep]—'*thou* '*wilt have confidence towards God;* that is, have just 'grounds to believe the judgment thou hast passed 'upon thyself, is the judgment of God; and nothing 'else but an anticipation of that righteous sentence 'which will be pronounced upon thee hereafter by that 'Being to whom thou art finally to give an account of 'thy actions.

'*Blessed is the man*, indeed, then, as the author of 'the book of Ecclesiasticus expresses it, *who is not* 'pricked with the multitude of his sins: blessed is the 'man whose heart hath not condemned him: whether he 'be rich, or whether he be poor, if he have a good heart '(a heart thus guided and informed) *he shall at all times* 'rejoice in a cheerful countenance; his mind shall tell 'him more than seven watchmen that sit above upon a 'tower on high.'—[A tower has no strength, quoth my uncle Toby, unless 'tis flanked.]—'In the darkest 'doubts it shall conduct him safer than a thousand 'casuits, and give the state he lives in a better security

'for his behaviour than all the causes and restric-
'tions put together, which law-makers are forced to
'multiply:—*forced*, I say, as things stand; human
'laws not being a matter of original choice, but of
'pure necessity, brought in to fence against the mis-
'chievous effects of those consciences which are no
'law unto themselves; well intending, by the many
'provisions made,—that in all such corrupt and
'misguided cases, where principles and the checks
'of conscience will not make us upright,—to supply
'their force,—and, by the terrors of gaols and halters,
'oblige us to it.'

[I see plainly, said my father, that this sermon has been composed to be preached at the Temple,—or at some Assize.—I like the reasoning,—and am sorry that Dr. Slop has fallen asleep before the time of his conviction;—for it is now clear, that the Parson, as I thought at first, never insulted St. Paul in the least;—nor has there been, brother, the least difference between them. ——A great matter, if they had differed, replied my uncle Toby!—the best friends in the world may differ sometimes.——True,—brother Toby, quoth my father, shaking hands with him;—we'll fill our pipes, brother, and then Trim shall go on.

Well,—what dost thou think of it? said my father, speaking to Corporal Trim, as he reached his tobacco-box.

I think, answered the Corporal, that the seven watchmen upon the tower,—who, I suppose, are all sentinels there, are more, an' please your Honour, than were necessary;—and to go on at that rate, would harass a regiment all to pieces, which a commanding-officer, who loves his men, will never do, if he can help it; because two sentinels, added the Corporal, are as good as twenty.—I have been a commanding-officer

myself in the *Corps de Garde* a hundred times, continued Trim, rising an inch higher in his figure, as he spoke;—and all the time I had the honour to serve his Majesty King William, in relieving the most considerable posts, I never left more than two in my life. ——Very right, quoth my uncle Toby; but you do not consider, Trim, that the towers, in Solomon's days, were not such things as our bastions, flanked and defended by other works. This, Trim, was an invention since Solomon's death; nor had they horn-works, or ravelins before the curtain, in his time;—or such a fosse as we make with a cuvette in the middle of it, and with covered ways and counter-scarps palisadoed along it, to guard against a *coup de main*:—so that the seven men upon the tower were a party, I dare say, from the *Corps de Garde*, set there, not only to look out, but to defend it.——They could be no more, an' please your Honour, than a corporal's guard.——My father smiled inwardly, but not outwardly;—the subject being rather too serious, considering what had happened, to make a jest of;—so putting his pipe into his mouth, which he had just lighted,—he contented himself with ordering Trim to read on. He read on as follows:—]

'To have the fear of God before our eyes, and in our 'mutual dealings with each other, to govern our actions 'by the eternal measures of right and wrong;—the first 'of these will comprehend the duties of religion;—the 'second, those of morality, which are so inseparably 'connected together, that you cannot divide these two '*tables*, even in imagination, (though the attempt is 'often made in practice) without breaking and mu-'tually destroying them both.

'I said the attempt is often made; and so it is;—'there being nothing more common than to see a 'man who has no sense at all of religion, and indeed

'has so much honesty as to pretend to none, who 'would take it as the bitterest affront, should you 'but hint at a suspicion of his moral character,—or 'imagine he was not conscientiously just and scru-'pulous to the uttermost mite.

'When there is some appearance that it is so,—tho' 'one is unwilling even to suspect the appearance of 'so amiable a virtue as moral honesty, yet were we 'to look into the grounds of it, in the present case, I 'am persuaded we should find little reason to envy 'such a one the honour of his motive.

'Let him declaim as pompously as he chooses upon 'the subject, it will be found to rest upon no better 'foundation than either his interest, his pride, his ease, 'or some such little and changeable passion as will 'give us but small dependence upon his actions in 'matters of great distress.

'I will illustrate this by an example.

'I know the banker I deal with, or the physician I 'usually call in,'—[There is no need, cried Dr. Slop, waking, to call in any physician in this case]—'to 'be neither of them men of much religion. I hear 'them make jest of it every day, and treat all its 'sanctions with so much scorn, as to put the matter 'past doubt. Well;—notwithstanding this, I put my 'fortune into the hands of the one;—and, what is 'dearer still to me, I trust my life to the honest skill 'of the other.

'Now, let me examine what is my reason for this 'great confidence. Why, in the first place, I believe 'there is no probability that either of them will em-'ploy the power I put into their hands to my disad-'vantage;—I consider that honesty serves the purposes 'of this life;—I know their success in the world de-'pends upon the fairness of their characters.—In a

'word, I'm persuaded that they cannot hurt me with-
'out hurting themselves more.

'But put it otherwise; namely, that interest lay,
'for once, on the other side; that a case should hap-
'pen, wherein the one, without stain to his reputation,
'could secrete my fortune, and leave me naked in the
'world;—or that the other could send me out of it,
'and enjoy an estate by my death, without dishonour
'to himself or his art;—in this case, what hold have
'I of either of them?—Religion, the strongest of all
'motives, is out of the question;—interest, the next
'most powerful motive in the world, is strongly against
'me.——What have I left to cast into the opposite
'scale, to balance this temptation?——Alas! I have
'nothing—nothing but what is lighter than a bubble:
'——I must lie at the mercy of Honour, or some such
'capricious principle,—strait security for two of the
'most valuable blessings!—my property and my life.

'As, therefore, we can have no dependence upon
'morality without religion;—so, on the other hand,—
'there is nothing better to be expected from religion
'without morality: nevertheless, 'tis no prodigy to
'see a man whose real moral character stands very
'low, who yet entertains the highest notion of himself
'in the light of a religious man.

'He shall not only be covetous, revengeful, im-
'placable,—but even wanting in points of common
'honesty; yet, inasmuch as he talks aloud against the
'infidelity of the age,—is zealous for some points of
'religion,—goes twice a day to church,—attends the
'sacraments, and amuses himself with a few instru-
'mental parts of religion,—shall cheat his conscience
'into a judgment that, for this, he is a religious man,
'and has discharged truly his duty to God: and you
'will find that such a man, through force of this

'delusion, generally looks down with spiritual pride 'upon every other man who has less affectation of 'piety,—though, perhaps, ten times more real honesty 'than himself.

'*This likewise is a sore evil under the sun;* and, I 'believe, there is no one mistaken principle, which, 'for its time, has wrought more serious mischiefs. '——For a general proof of this,—examine the history 'of the Romish church;'—[Well, what can you make of that? cried Dr. Slop]—'see what scenes of cruelty, 'murder, rapine, bloodshed'—[They may thank their own obstinacy, cried Dr. Slop]—'have all been sanc-'tified by a religion not strictly governed by morality!

'In how many kingdoms of the world'—[Here Trim kept waving his right hand from the sermon to the extent of his arm, returning it backwards and forwards to the conclusion of the paragraph].

'In how many kingdoms of the world has the cru-'sading sword of this misguided saint-errant spared 'neither age, nor merit, nor sex, nor condition?—and, 'as he fought under the banners of a religion which 'set him loose from justice and humanity, he shewed 'none; mercilessly trampled upon both,——heard 'neither the cries of the unfortunate, nor pitied their 'distresses!'

[I have been in many a battle, an' please your Honour, quoth Trim, sighing, but never in so melancholy a one as this:—I would not have drawn a trigger in it against these poor souls,—to have been made a general officer.——Why? what do you understand of the affair? said Dr. Slop, looking towards Trim, with something more of contempt than the Corporal's honest heart deserved.——What do you know, friend, about this battle you talk of?——I know, replied Trim, that I never refused quarter in my life to any man who

cried out for it:—but to a woman or a child, continued Trim, before I would level my musket at them, I would lose my life a thousand times.——Here's a crown for thee, Trim, to drink with Obadiah to-night, quoth my uncle Toby; and I'll give Obadiah another too.——God bless your Honour! replied Trim;—I had rather these poor women and children had it.——Thou art an honest fellow, quoth my uncle Toby.——My father nodded his head, as much as to say,—And so he is.——

But prithee, Trim, said my father, make an end,—for I see thou hast but a leaf or two left.

Corporal Trim read on.]

'If the testimony of past centuries in this matter 'is not sufficient,—consider, at this instant, how the 'votaries of that religion are every day thinking to 'do service and honour to God, by actions which 'are a dishonour and scandal to themselves!

'To be convinced of this, go with me for a mo-'ment into the prisons of the Inquisition.'—[God help my poor brother Tom!]—'Behold Religion, with 'Mercy and Justice chained down under her feet,—'there sitting ghastly upon a black tribunal, propped 'up with racks and instruments of torment. Hark; '—hark! what a piteous groan!'—[Here Trim's face turned as pale as ashes.]——'See the melancholy 'wretch, who uttered it'—[Here the tears began to trickle down]——'just brought forth to undergo 'the anguish of a mock trial, and endure the ut-'most pains that a studied system of cruelty has been 'able to invent.'——[D—n them all! quoth Trim, his colour returning into his face as red as blood.]—'Behold this helpless victim delivered up to his 'tormentors,—his body so wasted with sorrow and 'confinement!'—[Oh! 'tis my brother! cried poor

Trim, in a most passionate exclamation, dropping the sermon upon the ground, and clapping his hands together—I fear 'tis poor Tom!——My father's and my uncle Toby's heart yearned with sympathy for the poor fellow's distress; even Slop himself acknowledged pity for him.——Why, Trim, said my father, this is not a history,—tis a sermon thou art reading; prithee begin the sentence again.]——'Behold this 'helpless victim delivered up to his tormentors,—his 'body so wasted with sorrow and confinement, you 'will see every nerve and muscle as it suffers!

'Observe the last movement of that horrid engine!' —[I would rather face a cannon! quoth Trim, stamping.]—'See what convulsions it has thrown him 'into!—Consider the nature of the posture in which 'he now lies stretched!—what exquisite tortures he 'endures by it!'—[I hope 'tis not in Portugal!]— 'Tis all nature can bear! Good God! see how it 'keeps his weary soul hanging upon his trembling 'lips!'—[I would not read another line of it, quoth Trim, for all this world!—I fear, an' please your Honours, all this is in Portugal, where my poor brother Tom is!——I tell thee, Trim, again, quoth my father, 'tis not an historical account,—'tis a description.—'Tis only a description, honest man, quoth Slop; there is not a word of truth in it.——That's another story, replied my father.—However, as Trim reads it with so much concern,—'tis cruelty to force him to go on with it.—Give me hold of the sermon, Trim,—I'll finish it for thee, and thou may'st go.—— I must stay and hear it too, replied Trim, if your Honour will allow me;—tho' I would not read it myself for a Colonel's pay.——Poor Trim! quoth my uncle Toby.——My father went on.]

'——Consider the nature of the posture in which

'he now lies stretched!—what exquisite torture he 'endures by it!—'Tis all nature can bear! Good 'God! see how it keeps his weary soul hanging upon 'his trembling lips, willing to take its leave,—but not 'suffered to depart!—Behold the unhappy wretch 'led back to his cell!'——[Then, thank God, however, quoth Trim, that they have not killed him!] 'See 'him dragged out of it again, to meet the flames, 'and the insults in his last agonies, which this prin-'ciple——this principle, that there can be religion 'without mercy, has prepared for him!'——[Then, thank God, he is dead! quoth Trim,—he is out of his pain,—and they have done their worst at him. —O Sirs!——Hold your peace, Trim! said my father, going on with the sermon, lest Trim should incense Dr. Slop,—we shall never have done at this rate.]

'The surest way to try the merit of any disputed 'notion, is, to trace down the consequences such a 'notion has produced, and compare them with the 'spirit of Christianity;——'tis the short and decisive 'rule which our Saviour hath left us for these and 'such like cases, and it is worth a thousand argu-'ments—*By their fruits ye shall know them.*

'I will add no farther to the length of this ser-'mon, than by two or three short and independent 'rules deducible from it.

'*First*, Whenever a man talks loudly against re-'ligion, always suspect that it is not his reason, but 'his passions, which have got the better of his 'CREED. A bad life and a good belief are disagree-'able and troublesome neighbours; and where they 'separate, depend upon it, 'tis for no other cause 'but quietness sake.

'*Secondly*, When a man, thus represented, tells 'you in any particular instance,—That such a thing

'goes against his conscience,—always believe he means 'exactly the same thing as when he tells you such 'a thing goes against his stomach;—a present want 'of appetite being generally the true cause of both.

'In a word,—trust that man in nothing, who has 'not a CONSCIENCE in every thing.

'And, in your own case, remember this plain dis- 'tinction, a mistake in which has ruined thousands, '—That your conscience is not a law:—no, God and 'reason made the law, and have placed conscience 'within you to determine;—not, like an Asiatic Cadi, 'according to the ebbs and flows of his own pas- 'sions,—but like a British judge in this land of 'liberty and good sense, who makes no new law, 'but faithfully declares that law which he knows 'already written.'

FINIS.

THOU hast read the sermon extremely well, Trim, quoth my father.——If he had spared his comments, replied Dr. Slop,—he would have read it much better. ——I should have read it ten times better, Sir, answered Trim, but that my heart was so full.——That was the very reason, Trim, replied my father, which has made thee read the sermon as well as thou hast done; and if the clergy of our church, continued my father, addressing himself to Dr. Slop, would take part in what they deliver, as deeply as this poor fellow has done,—as their compositions are fine;—[I deny it, quoth Dr. Slop]—I maintain it,—that the eloquence of our pulpits, with such subjects to inflame it, would be a model for the whole world:—But, alas! continued my father, and I own it, Sir,

with sorrow, that, like French politicians, in this respect, what they gain in the cabinet they lose in the field.——'Twere a pity, quoth my uncle, that this should be lost!——I like the sermon well, replied my father, 'tis dramatic;—and there is something in that way of writing, when skilfully managed, which catches the attention.——We preach much in that way with us, said Dr. Slop.——I know that very well, said my father,—but in a tone and manner which disgusted Dr. Slop, full as much as his assent, simply, could have pleased him.——But in this, added Dr. Slop, a little piqued, our sermons have greatly the advantage, that we never introduce any character into them below a patriarch or a patriarch's wife, or a martyr, or a saint.—There are some very bad characters in this, however, said my father; and I do not think the sermon a jot the worse for 'em.—— But pray, quoth my uncle Toby,—whose can this be?—How could it get into my Stevinus!——A man must be as great a conjurer as Stevinus, said my father, to resolve the second question. The first, I think, is not so difficult;—for, unless my judgment greatly deceives me,—I know the author, for 'tis wrote, certainly, by the parson of the parish.

The similitude of the style and manner of it, with those my father constantly had heard preached in his parish-church, was the ground of his conjecture,— proving it as strongly as an argument *à priori* could prove such a thing to a philosophic mind, That it was Yorick's, and no one's else.—It was proved to be so *à posteriori*, the day after, when Yorick sent a servant to my uncle Toby's house to enquire after it.

It seems that Yorick, who was inquisitive after all kinds of knowledge, had borrowed Stevinus of my uncle Toby, and had carelessly popped his sermon, as

soon as he had made it, into the middle of Stevinus; and by an act of forgetfulness to which he was ever subject, he had sent Stevinus home, and his sermon to keep him company.

Ill-fated sermon! Thou wast lost, after this recovery of thee, a second time, dropped thro' an unsuspected fissure in thy master's pocket down into a treacherous and tattered lining,—trod deep into the dirt, by the left hind-foot of his Rosinante inhumanly stepping upon thee as thou falledst;—buried ten days in the mire, —raised up out of it by a beggar,—sold for a half-penny to a parish-clerk, transferred to his parson,— lost for ever to thy own, the remainder of his days,— nor restored to his restless manes till this very moment that I tell the world the story.

Can the reader believe that this sermon of Yorick's was preached at an assize, in the cathedral of York, before a thousand witnesses, ready to give oath of it, by a certain prebendary of that church, and actually printed by him when he had done?—and within so short a space as two years and three months after Yorick's death?—Yorick, indeed, was never better served in his life;——but it was a little hard to maltreat him after, and plunder him after he was laid in his grave.

However, as the gentleman who did it was in perfect charity with Yorick,—and, in conscious justice, printed but a few copies to give away, and that, I am told, he could moreover have made as good a one himself, had he thought fit,—I declare I would not have published this anecdote to the world;—nor do I publish it with an intent to hurt his character and advancement in the church;—I leave that to others;—but I find myself impelled by two reasons, which I cannot withstand.

The first is, That in doing justice, I may give rest

to Yorick's ghost;—which,—as the country-people, and some others, believe,—*still walks.*

The second reason is, That, by laying open this story to the world, I gain an opportunity of informing it,—That in case the character of Parson Yorick, and the sample of his sermons, is liked,—there are now in the possession of the Shandy family, as many as will make a handsome volume, at the world's service;—and much good may they do it!

CHAPTER XVIII.

OBADIAH gained the two crowns without dispute; for he came in jingling, with all the instruments in a green-baize bag we spoke of, slung across his body, just as Corporal Trim went out of the room.

It is now proper, I think, quoth Dr. Slop (clearing up his looks), as we are in a condition to be of some service to Mrs. Shandy, to send up stairs, to know how she goes on.

I have ordered, answered my father, the old midwife to come down to us upon the least difficulty;—for you must know, Dr. Slop, continued my father, with a perplexed kind of a smile upon his countenance, that, by express treaty, solemnly ratified between me and my wife, you are no more than an auxiliary in this affair,—and not so much as that,—unless the lean old mother of a midwife above stairs cannot do without you.—Women have their particular fancies; and in points of this nature, continued my father, where they bear the whole burden, and suffer so much acute pain, for the advantage of our families, and the good of the species,

—they claim a right of deciding, *en Souveraines*, in whose hands, and in what fashion, they choose to undergo it.

They are in the right of it,—quoth my uncle Toby.——But, Sir, replied Dr. Slop, not taking notice of my uncle Toby's opinion, but turning to my father,—they had better govern in other points;—and a father of a family, who wishes its perpetuity, in my opinion, had better exchange this prerogative with them, and give up some other rights in lieu of it.——I know not, quoth my father, answering a little too testily to be quite dispassionate in what he said,—I know not, quoth he, what we have left to give up in lieu of who shall bring our children into the world, unless that, of who shall beget them.——One would almost give up anything, replied Dr. Slop.——I beg your pardon,—answered my uncle Toby.——Sir, replied Dr. Slop, it would astonish you to know what improvements we have made of late years, in all branches of obstetrical knowledge, but particularly in that one single point of the safe and expeditious extraction of the *fœtus*,—which has received such lights, that, for my part (holding up his hands) I declare, I wonder how the world has——. I wish, quoth my uncle Toby, you had seen what prodigious armies we had in Flanders!

CHAPTER XIX.

I HAVE dropped the curtain over this scene for a minute,—to remind you of one thing,—and to inform you of another.

What I have to inform you, comes, I own, a little

out of its due course;—for it should have been told a hundred and fifty pages ago, but that I foresaw then 'twould come in pat hereafter, and be of more advantage here than elsewhere.—Writers had need look before them, to keep up the spirit and connection of what they have in hand.

When these two things are done,—the curtain shall be drawn up again; and my uncle Toby, my father, and Dr. Slop, shall go on with their discourse, without any more interruption.

First, then, the matter which I have to remind you of, is this:—That from the specimens of singularity in my father's notions in the point of Christian names, and that other previous point thereto,—you was led, I think, into an opinion,—(and I am sure I said as much) that my father was a gentleman altogether as odd and whimsical in fifty other opinions. In truth, there was not a stage in the life of man, from the very first act of his begetting,—down to the lean and slippered pantaloon in his second childishness, but he had some favourite notion to himself, springing out of it, as sceptical, and as far out of the highway of thinking, as these two which have been explained.

—Mr. Shandy, my father, Sir, would see nothing in the light in which others placed it;—he placed things in his own light;—he would weigh nothing in common scales:—no, he was too refined a researcher to lie open to so gross an imposition.—To come at the exact weight of things in the scientific steelyard, the *fulcrum*, he would say, should be almost invisible, to avoid all friction from popular tenets;—without this, the *minutiæ* of philosophy, which would always turn the balance, will have no weight at all. Knowledge, like matter, he would affirm, was divisible *in infinitum;*—that the grains and scruples were

as much a part of it, as the gravitation of the whole world.—In a word, he would say, error was error—no matter where it fell—whether in a fraction—or a pound, 'twas alike fatal to Truth; and she was kept down at the bottom of her well, as inevitably by a mistake in the dust of a butterfly's wing,—as in the disk of the sun, the moon, and all the stars of Heaven put together.

He would often lament that it was for want of considering this properly, and of applying it skilfully to civil matters, as well as to speculative truths, that so many things in this world were out of joint;—that the political arch was giving way;—and that the very foundations of our excellent constitution, in church and state, were so sapped as estimators had reported.

You cry out, he would say, we are a ruined, undone people. Why? he would ask, making use of the sorites or syllogism of Zeno and Chrysippus, without knowing it belonged to them.—Why? why are we a ruined people?—Because we are corrupted.—Whence is it, dear Sir, that we are corrupted?—Because we are needy;—our poverty, and not our wills, consent:—and wherefore, he would add, are we needy?—From the neglect, he would answer, of our pence and our half-pence:—our bank-notes, Sir, our guineas:—nay, our shillings take care of themselves.

'Tis the same, he would say, throughout the whole circle of the sciences;—the great, the established points of them, are not to be broke in upon.—The laws of nature will defend themselves;—but error—(he would add, looking earnestly at my mother)—error, Sir, creeps in thro' the minute holes and small crevices which human-nature leaves unguarded.

This turn of thinking in my father is what I had to remind you of:—the point you are to be informed

of, and which I have reserved for this place, is as follows:—

Amongst the many and excellent reasons with which my father had urged my mother to accept of Dr. Slop's assistance preferably to that of the old woman,—there was one of a very singular nature; which when he had done arguing the matter with her as a Christian, and came to argue it over again with her as a philosopher, he had put his whole strength to, depending indeed upon it as his sheet-anchor.——It failed him, tho' from no defect in the argument itself; but that, do what he could, he was not able for his soul to make her comprehend the drift of it.——Cursed luck! said he to himself, one afternoon, as he walked out of the room, after he had been stating it for an hour and an half to her, to no manner of purpose;—cursed luck! said he, biting his lip as he shut the door,—for a man to be master of one of the finest chains of reasoning in nature,—and have a wife at the same time with such a head-piece, that he cannot hang up a single inference within-side of it, to save his soul from destruction!

This argument, though it was entirely lost upon my mother,—had more weight with him than all his other arguments joined together:—I will therefore endeavour to do it justice,—and set it forth with all the perspicuity I am master of.

My father set out upon the strength of these two following axioms:—

First, That an ounce of a man's own wit was worth a ton of other people's; and,

Secondly, (which, by the bye, was the groundwork of the first axiom,—tho' it comes last) That every man's wit must come from every man's own soul,—and no other body's.

Now, as it was plain to my father, that all souls were by nature equal,—and that the great difference between the most acute and the most obtuse understanding, — was from no original sharpness or bluntness of one thinking substance above or below another,—but arose merely from the lucky or unlucky organization of the body, in that part where the soul principally took up her residence,—he had made it the subject of his enquiry to find out the identical place.

Now, from the best accounts he had been able to get of this matter, he was satisfied it could not be where Des Cartes had fixed it, upon the top of the *pineal* gland of the brain; which, as he philosophized, formed a cushion for her about the size of a marrow-pea; tho', to speak the truth, as so many nerves did terminate all in that one place,—'twas no bad conjecture;—and my father had certainly fallen with that great philosopher plumb into the centre of the mistake, had it not been for my uncle Toby, who rescued him out of it, by a story he told him of a Walloon officer at the battle of Landen, who had one part of his brain shot away by a musket-ball,—and another part of it taken out after by a French surgeon; and after all, recovered, and did his duty very well without it.

If death, said my father, reasoning with himself, is nothing but the separation of the soul from the body;—and if it is true that people can walk about and do their business without brains,—then certes the soul does not inhabit there. Q. E. D.

As for that certain, very thin, subtle, and very fragrant juice which Coglionissimo Borri, the great Milanese physician affirms, in a Letter to Bartholine, to have discovered in the *cellulæ* of the *occipital* parts

of the *cerebellum*, and which he likewise affirms to be the principal seat of the reasonable soul (for, you must know, in these latter and more enlightened ages, there are two souls in every man living,—the one, according to the great Metheglingius, being called the *Animus;* the other, the *Anima;*)—as for the opinion, I say, of Borri,—my father could never subscribe to it by any means; the very idea of so noble, so refined, so immaterial, and so exalted a being as the *Anima*, or even the *Animus*, taking up her residence and sitting dabbling, like a tadpole, all day long, both summer and winter, in a puddle,—or in a liquid of any kind, how thick or thin soever, he would say, shocked his imagination; he would scarce give the doctrine a hearing.

What therefore seemed the least liable to objections of any, was, that the chief *sensorium*, or head quarters of the soul, and to which place all intelligences were referred, and from whence all her mandates were issued,—was in, or near, the *cerebellum*,—or rather somewhere about the *medulla oblongata*, wherein it was generally agreed by Dutch anatomists, that all the minute nerves from all the organs of the seven senses concentred, like streets and winding alleys, into a square.

So far there was nothing singular in my father's opinion,—he had the best of philosophers, of all ages and climates, to go along with him.——But here he took a road of his own, setting up another Shandean hypothesis upon these corner-stones they had laid for him;—and which said hypothesis equally stood its ground; whether the subtilty and fineness of the soul depended upon the temperature and clearness of the said liquor, or of the finer net-work and texture in the *cerebellum* itself; which opinion he favoured.

He maintained, that next to the due care to be taken in the act of propagation of each individual, which required all the thought in the world, as it laid the foundation of this incomprehensible contexture, in which wit, memory, fancy, eloquence, and what is usually meant by the name of good natural parts, do consist;—that next to this and his Christian-name, which were the two original and most efficacious causes of all;—that the third cause, or rather what logicians call the *Causa sine quâ non*, and without which all that was done was of no manner of significance,—was the preservation of this delicate and fine-spun web, from the havoc which was generally made in it by the violent compression and crush which the head was made to undergo, by the nonsensical method of bringing us into the world by that foremost.

——This requires explanation.

My father, who dipped into all kinds of books, upon looking into *Lithopædus Senonesis de Partu difficili*,* published by Adrianus Smelvgot, had found out, that the lax and pliable state of a child's head in parturition, the bones of the *cranium* having no sutures at that time, was such,—that by force of the woman's efforts, which, in strong labour-pains, was equal, upon an average, to the weight of 470 pounds avoirdupois acting perpendicularly upon it,—it so happened, that in forty-nine instances out of fifty,

* The author is here twice mistaken; for *Lithopædus* should be wrote thus, *Lithopædii Senonensis Icon.* The second mistake is, that this *Lithopædus* is not an author, but a drawing of a petrified child. The account of this, published by Athosius 1580, may be seen at the end of Cordæus's works in Spachius. Mr. Tristram Shandy has been led into this error, either from seeing *Lithopædus's* name of late in a catalogue of learned writers in Dr ——, or by mistaking *Lithopædus* for *Trinecavellius*,—from the too great similitude of the names.

the said head was compressed and moulded into the shape of an oblong conical piece of dough, such as a pastry-cook generally rolls up, in order to make a pie of.—Good God!—cried my father, what havoc and destruction must this make in the infinitely fine and tender texture of the *cerebellum!*—Or if there is such a juice as Borri pretends,—is it not enough to make the clearest liquid in the world both feculent and mothery?

But how great was his apprehension, when he farther understood, that this force, acting upon the very vertex of the head, not only injured the brain itself, or *cerebrum*,—but that it necessarily squeezed and propelled the *cerebrum* towards the *cerebellum*, which was the immediate seat of the understanding!——Angels and ministers of grace defend us! cried my father. Can any soul withstand this shock?—No wonder the intellectual web is so rent and tattered as we see it; and that so many of our best heads are no better than a puzzled skein of silk,—all perplexity,—all confusion withinside.

But when my father read on, and was let into the secret, that when a child was turned topsy-turvy, which was easy for an operator to do, and was extracted by the feet;—that instead of the *cerebrum* being propelled towards the *cerebellum*, the *cerebellum*, on the contrary, was propelled simply towards the *cerebrum*, where it could do no manner of hurt:——By Heavens! cried he, the world is in conspiracy to drive out what little wit God has given us,—and the professors of the obstetric art are listed into the same conspiracy.—What is it to me which end of my son comes foremost into the world, provided all goes right after, and his *cerebellum* escapes uncrushed?

It is the nature of an hypothesis, when once a man

has conceived it, that it assimilates every thing to itself, as proper nourishment; and, from the first moment of your begetting it, it generally grows the stronger by every thing you see, hear, read, or understand. This is of great use.

When my father was gone with this about a month there was scarce a phenomenon of stupidity or of genius, which he could not readily solve by it:——it accounted for the eldest son being the greatest block-head in the family.——Poor devil! he would say,—he made way for the capacity of his younger brothers. ——It unriddled the observations of drivellers and monstrous heads,—shewing *à priori*, it could not be otherwise,—unless *** I don't know what. It wonderfully explained and accounted for the *acumen* of the Asiatic genius; and that sprightlier turn, and a more penetrating intuition of minds, in warmer climates; not from the loose and common-place solution of a clearer sky, and a more perpetual sunshine, &c.—which, for aught he knew, might as well rarefy and dilute the faculties of the soul into nothing, by one extreme, as they are condensed in colder climates, by the other;—but he traced the affair up to its spring-head;—shewed, that in warmer climates, nature had laid a lighter tax upon the fairest parts of the creation; their pleasures more; the necessity of their pains less, insomuch that the pressure and resistance upon the vertex was so slight, that the whole organization of the *cerebellum* was preserved; nay, he did not believe, in natural births, that so much as a single thread of the net-work was broke or displaced,—so that the soul might just act as she liked.

When my father had got so far,——what a blaze of light did the accounts of the Cæsarian section, and of the towering geniuses who had come safe into the

world by it, cast upon this hypothesis! Here you see, he would say, there was no injury done to the *sensorium*;—no pressure of the head against the *pelvis*;—no propulsion of the *cerebrum* towards the *cerebellum*, either by *os pubis* on this side, or the *os coxygis* on that;——and pray, what were the happy consequences?—Why, Sir, your Julius Cæsar, who gave the operation a name;—and your Hermes Trismegistus, who was born so before ever the operation had a name;——your Scipio Africanus; your Manlius Torquatus; our Edward the Sixth,—who, had he lived, would have done the same honour to the hypothesis:——These, and many more who figured high in the annals of fame,—all came *side-way*, Sir, into the world.

The incision of the *abdomen* and *uterus* ran for six weeks together in my father's head; he had read, and was satisfied, that wounds in the *epigastrium*, and those in the *matrix*, were not mortal;—so that the belly of the mother might be opened extremely well to give a passage to the child.—He mentioned the thing one afternoon to my mother,——merely as a matter of fact; but seeing her turn as pale as ashes at the very mention of it, as much as the operation flattered his hopes, he thought it as well to say no more of it,—contenting himself with admiring—what he thought was to no purpose to propose.

This was my father, Mr. Shandy's hypothesis; concerning which I have only to add, that my brother Bobby did as great honour to it (whatever he did to the family) as any one of the great heroes we spoke of; for happening not only to be christened, as I told you, but to be born too, when my father was at Epsom,—being moreover my mother's first child,—coming into the world with his head *foremost*,—and

turning out afterwards a lad of wonderful slow parts,—my father spelt all these together into his opinion; and as he had failed at one end,—he was determined to try the other.

This was not to be expected from one of the sisterhood, who are not easily to be put out of their way;—and was therefore one of my father's great reasons in favour of a man of science,——whom he could better deal with.

Of all men in the world, Dr. Slop was the fittest for my father's purpose;—for tho' his new-invented forceps was the armour he had proved, and what he maintained to be the safest instrument of deliverance, yet, it seems, he had scattered a word or two in his book, in favour of the very thing which ran in my father's fancy;—tho' not with a view to the soul's good in extracting by the feet, as was my father's system,—but for reasons merely obstetrical.

This will account for the coalition betwixt my father and Dr. Slop, in the ensuing discourse, which went a little hard against my uncle Toby.——In what manner a plain man, with nothing but common sense, could bear up against two such allies in science, is hard to conceive.—You may conjecture upon it, if you please;—and whilst your imagination is in motion, you may encourage it to go on, and discover by what causes and effects in nature it could come to pass, that my uncle Toby got his modesty by the wound he received upon his groin.—You may raise a system to account for the loss of my nose by marriage-articles,—and shew the world how it could happen, that I should have the misfortune to be called Tristram, in opposition to my father's hypothesis, and the wish of the whole family, godfathers and godmothers not excepted.—These, with fifty other points left yet unravelled, you may endea-

vour to solve, if you have time;—but I tell you beforehand it will be in vain; for not the sage Alquise, the magician in Don Belianis of Greece, nor the no less famous Urganda the sorceress, his wife, (were they alive) could pretend to come within a league of the truth.

The reader will be content to wait for a full explanation of these matters till the next year,—when a series of things will be laid open which he little expects.

THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

Multitudinis imperitæ non formido judicia, meis tamen, rogo, parcant opusculis—in quibus fuit propositi semper, à jocis ad seria, in seriis vicissim ad jocos transire. JOAN. SARESBERIENSIS,
Episcopus Lugdun.

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THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

CHAPTER I.

——'I WISH, Dr. Slop,' quoth my uncle Toby (repeating his wish for Dr. Slop a second time, and with a degree of more zeal and earnestness in his manner of wishing than he had wished at first*)——'I 'wish, Dr. Slop,' quoth my uncle Toby, 'you had seen 'what prodigious armies we had in Flanders!'

My uncle Toby's wish did Dr. Slop a disservice, which his heart never intended any man;—Sir, it confounded him,—and thereby putting his ideas first into confusion, and then to flight, he could not rally them again for the soul of him.

In all disputes—male or female,—whether for honour, for profit, or for love,—it makes no difference in the case;—nothing is more dangerous, Madam, than a wish coming sideways in this unexpected manner upon a man. The safest way, in general, to take off the force of the wish is, for the party wished at, instantly to get upon his legs,—and wish the *wisher* something in return, of pretty near the same value;—

* *Vide* page 154.

so balancing the account upon the spot, you stand as you were;—nay, sometimes gain the advantage of the attack by it.

This will be fully illustrated to the world in my chapter of wishes.—

Dr. Slop did not understand the nature of this defence;—he was puzzled with it, and it put an entire stop to the dispute for four minutes and a half;—five had been fatal to it:—My father saw the danger;—the dispute was one of the most interesting disputes in the world: 'Whether the child of his prayers and endea-'vours should be born without a head or with one.' —He waited to the last moment, to allow Dr. Slop, in whose behalf the wish was made, his right of returning it; but perceiving, I say, that he was confounded, and continued looking with that perplexed vacuity of eye which puzzled souls generally stare with,—first in my uncle Toby's face,—then in his,—then up,—then down, —then east,—east and by east,—and so on,—coasting it along by the plinth of the wainscot till he had got to the opposite point of the compass,—and that he had actually begun to count the brass nails upon the arm of his chair,—my father thought there was no time to be lost with my uncle Toby; so took up the discourse as follows:—

CHAPTER II.

—'WHAT prodigious armies you had in Flanders!'——

Brother Toby, replied my father, taking his wig from off his head with his right hand, and with his *left* pulling out a striped India handkerchief from his right

coat-pocket, in order to rub his head, as he argued the point with my uncle Toby.——

——Now, in this I think my father was much to blame; and I will give you my reasons for it.

Matters of no more seeming consequence in themselves than, 'Whether my father should have taken 'off his wig with his right hand or with his left,'—have divided the greatest kingdoms, and made the crowns of the monarchs who governed them to totter upon their heads.——But need I tell you, Sir, that the circumstances with which every thing in this world is begirt, give every thing in this world its size and shape,——and, by tightening it, or relaxing it, this way or that, make the thing to be what it is,—great,—little,—good,—bad,—indifferent or not indifferent, just as the case happens?

As my father's India handkerchief was in his right coat-pocket, he should by no means have suffered his right hand to have got engaged: on the contrary, instead of taking off his wig with it, as he did, he ought to have committed that entirely to the left; and then, when the natural exigency my father was under of rubbing his head, called out for his handkerchief, he would have had nothing in the world to have done, but to have put his right hand into his right coat-pocket and taken it out;—which he might have done without any violence, or the least ungraceful twist in any one tendon or muscle of his whole body.

In this case (unless, indeed, my father had been resolved to make a fool of himself by holding the wig stiff in his left hand,—or by making some nonsensical angle or other at his elbow-joint, or arm-pit)—his whole attitude had been easy,—natural,—unforced. Reynolds himself, as great and graceful as he paints, might have painted him as he sat.

Now, as my father managed this matter,—consider what a devil of a figure my father made of himself.

In the latter end of Queen Anne's reign, and in the beginning of the reign of King George the First,—'Coat-pockets were cut very low down in the skirt.'—I need say no more;—the father of mischief, had he been hammering at it a month, could not have contrived a worse fashion for one in my father's situation.

CHAPTER III.

It was not an easy matter in any king's reign (unless you were as lean a subject as myself) to have forced your hand, diagonally, quite across your whole body, so as to gain the bottom of your opposite coat-pocket.——In the year one thousand seven hundred and eighteen, when this happened, it was extremely difficult; so that when my uncle Toby discovered the transverse zig-zaggery of my father's approaches towards it, it instantly brought into his mind those he had done duty in, before the gate of St. Nicholas;—the idea of which drew off his attention so entirely from the subject in debate, that he had got his right hand to the bell to ring up Trim to go and fetch his map of Namur, and his compasses and sector along with it, to measure the returning angles of the transverses of that attack,—but particularly of that one where he received his wound upon his groin.

My father knit his brows, and, as he knit them,

all the blood in his body seemed to rush up into his face:—my uncle Toby dismounted immediately.

—I did not apprehend your uncle Toby was on horseback.——

CHAPTER IV.

A MAN'S body and his mind, with the utmost reverence to both I speak it, are exactly like a jerkin, and a jerkin's lining;—rumple the one,—you rumple the other. There is one certain exception, however, in this case, and that is, when you are so fortunate a fellow as to have had your jerkin made of gum-taffeta, and the body-lining to it of a sarcenet, or thin Persian.

Zeno, Cleanthes, Diogenes Babylonius, Dionysius, Heracleotes, Antipater, Panætius, and Possidonius, amongst the Greeks;—Cato, and Varro, and Seneca, amongst the Romans;—Pantenus, and Clemens Alexandrinus, and Montaigne, amongst the Christians; and a score and a half of good, honest, unthinking Shandean people as ever lived, whose names I can't recollect,—all pretended that their jerkins were made after this fashion;—you might have rumpled and crumpled, and doubled and creased, and fretted and fridged the outside of them all to pieces;—in short, you might have played the very devil with them, and, at the same time, not one of the insides of them would have been one button the worse, for all you had done to them.

I believe in my conscience that mine is made up somewhat after this sort:—for never poor jerkin has

been tickled off at such a rate as it has been these last nine months together;—and yet I declare, the lining to it,—as far as I am a judge of the matter,—is not a three-penny piece the worse;—pell-mell, helter-skelter, ding-dong, cut-and-thrust, back stroke and fore stroke, side way and long way, have they been trimming it for me. Had there been the least gumminess in my lining, by Heaven! it had all of it, long ago, been frayed and fretted to a thread.

——You Messrs. the Monthly Reviewers!——how could you cut and slash my jerkin as you did?—how did you know but you would cut my lining too?

Heartily and from my soul, to the protection of that Being who will injure none of us, do I recommend you and your affairs,—so God bless you!—only next month, if any one of you should gnash his teeth, and storm and rage at me, as some of you did last May (in which I remember the weather was very hot)—don't be exasperated if I pass it by again with good temper,—being determined, as long as I live or write (which, in my case, means the same thing) never to give the honest gentleman a worse word or a worse wish than my uncle Toby gave the fly which buzzed about his nose all dinner-time:——'Go,—go, poor 'devil,' quoth he;—'get thee gone:—why should I 'hurt thee! This world is surely wide enough to 'hold thee and me.'

CHAPTER V.

ANY man, Madam, reasoning upwards, and observing the prodigious suffusion of blood in my father's coun-

tenance,—by means of which (as all the blood in his body seemed to rush into his face, as I told you) he must have reddened, pictorically and scientifically speaking, six whole tints and a half, if not a full octave above his natural colour;—any man, Madam, but my uncle Toby, who had observed this,—together with the violent knitting of my father's brows, and the extravagant contortion of his body during the whole affair,—would have concluded my father in a rage; and, taking that for granted,—had he been a lover of such kind of concord as arises from two such instruments being put in exact tune,—he would instantly have screwed up his to the same pitch;—and then the devil and all had broke loose—the whole piece, Madam, must have been played off like the sixth of Avison Scarlatti—*con furia*,—like mad.—Grant me patience!—What has *con furia*,—*con strepito*,—or any other hurly-burly whatever to do with harmony?

Any man, I say, Madam, but my uncle Toby, the benignity of whose heart interpreted every motion of the body in the kindest sense the motion would admit of, would have concluded my father angry, and blamed him too. My uncle Toby blamed nothing but the tailor who cut the pocket hole;—so, sitting still till my father had got his handkerchief out of it, and looking all the time up in his face with inexpressible good-will,—my father at length went on as follows:—

CHAPTER VI.

'WHAT prodigious armies you had in Flanders!'

——Brother Toby, quoth my father, I do believe thee to be as honest a man, and with as good and as upright a heart as ever God created;—nor is it thy fault if all the children which have been, may, can, shall, will, or ought to be begotten, come with their heads foremost into the world:—but believe me, dear Toby, the accidents which unavoidably way-lay them, not only in the article of our begetting 'em,—though these, in my opinion, are well worth considering,—but the dangers and difficulties our children are beset with, after they are got forth into the world, are enow;—little need is there to expose them to unnecessary ones in their passage to it.——Are these dangers, quoth my uncle Toby, laying his hand upon my father's knee, and looking up seriously in his face for an answer,—are these dangers greater now-a-days, brother, than in times past?——Brother Toby, answered my father, if a child was but fairly begot, and born alive, and healthy, and the mother did well after it,—our forefathers never looked farther.—My uncle Toby instantly withdrew his hand from off my father's knee, reclined his body gently back in his chair, raised his head till he could just see the cornice of the room, and then, directing the buccinatory muscles along his cheeks, and the obicular muscles around his lips, to do their duty, he whistled *Lillibullero*.

CHAPTER VII.

WHILST my uncle Toby was whistling *Lillibullero* to my father,—Dr. Slop was stamping, and cursing and damning at Obadiah at a most dreadful rate.——It would have done your heart good, and cured you, Sir, for ever of the vile sin of swearing, to have heard him. I am determined, therefore, to relate the whole affair to you.

When Dr. Slop's maid delivered the green-baize bag, with her master's instruments in it, to Obadiah, she very sensibly exhorted him to put his head and one arm through the strings, and ride with it slung across his body. So undoing the bow-knot, to lengthen the strings for him, without any more ado she helped him on with it. However, as this, in some measure, unguarded the mouth of the bag; lest anything should bolt out in galloping back, at the speed Obadiah threatened, they consulted to take it off again: and in the great care and caution of their hearts, they had taken the two strings and tied them close (pursing up the mouth of the bag first) with half-a-dozen hard knots, each of which Obadiah, to make all safe, had twitched and drawn together with all the strength of his body.

This answered all that Obadiah and the maid intended; but was no remedy against some evils which neither he nor she foresaw. The instruments, it seems, as tight as the bag was tied above, had so much room to play in it, towards the bottom, (the shape of the bag being conical,) that Obadiah could not make a trot of it, but with such a terrible jingle, what with the *tirette*, *forceps*, and *squirt*, as would have been enough,

had Hymen been taking a jaunt that way, to have frightened him out of the country; but when Obadiah accelerated his motion, and from a plain trot assayed to prick his coach-horse into a full gallop,—by Heaven! Sir, the jingle was incredible.

As Obadiah had a wife and three children,—the turpitude of fornication, and the many other political ill consequences of this jingling, never once entered his brain; he had however his objection, which came home to himself, and weighed with him, as it has oftentimes done with the greatest patriots.—'The poor 'fellow, Sir, was not able to hear himself whistle.'

CHAPTER VIII.

As Obadiah loved wind-music preferably to all the instrumental music he carried with him,—he very considerately set his imagination to work, to contrive and to invent by what means he should put himself in a condition of enjoying it.

In all distresses (except musical) where small cords are wanted, nothing is so apt to enter a man's head as his hat-band:——the philosophy of this is so near the surface,—I scorn to enter into it.

As Obadiah's was a mixed case;——mark, Sirs,—I say, a mixed case; for it was obstetrical,—*scriptical*, squirtical, papistical—and, as far as the coach-horse was concerned in it,—Cabalistical, and only partly musical;—Obadiah made no scruple of availing himself of the first expedient which offered: so taking hold of the bag and instruments, and griping them hard together, with one hand, and with the finger and

thumb of the other putting the end of the hat-band betwixt his teeth, and then slipping his hand down to the middle of it,—he tied and cross-tied them all fast together, from one end to the other (as you would cord a trunk), with such a multiplicity of round-abouts and intricate cross turns, with a hard knot at every intersection or point where the strings met,—that Dr. Slop must have had three-fifths of Job's patience at least to have unloosed them.—I think, in my conscience, that had Nature been in one of her nimble moods, and in humour for such a contest,—and she and Dr. Slop both fairly started together,—there is no man living who had seen the bag with all that Obadiah had done to it,—and known likewise the great speed the Goddess can make when she thinks proper, who would have had the least doubt remaining in his mind—which of the two would have carried off the prize. My mother, Madam, had been delivered sooner than the green bag infallibly—at least by twenty knots.—Sport of small accidents, Tristram Shandy! that thou art, and ever will be! had that trial been made for thee, and it was fifty to one but it had,—thy affairs had not been so depress'd (at least by the depression of thy nose) as they have been; nor had the fortunes of thy house and the occasions of making them, which have so often presented themselves in the course of thy life, to thee, been so often, so vexatiously, so tamely, so irrecoverably abandoned—as thou hast been forced to leave them:—but 'tis over,—all but the account of 'em, which cannot be given to the curious till I am got into the world.

CHAPTER IX.

GREAT wits jump:—for the moment Dr. Slop cast his eyes upon his bag (which he had not done till the dispute with my uncle Toby about midwifery put him in mind of it) the very same thought occurred.—'Tis God's mercy, quoth he (to himself), that Mrs. Shandy has had so bad a time of it! else she might have been brought to bed, seven times told, before one half of these knots could have been got untied.—But here you must distinguish:—the thought floated only in Dr. Slop's mind, without sail or ballast to it, as a simple proposition; millions of which, as your Worship knows, are every day swimming quietly in the middle of the thin juice of a man's understanding, without being carried backwards or forwards, till some little gusts of passion or interest drive them to one side.

A sudden trampling in the room above, near my mother's bed, did the proposition the very service I am speaking of. By all that's unfortunate, quoth Dr. Slop, unless I make haste, the thing will actually befall me, as it is!

CHAPTER X.

IN the case of knots; by which, in the first place, I would not be understood to mean slip-knots,—because, in the course of my life and opinions,—my opinions concerning them will come in more properly when I mention the catastrophe of my great uncle, Mr. Hammond Shandy,—a little man,—but of high fancy;—

he rushed into the Duke of Monmouth's affair:—nor, secondly, in this place, do I mean that particular species of knots called Bow-knots;—there is so little address, or skill, or patience required in the unloosing them, that they are below my giving any opinion at all about them.—But by the knots I am speaking of, may it please your Reverences to believe, that I mean good, honest, devilish tight, hard knots, made *bonâ fide* as Obadiah made his;—in which there is no quibbling provision made by the duplication and return of the two ends of the strings thro' the annulus or noose made by the second implication of them,—to get them slipp'd and undone by.—I hope you apprehend me!

In the case of these knots then, and of the several obstructions, which, may it please your Reverences, such knots cast in our way in getting through life,—every hasty man can whip out his penknife and cut through them.—'Tis wrong. Believe me, Sirs, the most virtuous way, and which both reason and conscience dictate,—is to take our teeth or our fingers to them.—Dr. Slop had lost his teeth—his favourite instrument, by extracting in a wrong direction, or by some misapplication of it, unfortunately slipping, he had formerly, in a hard labour, knock'd out three of the best of them with the handle of it:——he tried his fingers;—alas! the nails of his fingers and thumbs were cut close.—The deuce take it! I can make nothing of it, either way! cried Dr. Slop.—The trampling over head, near my mother's bedside, increased.—Pox take the fellow! I shall never get the knots untied, as long as I live!—My mother gave a groan.——Lend me your penknife!—I must e'en cut the knots at last.—Pugh!—psha! Lord!—I have cut my thumb quite across, to the very bone.—Curse

the fellow!—if there was not another man-midwife within fifty miles—I am undone for this bout.—I wish the scoundrel hang'd!—I wish he was shot!—I wish all the devils in hell had him for a block-head!——

My father had a great respect for Obadiah, and could not bear to hear him disposed of in such a manner:—he had, moreover, some little respect for himself,—and could as ill bear with the indignity offered to himself in it.

Had Dr. Slop cut any part about him but his thumb,—my father had pass'd it by—his prudence had triumphed:—as it was, he was determined to have his revenge.

Small curses, Dr. Slop, upon great occasions, quoth my father (condoling with him first upon the accident), are but so much waste of our strength and soul's health to no manner of purpose.——I own it, replied Dr. Slop.——They are like sparrow-shot, quoth my uncle Toby (suspending his whistling) fired against a bastion.——They serve, continued my father, to stir the humours—but carry off none of their acrimony:—for my own part, I seldom swear or curse at all—I hold it bad;—but if I fall into it by surprize, I generally retain so much presence of mind (right! quoth my uncle Toby) as to make it answer my purpose;—that is, I swear on till I find myself easy. A wise and a just man, however, would always endeavour to proportion the vent given to these humours, not only to the degree of them stirring within himself,—but to the size and ill intent of the offence upon which they are to fall.—'Injuries come 'only from the heart,' quoth my uncle Toby.——For this reason, continued my father, with the most Cervantic gravity, I have the greatest veneration in the

world for that gentleman, who, in distrust of his own discretion in this point, sat down and composed (that is at his leisure) fit forms of swearing suitable to all cases, from the lowest to the highest provocations which could possibly happen to him;—which forms being well considered by him,—and such, moreover, as he could stand to, he kept them ever by him on the chimney-piece, within his reach, ready for use.—— I never apprehended, replied Dr. Slop, that such a thing was ever thought of,—much less executed.—I beg your pardon! answered my father: I was reading, though not using, one of them to my brother Toby this morning, whilst he pour'd out the tea:—'tis here upon the shelf over my head;——but if I remember right, 'tis too violent for a cut of the thumb.——Not at all, quoth Dr. Slop—the devil take the fellow!—— Then, answered my father, 'tis much at your service, Dr. Slop,—on condition you read it aloud.—So rising up and reaching down a form of excommunication of the Church of Rome, a copy of which my father (who was curious in his collections) had procured out of the ledger-book of the church of Rochester, writ by Ernulphus the bishop,—with a most affected seriousness of look and voice, which might have cajoled Ernulphus himself,—he put it into Dr. Slop's hands.—— Dr. Slop wrapt his thumb up in the corner of his handkerchief, and with a wry face, though without any suspicion, read aloud, as follows,—my uncle Toby whistling Lillibullero as loud as he could, all the time.

TEXTUS DE ECCLESIA ROFFENSI, PER ERNULFUM EPISCOPUM.

CAP. XI.

EXCOMMUNICATIO.

Ex auctoritate Dei Omnipotentis, Patris, et Filij, et Spiritus Sancti, et sanctorum canonum, sanctæque et intemeratæ Virginis Dei genetricis Mariæ,—

——Atque omnium cœlestium virtutum, angelorum, archangelorum, thronorum, dominationum, potestatuum, cherubim ac seraphim, et sanctorum patriarcharum, prophetarum, et omnium apostolorum et evangelistarum, et sanctorum innocentum, qui in conspectu Agni Santi digni inventi sunt canticum

As the genuineness of the consultation of the *Sorbonne* upon the question of Baptism was doubted by some and denied by others,—'twas thought proper to print the original of this Excommunication: for the copy of which Mr. Shandy returns thanks to the Chapter-clerk of the Dean and Chapter of Rochester.

CHAPTER XI.

'By the authority of God Almighty, the Father, Son, 'and Holy Ghost, and of the holy canons, and of the 'undefiled Virgin Mary, mother and patroness of our 'Saviour,'—[I think there is no necessity, quoth Dr. Slop, dropping the paper down to his knee, and addressing himself to my father,—as you have read it over, Sir, so lately to read it aloud;—and as Captain Shandy seems to have no great inclination to hear it,—I may as well read it to myself.—— That's contrary to treaty, replied my father.—Besides there is something so whimsical, especially in the latter part of it, I should grieve to lose the pleasure of a second reading.——Dr. Slop did not altogether like it;—but my uncle Toby offering at that instant to give over whistling, and read it himself to them, Dr. Slop thought he might as well read it, under the cover of my uncle Toby's whistling —as suffer my uncle Toby to read it alone;—so raising up the paper to his face, and holding it quite parallel to it, in order to hide his chagrin,—he read it aloud, as follows,—my uncle Toby whistling *Lillibullero*, though not quite so loud as before:—

'By the authority of God Almighty, the Father, 'Son, and Holy Ghost, and of the undefiled Virgin 'Mary, mother and patroness of our Saviour, and of 'all the celestial virtues, angels, archangels, thrones, 'dominions, powers, cherubim and seraphim, and of 'all the holy patriarchs, prophets, and of all the 'apostles and evangelists, and of the holy innocents, 'who in the sight of the Holy Lamb are found

cantare novum, et sanctorum martyrum, et sanctorum confessorum, et sanctarum virginum, atque omnium simul sanctorum et electorum Dei,—Excommuni- *vel* os s *vel* os camus, et anathematizamus hunc furem, vel hunc s malefactorem, N. N. et à liminibus sanctæ Dei ecclesiæ sequestramus, et æternis suppliciis excruci- *vel* i n andus, mancipetur, cum Dathan et Abiram, et cum his qui dixerunt Domino Deo, Recede à nobis, scientiam viarum tuarum nolumus: et sicut aquâ ignis extingui- *vel* eorum tur, sic extinguatur, lucerna ejus in secula seculorum n n nisi respuerit, et ad satisfactionem venerit! Amen.

os

Maledicat illum Deus Pater qui hominem creavit! os Maledicat illum Dei Filius qui pro homine passus os est! Maledicat illum Spiritus Sanctus qui in baptismo os effusus est! Maledicat illum sancta crux, quam Christus pro nostrâ salute hostem triumphans ascendit!

os

Maledicat illum sancta Dei genetrix et perpetua os Virgo Maria! Maledicat illum sanctus Michael, os animarum susceptor sacrarum. Maledicant illum omnes angeli et archangeli, principatus et potestates, omnesque militia cœlestes!

os

Maledicat illum patriarcharum et prophetarum

'worthy to sing the new song of the holy martyrs and 'holy confessors, and of the holy virgins, and of all 'the saints together, with the holy and elect of God, '—May he' (Obadiah) 'be damn'd!' (for tying these knots)—'We excommunicate and anathematize him; 'and from the thresholds of the holy church of God 'Almighty we sequester him, that he may be 'tormented, disposed, and delivered over with Dathan, 'and Abiram, and with those who say unto the 'Lord God, "Depart from us, we desire none of thy '"ways." And as fire is quenched with water, so let 'the light of him be put out for evermore, unless it 'shall repent him' (Obadiah, of the knots which he has tied) 'and make satisfaction' (for them)! 'Amen.'

'May the Father who created man, curse him!— 'May the Son who suffered for us, curse him!—— 'May the Holy Ghost, who was given to us in 'baptism, curse him!' (Obadiah)——May the holy 'cross, which Christ, for our salvation, triumphing 'over his enemies, ascended, curse him!'

'May the holy and eternal Virgin Mary, mother of 'God, curse him!——May St. Michael, the advocate 'of holy souls, curse him!——May all the angels, 'and archangels, principalities and powers, and all 'the heavenly armies, curse him!' [Our armies swore terribly in Flanders, cried my uncle Toby,—but nothing to this!——For my own part, I could not have a heart to curse my dog so.]

'May the praiseworthy multitude of patriarchs and 'prophets, curse him!

'May St. John the Præcursor, and St. John the 'Baptist, and St. Peter, and St. Paul, and St. Andrew, 'and all other Christ's apostles, together curse him! 'And may the rest of his disciples and four evangelists,

os

laudabilis numerus! Maledicant illum sanctus Johannes Præcursor et Baptista Christi, et sanctus Petrus, et sanctus Paulus, atque sanctus Andreas, omnesque Christi apostoli, simul et cæteri discipuli, quatuor quoque evangelistæ, qui sua prædicatione

os

mundum universum converterunt! Maledicat illum cuneus martyrum et confessorum mirificus, qui Deo bonis operibus placitus inventus est!

os

Maledicant illum sacrarum virginum chori, quæ mundi vana causa honoris Christi respuenda con-

os

tempserunt! Maledicant illum omnes sancti qui ab initio mundi usque in finem seculi Deo dilecti inveniuntur!

os

Maledicant illum cœli et terra, et omnia sancta in eis manentia!

i n n

Maledictus sit ubicunque, fuerit, sive in domo, sive in agro, sive in viâ, sive in semitâ, sive in silvâ, sive in aquâ, sive in ecclesiâ!

i n

Maledictus sit vivendo, moriendo,—

——	——	——	——
——	——	——	——
——	——	——	——
——	——	——	——
——	——	——	——

manducando, bibendo, esuriendo, sitiendo, jejunando, dormitando, dormiendo, vigilando, ambulando, stando, sedendo, jacendo, operando, quiescendo, mingendo, cacando, flebotomando!

'who by their preaching converted the universal 'world, and may the holy and wonderful company of 'martyrs and confessors, who by their holy works are 'found pleasing to God Almighty, curse him!' (Obadiah.)

'May the holy choir of the holy virgins, who for the 'honour of Christ have despised the things of the 'world, damn him!—May all the saints who, from the 'beginning of the world to everlasting ages, are found 'to be beloved of God, damn him!—May the 'heavens, and earth, and all the holy things remaining 'therein, damn him,' (Obadiah) 'or her!' (or whoever else had a hand in tying these knots.)

'May he (Obadiah) be damn'd, wherever he be,— 'whether in the house or the stables, the garden or 'the field, or the highway, or in the path, or in the 'wood, or in the water, or in the church!——May he 'be cursed in living, in dying!' [Here my uncle Toby, taking the advantage of a *minim* in the second bar of his tune, kept whistling one continued note to the end of the sentence,—Dr. Slop, with his division of curses moving under him, like a running bass all the way.] 'May he be cursed in eating and drinking; in 'being hungry, in being thirsty, in fasting, in sleeping, 'in slumbering, in waking, in walking, in standing, 'in sitting, in lying, in working, in resting, in pissing, 'in shitting, and in blood-letting.

'May he (Obadiah) be cursed in all the faculties of 'his body!

'May he be cursed inwardly and outwardly!—— 'May he be cursed in the hair of his head!——May 'he be cursed in his brains, and in his vertex,' (that is a sad curse! quoth my father) 'in his temples, in his 'forehead, in his ears, in his eye-brows, in his cheeks,

i n
Maledictus sit in totis viribus corporis!
i n
Maledictus sit intus et exterius!
i n i n
Maledictus sit in capillis! maledictus sit in cere-
i n
bro! Maledictus sit in vertice, in temporibus, in fronte, in auriculis, in superciliis, in oculis, in genis, in maxillis, in naribus, in dentibus, mordacibus, in labris sive molibus, in labiis, in gutture, in humeris, in carpis, in brachiis, in manibus, in digitis, in pectore, in corde, et in omnibus interioribus stomacho tenus, in renibus, in inguine, in femore, in genitalibus, in coxis, in genibus, in cruribus, in pedibus, et in unguibus!
i n
Maledictus sit in totis compagibus membrorum, à vertice capitis, usque ad plantam pedis!—Non sit in eo sanitas!
os
Maledicat illum Christus Filius Dei vivi toto suæ majestatis imperio——

'in his jaw-bones, in his nostrils, in his fore-teeth and 'grinders, in his lips, in his throat, in his shoulders, in 'his wrists, in his arms, in his hands, in his fingers!

'May he be damn'd in his mouth, in his breast, in 'his heart and purtenance, down to the very stomach!

'May he be cursed in his reins, and in his groin,' (God in heaven forbid! quoth my uncle Toby) 'in his 'thighs, in his genitals' (my father shook his head) 'and in his hips, and in his knees, his legs, and feet, 'and toe-nails!

'May he be cursed in all the joints and articulations 'of his members, from the top of his head to the sole 'of his foot! May there be no soundness in him!

'May the Son of the living God, with all the glory 'of his Majesty——' [Here my uncle Toby, throwing back his head, gave a monstrous, long, loud Whew—w—w——; something betwixt the interjectional whistle of *Hey-day!* and the word itself.——

——By the golden beard of Jupiter,—and of Juno (if her majesty wore one), and by the beards of the rest of your Heathen Worships, which, by the bye, was no small number; since, what with the beards of your celestial gods, and gods aërial and aquatic, —to say nothing of the beards of town-gods and country-gods, of the celestial goddesses your wives, or of the infernal goddesses your whores and concubines (that is, in case they wore them)——all which beards, as Varro tells me, upon his word and honour, when mustered up together, made no less than thirty thousand effective beards upon the Pagan establishment;—every beard of which claimed the rights and privileges of being stroken and sworn by: —by all these beards together then,—I vow and protest, that of the two bad cassocks I am worth in the world, I would have given the better of them, as

——et insurgat adversus illum cœlum cum omnibus virtutibus quæ in eo moventur ad *damnandum* eum, nisi pœnituerit et ad satisfactionem venerit Amen. Fiat, fiat! Amen.

freely as ever Cid Hamet offered his,—only to have stood by, and heard my uncle Toby's accompaniment!]

——'curse him!'—continued Dr. Slop,—'and may 'Heaven, with all the powers which move therein, 'rise up against him, curse and damn him' (Obadiah), 'unless he repent and make satisfaction! Amen. So 'be it,—so be it! Amen.'

I declare, quoth my uncle Toby, my heart would not let me curse the Devil himself with so much bitterness.——He is the father of curses, replied Dr. Slop.——So am not I, replied my uncle.——But he is cursed and damned already, to all eternity, replied Dr. Slop.

I am sorry for it, quoth my uncle Toby.

Dr. Slop drew up his mouth, and was just beginning to return my uncle Toby the compliment of his Whu—u—u—, or interjectional whistle,—when the door hastily opening in the next chapter but one, —put an end to the affair.

CHAPTER XII.

Now don't let us give ourselves a parcel of airs, and pretend that the oaths we make free with in this land of liberty of ours are our own; and, because we have the spirit to swear them,—imagine that we have had the wit to invent them too.

I'll undertake this moment to prove it to any man in the world, except to a connoisseur;——though I declare I object only to a connoisseur in swearing, —as I would do to a connoisseur in painting, &c., &c.,

the whole set of 'em are so hung round and *befetish'd* with the bobs and trinkets of criticism,—or, to drop my metaphor, which by the bye is a pity,—for I have fetched it as far as from the coast of Guinea,—their heads, Sir, are stuck so full of rules and compasses, and have that eternal propensity to apply them upon all occasions, that a work of genius had better go to the Devil at once, than stand to be prick'd and tortur'd to death by 'em.

—And how did Garrick speak the soliloquy last night?—Oh, against all rule, my Lord—most ungrammatically! betwixt the substantive and the adjective, which should agree together in *number*, *case*, and *gender*, he made a breach thus,—stopping, as if the point wanted settling;—and betwixt the nominative case, which, your Lordship knows, should govern the verb, he suspended his voice in the epilogue a dozen times, three seconds and three-fifths by a stop-watch, my Lord, each time.——Admirable grammarian!——But in suspending his voice,—was the sense suspended likewise?—Did no expression of attitude or countenance fill up the chasm?—Was the eye silent?—Did you narrowly look?——I looked only at the stop-watch, my Lord.——Excellent observer!

And what of this new book the whole world makes such a rout about?——Oh, 'tis out of all plumb, my Lord,—quite an irregular thing!—not one of the angles at the four corners was a right angle.——I had my rule and compasses, &c., my Lord, in my pocket.——Excellent critic!

——And for the epic poem your Lordship bid me look at,—upon taking the length, breadth, height, and depth of it, and trying them at home, upon an exact scale of Bossu's,—'tis out, my Lord, in every one of its dimensions.——Admirable connoisseur!

——And did you step in, to take a look at the grand picture in your way back?——'Tis a melancholy daub, my Lord! not one principle of the pyramid in any one group!—and what a price!—for there is nothing of the colouring of Titian—the expression of Rubens—the grace of Raphael—the purity of Dominichino—the *corregiescity* of Corregio—the learning of Poussin—the airs of Guido—the taste of the Caraccis—or the grand contour of Angelo.——Grant me patience, just Heaven! Of all the cants which are canted in this canting world,—though the cant of hypocrites may be the worst,—the cant of criticism is the most tormenting!

I would go fifty miles on foot, for I have not a horse worth riding on, to kiss the hand of that man whose generous heart will give up the reins of his imagination into his author's hands,—be pleased he knows not why, and cares not wherefore.

Great Apollo! if thou art in a giving humour,—give me,—I ask no more, but one stroke of native humour, with a single spark of thy own fire along with it,—and send Mercury, with the *rules and compasses*, if he can be spared, with my compliments to,——no matter.

Now to any one else I will undertake to prove that all the oaths and imprecations which we have been puffing off upon the world for these two hundred and fifty years last past, as originals,—except *St. Paul's thumb*,—*God's flesh* and *God's fish*, which were oaths monarchical, and, considering who made them, not much amiss; and as king's oaths, 'tis not much matter whether they were fish or flesh;—else, I say, there is not an oath, or at least a curse amongst them, which has not been copied over and over again out of Ernulphus a thousand times: but, like all other copies,

how infinitely short of the force and spirit of the original!—It is thought to be no bad oath,—and by itself passes very well,—'G—d damn you!'——Set it beside Ernulphus's,—'God Almighty the Father 'damn you!—God the Son damn you!—God the 'Holy Ghost damn you!'—you see 'tis nothing.—— There is an orientality in his we cannot rise up to: besides, he is more copious in his invention,—possess'd more of the excellencies of a swearer,—had such a thorough knowledge of the human frame, its membranes, nerves, ligaments, knittings of the joints, and articulations,—that when Ernulphus cursed,—no part escaped him.——'Tis true, there is something of a *hardness* in his manner,—and, as in Michael Angelo, a want of *grace;*—but then there is such a greatness of *gusto!*

My father, who generally look'd upon every thing in a light very different from all mankind, would, after all, never allow this to be an original.—He considered rather Ernulphus's anathema as an institute of swearing, in which, as he suspected, upon the decline of swearing in some milder pontificate, Ernulphus, by order of the succeeding pope, had with great learning and diligence collected together all the laws of it;—for the same reason that Justinian, in the decline of the empire, had ordered his chancellor Tribonian to collect the Roman or civil laws all together into one code or digest—lest, through the rust of time,—and the fatality of all things committed to oral tradition,—they should be lost to the world for ever.

For this reason, my father would oftentimes affirm, there was not an oath, from the great and tremendous oath of William the Conqueror ('By the splendour of 'God!') down to the lowest oath of the scavenger ('Damn your eyes!') which was not to be found in

Ernulphus.——In short, he would add,—I defy a man to swear out of it.

The hypothesis is, like most of my father's, singular and ingenious too;—nor have I any objection to it, but that it overturns my own.

CHAPTER XIII.

——Bless my soul!—my poor mistress is ready to faint—and her pains are gone—and the drops are done—and the bottle of julap is broke—and the nurse has cut her arm—(and I my thumb, cried Dr. Slop); and the child is where it was, continued Susannah,—and the midwife has fallen backwards upon the edge of the fender, and bruised her hip as black as your hat. ——I'll look at it, quoth Dr. Slop.——There is no need of that, replied Susannah,—you had better look at my mistress—but the midwife would gladly first give you an account how things are; so desires you would go up stairs and speak to her, this moment.

Human-nature is the same in all professions.

The midwife had just before been put over Dr. Slop's head;—he had not digested it.—No, replied Dr. Slop, 'twould be full as proper, if the midwife came down to me.——I like subordination, quoth my uncle Toby,—and but for it, after the reduction of Lisle, I know not what might have become of the garrison of Ghent, in the mutiny for bread, in the year Ten. ——Nor, replied Dr. Slop, (parodying my uncle Toby's hobby-horsical reflection; though full as hobby-horsical himself)—do I know, Captain Shandy, what might have become of the garrison above stairs,

in the mutiny and confusion I find all things are in at present, but for the subordination of fingers and thumbs to ooooooo:—the application of which, Sir, under this accident of mine comes in so *à propos*, that without it, the cut upon my thumb might have been felt by the Shandy family as long as the Shandy family had a name.

CHAPTER XIV.

LET us go back to the ooooooo—in the last chapter.

It is a singular stroke of eloquence (at least it was so when eloquence flourished at Athens and Rome; and would be so now, did orators wear mantles) not to mention the name of a thing, when you had the thing about you *in petto*, ready to produce, pop, in the place you want it. A scar, an axe, a sword, a pink'd doublet, a rusty helmet, a pound and a half of pot-ashes in an urn, or a three-halfpenny pickle-pot; —but above all, a tender infant royally accoutred.—Tho' if it was too young, and the oration as long as Tully's second Philippic,—it must certainly have beshit the orator's mantle.—And then again if too old, —it must have been unwieldly and incommodious to his action,—so as to make him lose by his child almost as much as he could gain by it.—Otherwise, when a state-orator has hit the precise age to a minute,—hid his BAMBINO in his mantle so cunningly that no mortal could smell it,—and produced it so critically, that no soul could say it came in by head and shoulders,—Oh, Sirs, it has done wonders!—it has opened the sluices, and turn'd the brains, and shook

the principles, and unhinged the politics of half a nation.

These feats, however, are not to be done, except in those states and times, I say, where orators wore mantles,—and pretty large ones too, my brethren, with some twenty or five-and-twenty yards of good purple, superfine, marketable cloth in them,—with large flowing folds and doubles, and in a great style of design.—All which plainly shews, may it please your Worships, that the decay of eloquence, and the little good service it does at present, both within and without doors, is owing to nothing else in the world but short coats and the disuse of trunk-hose.—— We can conceal nothing under ours, Madam, worth shewing.

CHAPTER XV.

Dr. Slop was within an ace of being an exception to all this argumentation: for happening to have his green-baize bag upon his knees when he began to parody my uncle Toby,—'twas as good as the best mantle in the world to him: for which purpose, when he foresaw the sentence would end in his new-invented forceps, he thrust his hand into the bag, in order to have them ready to clap in, when your Reverences took so much notice of the ooooooo, which, had he managed,—my uncle Toby had certainly been overthrown: the sentence and the argument in that case jumping closely in one point, so like the two lines which form the salient angle of a ravelin,—Dr. Slop would never have given them up;—and my uncle

Toby would as soon have thought of flying, as taking them by force: but Dr. Slop fumbled so vilely in pulling them out, it took off the whole effect, and, what was a ten times worse evil (for they seldom come alone in this life) in pulling out his forceps, his forceps unfortunately drew out the squirt along with it.

When a proposition can be taken in two senses,—'tis a law in disputation, that the respondent may reply to which of the two he pleases, or finds most convenient for him.—This threw the advantage of the argument quite on my uncle Toby's side,——'Good God!' cried my uncle Toby, '*are children brought into the world with a squirt?*'

CHAPTER XVI.

—Upon my honour, Sir, you have tore every bit of skin quite off the back of both my hands with your forceps, cried my uncle Toby:—and you have crush'd all my knuckles into the bargain with them to a jelly. ——'Tis your own fault, said Dr. Slop;—you should have clinch'd your two fists together into the form of a child's head, as I told you, and sat firm.——I did so, answered my uncle Toby.——Then the points of my forceps have not been sufficiently arm'd, or the rivet wants closing,—or else the cut on my thumb has made me a little awkward,—or possibly——'Tis well, quoth my father, interrupting the detail of possibilities—that the experiment was not first made upon my child's headpiece.——It would not have been a cherry-stone the worse, answered Dr. Slop.——I maintain it, said my uncle Toby, it would have broke

the *cerebellum* (unless indeed the scull had been as hard as a granado) and turn'd it all into a perfect posset.——Pshaw! replied Dr. Slop, a child's head is naturally as soft as the pap of an apple;—the sutures give way;—and besides, I could have extracted by the feet after.——Not you, said she.——I rather wish you would begin that way, quoth my father.

Pray do, added my uncle Toby.

CHAPTER XVII.

——And pray, good woman, after all, will you take upon you to say, it may not be the child's hip, as well as the child's head?—('Tis most certainly the head, replied the midwife.) Because, continued Dr. Slop (turning to my father) as positive as these old ladies generally are,—'tis a point very difficult to know,—and yet of the greatest consequence to be known;——because, Sir, if the hip is mistaken for the head,—there is a possibility (if it is a boy) that the forceps o o o

——What the possibility was, Dr. Slop whispered very low to my father, and then to my uncle Toby. ——There is no such danger, continued he, with the head.——No, in truth, quoth my father;—but when your possibility has taken place at the hip,—you may as well take off the head too.

——It is morally impossible that the reader should understand this—'tis enough Dr. Slop understood it;—so taking the green-baize bag in his hand, with the help of Obadiah's pumps, he tripp'd pretty nimbly, for a man of his size, across the room to the door;—and from the door was shewn the way, by the good old midwife, to my mother's apartments.

CHAPTER XVIII.

It is two hours and ten minutes,—and no more,—cried my father, looking at his watch, since Dr. Slop and Obadiah arrived;—and I know not how it happens, brother Toby,—but, to my imagination,—it seems almost an age.

——Here—pray, Sir, take hold of my cap:—nay, take the bell along with it, and my pantoufles too.

Now, Sir, they are all at your service; and I freely make you a present of 'em, on condition you give me all your attention to this chapter.

Though my father said, '*He knew not how it hap-*
'*pen'd,*'—yet he knew very well how it happen'd;—and at the instant he spoke it, was predetermined in his mind to give my uncle Toby a clear account of the matter, by a metaphysical dissertation upon the subject of *duration and its simple modes*, in order to shew my uncle Toby by what mechanism and mensuration in the brain it came to pass, that the rapid succession of their ideas, and the eternal scampering of the discourse from one thing to another, since Dr. Slop had come into the room, had lengthened out so short a period to so inconceivable an extent.——'I
'know not how it happens,'—cried my father;—'but
'it seems an age.'

——'Tis owing entirely, quoth my uncle Toby, to the succession of our ideas.

My father, who had an itch, in common with all philosophers, of reasoning upon every thing which happened, and accounting for it too,—proposed infinite pleasure to himself in this, of the succession of ideas; and had not the least apprehension of having it

snatch'd out of his hands by my uncle Toby, who (honest man!) generally took every thing as it happen'd;—and who of all things in the world troubled his brain the least with abstruse thinking;—the ideas of time and space,—or how we came by those ideas, —or of what stuff they were made,—or whether they were born with us, or we picked them up afterwards as we went along,—or whether we did it in frocks,—or not till we had got into breeches;—with a thousand other enquiries and disputes about INFINITY, PRESCIENCE, LIBERTY, NECESSITY, and so forth, upon whose desperate and unconquerable theories so many fine heads have been turned and cracked,—never did my uncle Toby's the least injury at all; my father knew it,—and was no less surprized than he was disappointed with my uncle's fortuitous solution.

Do you understand the theory of that affair? replied my father.

Not I, quoth my uncle.

—But you have some ideas, said my father, of what you talk about?

No more than my horse, replied my uncle Toby.

Gracious Heaven! cried my father, looking upwards, and clasping his two hands together,—there is a worth in thy honest ignorance, brother Toby;—'twere almost a pity to exchange it for a knowledge. —But I'll tell thee.——

To understand what Time is aright, without which we never can comprehend Infinity, insomuch as one is a portion of the other,—we ought seriously to sit down and consider what idea it is we have of *duration*, so as to give a satisfactory account how we came by it.——What is that to any body? quoth my uncle Toby. "'For if you will turn your eyes inwards

* *Vide* Locke.

'upon your mind,' continued my father, 'and observe 'attentively, you will perceive, brother, that whilst 'you and I are talking together, and thinking, and 'smoking our pipes, or whilst we receive successively 'ideas in our minds, we know that we do exist; and 'so we estimate the existence, or the continuation 'of the existence of ourselves, or any thing else, 'commensurate to the succession of any ideas in our 'minds, the duration of ourselves, or any such other 'thing co-existing with our thinking;—and so, ac-'cording to that pre-conceived'—— You puzzle me to death, cried my uncle Toby.

——'Tis owing to this, replied my father, that in our computations of time we are so used to minutes, hours, weeks, and months—and of clocks (I wish there was not a clock in the kingdom) to measure out their several portions to us, and to those who belong to us,—that 'twill be well if, in time to come, the *succession of our ideas* be of any use or service to us at all.

Now, whether we observe it or no, continued my father, in every sound man's head there is a regular succession of ideas, of one sort or other, which follow each other in train just like——a train of artillery? said my uncle Toby——A train of fiddle-stick!—quoth my father—which follow and succeed one another in our minds at certain distances, just like the images in the inside of a lantern turned round by the heat of a candle.—I declare, quoth my uncle Toby, mine are more like a smoke-jack.——Then, brother Toby, I have nothing more to say to you upon the subject, said my father.

CHAPTER XIX.

——WHAT a conjuncture was here lost!——My father, in one of his best explanatory moods,—in eager pursuit of a metaphysical point, into the very region where clouds and thick darkness would soon have encompassed it about;—my uncle Toby in one of the finest dispositions for it in the world;—his head like a smoke-jack;—the funnel unswept, and the ideas whirling round and round about in it, all obfuscated and darkened over with fuliginous matter.——By the tomb-stone of Lucian!—if it is in being;—if not, why then by his ashes! by the ashes of my dear Rabelais, and dearer Cervantes!——my father and my uncle Toby's discourse upon TIME and ETERNITY,—was a discourse devoutly to be wished for! and the petulancy of my father's humour, in putting a stop to it as he did, was a robbery of the *Ontologic Treasury* of such a jewel, as no coalition of great occasions and great men are ever likely to restore to it again.

CHAPTER XX.

THO' my father persisted in not going on with the discourse,—yet he could not get my uncle Toby's smoke-jack out of his head,—piqued as he was at first with it;—there was something in the comparison at the bottom which hit his fancy; for which purpose, resting his elbow on the table, and reclining the

right side of his head upon the palm of his hand,—but looking first stedfastly in the fire,—he began to commune with himself, and philosophize about it: but his spirits being worn out with the fatigues of investigating new tracts, and the constant exertion of his faculties upon that variety of subjects which had taken their turn in the discourse,—the idea of the smoke-jack soon turned all his ideas upside down,—so that he fell asleep almost before he knew what he was about.

As for my uncle Toby, his smoke-jack had not made a dozen revolutions before he fell asleep also.——Peace be with them both!——Dr. Slop is engaged with the midwife and my mother, above stairs.——Trim is busy in turning an old pair of jack-boots into a couple of mortars, to be employed in the siege of Messina next summer;—and is this instant boring the touch-holes with the point of a hot poker.——All my heroes are off my hands;—'tis the first time I have had a moment to spare,—and I'll make use of it, and write my Preface.

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

No, I'll not say a word about it;—here it is.—In publishing it,—I have appealed to the world,—and to the world I leave it;—it must speak for itself.

All I know of the matter is, when I sat down, my intent was to write a good book; and as far as the tenuity of my understanding would hold out,—a wise, aye, and a discreet; taking care only, as I went along, to put into it all the wit and the judgment (be it more or less) which the great Author

and Bestower of them had thought fit originally to give me;—so that, as your Worships see,—'tis just as God pleases.

Now, Agalastes (speaking dispraisingly) saith, That there may be some wit in it, for aught he knows,—but no judgment at all: and Triptolemus and Phutatorious agreeing thereto, ask, How is it possible there should? for that wit and judgment in this world never go together; inasmuch as they are two operations differing from each other as wide as east from west.—So says Locke:—so are farting and hickuping, say I. But in answer to this, Didius the great church-lawyer, in his code *de fartendi et illustrandi fallaciis*, doth maintain and make fully appear, That an illustration is no argument:—nor do I maintain the wiping of a looking-glass clean to be a syllogism;—but you all, may it please your Worships, see the better for it;—so that the main good these things do, is only to clarify the understanding previous to the application of the argument itself, in order to free it from any little motes, or specks of *opacular* matter, which, if left swimming therein, might hinder a conception, and spoil all.

Now, my dear anti-Shandeans, and thrice able critics and fellow-labourers (for to you I write this Preface)—and to you, most subtle statesmen and discreet doctors (do,—pull off your beards) renowned for gravity and wisdom;—Monopolus, my politician;—Didius, my counsel;—Kysarcius, my friend;—Phutatorius, my guide;—Gastripheres, the preserver of my life;—Somnolentius, the balm and repose of it,—not forgetting all others, as well sleeping as waking, ecclesiastical as civil, whom for brevity, but out of no resentment to you, I lump all together.——Believe me, Right Worthy,

My most zealous wish and fervent prayer in your behalf, and in my own too, in case the thing is not done already for us,—is, That the great gifts and endowments both of wit and judgment, with every thing which usually goes along with them:—such as memory, fancy, genius, eloquence, quick parts, and what not, may this precious moment, without stint or measure, let or hindrance, be poured down warm as each of us could bear it,—scum and sediment and all (for I would not have a drop lost) into the several receptacles, cells, cellules, domiciles, dormitories, refectories, and spare places of our brains,——in such sort, that they might continue to be injected and tunn'd into, according to the true intent and meaning of my wish, until every vessel of them, both great and small, be so replenished, saturated, and filled up therewith, that no more, would it save a man's life, could possibly be got either in or out.

Bless us!—what noble work we should make!—how should I tickle it off!—and what spirits should I find myself in, to be writing away for such readers!—and you,—just Heaven!—with what raptures would you sit and read!—but oh!—'tis too much!—I am sick,—I faint away deliciously at the thoughts of it!—'tis more than nature can bear!—lay hold of me,—I am giddy,—I am stone blind,—I am dying,—I am gone.——Help! Help! Help!—But hold,—I grow something better again, for I am beginning to foresee, when this is over, that as we shall all of us continue to be great wits,—we should never agree amongst ourselves one day to an end:——there would be so much satire and sarcasm,—scoffing and flouting, with rallying and reparteeing of it,—thrusting and parrying in one corner or another,—there would be nothing but mischief among us.——Chaste stars! what biting and

scratching, and what a racket and a clatter we should make, what with breaking of heads, rapping of knuckles, and hitting of sore places,—there would be no such thing as living for us.

But then again, as we should all of us be men of great judgment, we should make up matters as fast as ever they went wrong; and though we should abominate each other ten times worse than so many devils or devilesses, we should nevertheless, my dear creatures, be all courtesy and kindness, milk and honey;—'twould be a second land of promise—a paradise upon earth, if there was such a thing to be had; so that, upon the whole, we should have done well enough.

All I fret and fume at, and what most distresses my invention at present, is how to bring the point itself to bear; for, as your Worships well know, that of these heavenly emanations of *wit* and *judgment*, which I have so bountifully wished both for your Worships and myself,—there is but a certain *quantum* stored up for us all, for the use and behoof of the whole race of mankind; and such small *modicums* of 'em are only sent forth into this wide world, circulating here and there in one by-corner or another,—and in such narrow streams, and at such prodigious intervals from each other, that one would wonder how it holds out, or could be sufficient for the wants and emergencies of so many great states and populous empires.

Indeed, there is one thing to be considered: That in Nova Zembla, North Lapland, and in all those cold and dreary tracks of the globe which lie more directly under the arctic and antarctic circles, where the whole province of a man's concernments lies, for near nine months together within the narrow compass of his cave,—where the spirits are compressed almost to

nothing,—and where the passions of a man, with every thing which belongs to them, are as frigid as the zone itself;—there the least quantity of *judgment* imaginable does the business;—and of *wit*,—there is a total and an absolute saving,—for, as not one spark is wanted,—so not one spark is given. Angels and ministers of grace defend us! what a dismal thing would it have been to have governed a kingdom, to have fought a battle, or made a treaty, or run a match, or wrote a book, or got a child, or held a provincial chapter there, with so *plentiful a lack* of wit and judgment about us!—For mercy's sake, let us think no more about it, but travel on as fast as we can southwards into Norway,—crossing over Swedeland, if you please, through the small triangular province of Angermania, to the Lake of Bothnia; coasting along it through East and West Bothnia, down to Carelia, and so on, through all those states and provinces which border upon the far side of the Gulf of Finland, and the north-east of the Baltic, up to Petersburg, and just stepping into Ingria;—then stretching over directly from thence through the north parts of the Russian empire, leaving Siberia a little upon the left hand, till we got into the very heart of Russia and Asiatic Tartary.

Now through this long tour which I have led you, you observe the good people are better off by far, than in the polar countries which we have just left:——for if you hold your hand over your eyes, and look very attentively, you may perceive some small glimmerings (as it were) of wit, with a comfortable provision of good, plain, household judgment, which, taking the quality and quantity of it together, they make a very good shift with;—and had they more of either the one or the other, it would destroy the proper

balance betwixt them; and I am satisfied, moreover, they would want occasions to put them to use.

Now, Sir, if I conduct you home again into this warmer and more luxuriant island, where, you perceive, the spring-tide of our blood and humours runs high;—where we have more ambition, and pride, and envy, and lechery, and other whoreson passions upon our hands to govern and subject to reason,—the *height* of our wit, and the *depth* of our judgment, you see, are exactly proportioned to the *length* and *breadth* of our necessities;—and accordingly we have them sent down amongst us in such a flowing kind of decent and creditable plenty, that no one thinks he has any cause to complain.

It must, however, be confessed, on this head, that, as our air blows hot and cold,—wet and dry, ten times in a day, we have them in no regular and settled way;—so that sometimes, for near half a century together, there shall be very little wit or judgment either to be seen or heard of amongst us:—the small channels of them shall seem quite dried up;—then all of a sudden the sluices shall break out, and take a fit of running again like fury,—you would think they would never stop:——and then it is that, in writing, and fighting, and twenty other gallant things, we drive all the world before us.

It is by these observations, and a wary reasoning by analogy in that kind of argumentative process which Suidas calls *dialectic induction*,—that I draw and set up this position as most true and veritable:

That of these two luminaries, so much of their irradiations are suffered from time to time to shine down upon us, as He, whose infinite wisdom, which dispenses every thing in exact weight and measure, knows will just serve to light us on our way in this

night of our obscurity; so that your Reverences and Worships now find out, nor is it a moment longer in my power to conceal it from you, That the fervent wish in your behalf with which I set out was no more than the first insinuating *How d'ye* of a caressing prefacer, stifling his reader, as a lover sometimes does a coy mistress, into silence. For, alas! could this effusion of light have been as easily procured as the exordium wished it,—I tremble to think how many thousands for it, of benighted travellers (in the learned sciences at least) must have groped and blundered on in the dark, all the nights of their lives,—running their heads against posts, and knocking out their brains, without ever getting to their journey's end;—some falling with their noses perpendicularly into sinks;—others horizontally, with their tails into kennels: Here one half of a learned profession tilting *full butt* against the other half of it; and then tumbling and rolling one over the other in the dirt, like hogs:—Here the brethren of another profession, who should have run in opposition to each other, flying, on the contrary, like a flock of wild geese, all in a row the same way.—What confusion!—what mistakes!—fiddlers and painters judging by their eyes and ears—admirable!—trusting to the passions excited,—in an air sung, or a story painted to the heart,—instead of measuring them by a quadrant!

In the foreground of this picture, a *statesman* turning the political wheel, like a brute, the wrong way round—*against* the stream of corruption,—by Heaven! instead of *with* it!

In this corner a son of the divine Esculapius, writing a book against predestination; perhaps worse,—feeling his patient's pulse, instead of his apothecary's:—a brother of the Faculty in the background upon his

knees, in tears,—drawing the curtains of a mangled victim, to beg his forgiveness;—offering a fee, instead of taking one.

In that spacious HALL, a coalition of the gown, from all the bars of it, driving a damn'd, dirty, vexatious cause before them, with all their might and main, the wrong way!—kicking it *out* of the great doors, instead of *in!*—and with such fury in their looks, and such a degree of inveteracy in their manner of kicking it, as if the laws had been originally made for the peace and preservation of mankind:——perhaps a more enormous mistake committed by them still,—a litigated point fairly hung up;—for instance, Whether *John o'Nokes* his nose could stand in *Tom o'Stiles* his face, without a trespass, or not?—rashly determined by them in five-and-twenty minutes, which, with the cautious pro's and con's required in so intricate a proceeding, might have taken up as many months;—and if carried on upon a military plan, as your Honours know an ACTION should be, with all the stratagems practicable therein,—such as feints,—forced marches,—surprises,—ambuscades,—mask-batteries, and a thousand other strokes of generalship, which consist in catching at all advantages on both sides,—might reasonably have lasted them as many years, finding food and raiment all that term for a centumvirate of the profession.

As for the Clergy,—No;—if I say a word against them, I'll be shot.——I have no desire; and besides, if I had,—I durst not for my soul touch upon the subject. With such weak nerves and spirits, and in the condition I am in at present, 'twould be as much as my life was worth, to deject and contrist myself with so bad and melancholy an account;—and therefore 'tis safer to draw a curtain across, and hasten from it as fast as I can, to the main and principle point I have undertaken

to clear up;—and that is, How it comes to pass, that your men of least *wit* are reported to be men of most *judgment?*—But mark—I say, *reported to be;*—for it is no more, my dear Sirs, than a report, and which, like twenty others taken up every day upon trust, I maintain to be a vile and malicious report into the bargain.

This, by the help of the observation already premised, and I hope already weighed and perpended by your Reverences and Worships, I shall forthwith make appear.

I hate set dissertations;—and, above all things in the world, 'tis one of the silliest things in one of them, to darken your hypothesis by placing a number of tall, opake words, one before another, in a right line, betwixt your own and your reader's conception,—when, in all likelihood, if you had looked about, you might have seen something standing, or hanging up, which would have cleared the point at once;—'for what 'hindrance, hurt, or harm doth the laudable desire of 'knowledge bring to any man, if even from a sot, a 'pot, a fool, a stool, a winter-mittain, a truckle for a 'pulley, the lid of a goldsmith's crucible, an oil-bottle, 'an old slipper, or a cane-chair?'—I am this moment sitting upon one. Will you give me leave to illustrate this affair of wit and judgment, by the two nobs on the top of the back of it?—they are fastened on, you see, with two pegs stuck slightly into two gimlet-holes, and will place what I have to say in so clear a light, as to let you see through the drift and meaning of my whole preface, as plainly as if every point and particle of it was made up of sunbeams.

I enter now directly upon the point.

—Here stands *wit*—and there stands *judgment*, close beside it, just like the two knobs I'm speaking of,

upon the back of this self-same chair on which I am sitting.

—You see, they are the highest and most ornamental parts of its *frame*,—as wit and judgment are of *ours*,—and, like them too, indubitably both made and fitted to go together, in order, as we say in all such cases of duplicated embellishments,—*to answer one another.*

Now, for the sake of an experiment, and for the clearer illustrating this matter,—let us for a moment take off one of these two curious ornaments (I care not which) from the point or pinnacle of the chair it now stands on;—nay, don't laugh at it,—but did you ever see, in the whole course of your lives, such a ridiculous business as this has made of it?—Why, 'tis as miserable a sight as a sow with one ear; and there is just as much sense and symmetry in the one as in the other.——Do,—pray, get off your seats, only to take a view of it.—Now, would any man, who valued his character a straw, have turned a piece of work out of his hand in such a condition?—Nay, lay your hands upon your hearts, and answer this plain question, Whether this one single knob which now stands here like a blockhead by itself, can serve any purpose upon earth, but to put one in mind of the want of the other? —and let me further ask, in case the chair was your own, if you would not in your consciences think, rather than be as it is, that it would be ten times better without any knob at all?

Now these two knobs,—or top-ornaments of the mind of man, which crown the whole entablature,—being, as I said, wit and judgment, which, of all others, as I have proved it, are the most needful,—the most priz'd, —the most calamitous to be without, and consequently the hardest to come at;—for all these reasons put together, there is not a mortal among us who is so destitute

of a love of good fame or feeding,—or so ignorant of what will do him good therein,—who does not wish and stedfastly resolve in his own mind, to be, or to be thought at least, master of the one or the other, and indeed of both of them, if the thing seems any way feasible, or likely to be brought to pass.

Now, your graver gentry having a little or no kind of chance in aiming at the one,—unless they laid hold of the other,—pray what do you think would become of them?—Why, Sirs, in spite of all their *gravities*, they must e'en have been contented to have gone with their insides naked:—this was not to be borne, but by an effort of philosophy not to be supposed in the case we are upon;—so that no one could well have been angry with them, had they been satisfied with what little they could have snatched up and secreted under their cloaks and great periwigs, had they not raised a *hue* and *cry* at the same time against the lawful owner.

I need not tell your Worships, that this was done with so much cunning and artifice,—that the great Locke, who was seldom outwitted by false sounds,—was nevertheless bubbled here.——The cry, it seems, was so deep and solemn a one, and, what with the help of great wigs, grave faces, and other implements of deceit, was rendered so general a one against the *poor wits* in this matter, that the philosopher himself was deceived by it:—it was his glory to free the world from the lumber of a thousand vulgar errors;—but this was not of the number; so that, instead of sitting down coolly, as such a philosopher should have done, to have examined the matter of fact before he philosophized upon it,—on the contrary, he took the fact for granted, and so joined in with the cry, and halloo'd it as boisterously as the rest.

This has been made the Magna Charta of stupidity ever since:—but your Reverences plainly see, it has been obtained in such a manner, that the title to it is not worth a groat:——which by the bye, is one of the many and vile impositions which gravity and grave folks have to answer for hereafter.

As for great wigs, upon which I may be thought to have spoken my mind too freely,—I beg leave to qualify whatever has been unguardedly said to their dispraise or prejudice, by one general declaration.—That I have no abhorrence whatever, nor do I detest and abjure either great wigs or long beards any farther than when I see they are bespoke and let grow on purpose to carry on this self-same imposture,—for any purpose.—Peace be with them!—☞ Mark only,—I write not for them.

CHAPTER XXI.

Every day, for at least ten years together, did my father resolve to have it mended:—'tis not mended yet.—No family but ours would have borne with it an hour;—and what is most astonishing, there was not a subject in the world upon which my father was so eloquent, as upon that of door-hinges:——and yet at the same time he was certainly one of the greatest bubbles to them, I think, that history can produce: his rhetoric and conduct were at perpetual handy-cuffs.——Never did the parlour-door open, but his philosophy or his principles fell a victim to it.—Three drops of oil with a feather, and a smart stroke of a hammer, had saved his honour for ever.

——Inconsistent soul that man is!—languishing under wounds, which he has the power to heal!—his whole life a contradiction to his knowledge!—his reason, that precious gift of God to him,—(instead of pouring in oil) serving but to sharpen his sensibilities,—to multiply his pains, and render him melancholy and more uneasy under them!—Poor unhappy creature, that he should do so!—Are not the necessary causes of misery in this life enough, but he must add voluntary ones to his stock of sorrow!—struggle against evils which cannot be avoided! and submit to others, which a tenth part of the trouble they create him would remove from his heart for ever!

By all that is good and virtuous, if there are three drops of oil to be got, and a hammer to be found within ten miles of Shandy-Hall, the parlour door-hinge shall be mended this reign.

CHAPTER XXII.

When Corporal Trim had brought his two mortars to bear, he was delighted with his handy-work above measure; and knowing what a pleasure it would be to his master to see them, he was not able to resist the desire he had of carrying them directly into his parlour.

Now, next to the moral lesson I had in view, in mentioning the affair of *hinges*, I had a speculative consideration arising out of it, and it is this:

Had the parlour-door opened and turn'd upon its hinges, as a door should do,—

Or, for example, as cleverly as our government has

been turning upon its hinges,—(that is, in case things have all along gone well with your Worship,—otherwise I give up my simile)—in this case, I say, there had been no danger, either to master or man, in Corporal Trim's peeping in: the moment he had beheld my father and my uncle Toby fast asleep,—the respectfulness of his carriage was such, he would have retired as silent as death, and left them both in their arm-chairs, dreaming as happy as he had found them: but the thing was, morally speaking, so very impracticable, that for the many years in which this hinge was suffered to be out of order, and amongst the hourly grievances my father submitted to upon its account,—this was one; that he never folded his arms to take his nap after dinner, but the thoughts of being unavoidably awakened by the first person who should open the door, was always uppermost in his imagination, and so incessantly stepp'd in betwixt him and the first balmy presage of his repose, as to rob him, as he often declared, of the whole sweets of it.

'When things move upon bad hinges, an' please 'your Worships, how can it be otherwise?'

Pray what's the matter? Who is there? cried my father, waking, the moment the door began to creak. ——I wish the smith would give a peep at that confounded hinge! —— 'Tis nothing, an' please your Honour, said Trim, but two mortars I am bringing in. ——They shan't make a clatter with them here! cried my father, hastily.——If Dr. Slop has any drugs to pound, let him do it in the kitchen.——May it please your Honour, cried Trim, they are two mortar-pieces for a siege next summer, which I have been making out of a pair of jack-boots, which Obadiah told me your Honour had left off wearing.——By Heaven!

cried my father, springing out of his chair, as he swore,—I have not one appointment belonging to me which I have set so much store by, as I do by these jack-boots: — they were our great-grandfather's, brother Toby: — they were *hereditary*. —— Then I fear, quoth my uncle Toby, Trim has cut off the entail.——I have only cut off the tops, an' please your Honour, cried Trim.——I hate *perpetuities* as much as any man alive, cried my father,—but these jack-boots, continued he (smiling, though very angry at the same time), have been in the family, brother, ever since the civil wars:—Sir Roger Shandy wore them at the battle of Marston-Moor.—I declare I would not have taken ten pounds for them.——I'll pay you the money, brother Shandy, quoth my uncle Toby, looking at the two mortars with infinite pleasure, and putting his hand into his breeches-pocket as he viewed them—I'll pay you the ten pounds this moment, with all my heart and soul!——

Brother Toby, replied my father, altering his tone, you care not what money you dissipate and throw away, provided, continued he, 'tis but upon a SIEGE. ——Have I not one hundred and twenty pounds a year, besides my half-pay? cried my uncle Toby.—— What is that, — replied my father hastily, — to ten pounds for a pair of jack-boots?—twelve guineas for your *pontoons?*—half as much for your Dutch drawbridge?—to say nothing of the train of little brass artillery you bespoke last week, with twenty other preparations for the siege of Messina! Believe me, dear brother Toby, continued my father, taking him kindly by the hand, — these military operations of yours are above your strength: — you mean well, brother, but they carry you into greater expenses than you were at first aware of;—and take my word,

dear Toby, they will in the end quite ruin your fortune, and make a beggar of you.——What signifies it if they do, brother, replied my uncle Toby, so long as we know 'tis for the good of the nation?——

My father could not help smiling, for his soul:—his anger at the worst was never more than a spark;—and the zeal and simplicity of Trim,—and the generous (though hobby-horsical) gallantry of my uncle Toby, brought him into perfect good humour with them in an instant.

Generous souls!—God prosper you both, and your mortar-pieces too! quoth my father to himself.

CHAPTER XXIII.

All is quiet and hush, cried my father, at least above stairs: I hear not one foot stirring.—Prithee, Trim, who's in the kitchen?——There is no one soul in the kitchen, answered Trim, making a low bow as he spoke, except Dr. Slop.——Confusion! cried my father (getting up upon his legs a second time) not one single thing has gone right this day! Had I faith in astrology, brother, (which, by the bye, my father had) I would have sworn some retrograde planet was hanging over this unfortunate house of mine, and turning every individual thing in it out of its place. Why, I thought Dr. Slop had been above stairs with my wife; and so said you.—What can the fellow be puzzling about in the kitchen!——He is busy, an' please your Honour, replied Trim, in making a bridge.——'Tis very obliging in him, quoth my uncle

Toby:—pray, give my humble service to Dr. Slop, Trim, and tell him I thank him heartily.

You must know, my uncle Toby mistook the bridge,—as widely as my father mistook the mortars:—but to understand how my uncle Toby could mistake the bridge,—I fear I must give you an exact account of the road which led to it;—or, to drop my metaphor (for there is nothing more dishonest in an historian than the use of one)—in order to conceive the probability of this error in my uncle Toby aright, I must give you some account of an adventure of Trim's, though much against my will: I say much against my will, only because the story, in one sense, is certainly out of its place here; for by right, it should come in, either amongst the anecdotes of my uncle Toby's amours with Widow Wadman, in which Corporal Trim was no mean actor,—or else in the middle of his and my uncle Toby's campaigns on the bowling-green, for it will do very well in either place;—but then, if I reserve it for either of those parts of my story,—I ruin the story I'm upon;—and if I tell it here,—I anticipate matters, and ruin it there.

—What would your Worships have me to do in this case?

Tell it, Mr. Shandy, by all means.——You are a fool, Tristram, if you do.

O ye Powers! (for Powers ye are, and great ones too)—which enable mortal man to tell a story worth the hearing,—that kindly show him where he is to begin it,—and where he is to end it,—what he is to put into it,—and what he is to leave out,—how much of it he is to cast into a shade,—and whereabouts he is to throw his light!—Ye, who preside over this vast empire of biographical freebooters, and

see how many scrapes and plunges your subjects hourly fall into,—will you do one thing?

I beg and beseech you (in case you will do nothing better for us), that wherever, in any part of your dominions, it so falls out, that three several roads meet in one point, as they have done just here—that at least you set up a guide-post in the centre of them, in mere charity, to direct an uncertain devil which of the three he is to take.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THO' the shock my uncle Toby received the year after the demolition of Dunkirk, in his affair with Widow Wadman, had fixed him in a resolution never more to think of the sex,—or of aught which belonged to it;—yet Corporal Trim had made no such bargain with himself.—Indeed, in my uncle Toby's case there was a strange and unaccountable concurrence of circumstances, which insensibly drew him in, to lay siege to that fair and strong citadel.—In Trim's case there was a concurrence of nothing in the world, but of him and Bridget in the kitchen;—though, in truth, the love and veneration he bore his master was such, and so fond was he of imitating him in all he did, that had my uncle Toby employed his time and genius in tagging of points,—I am persuaded that the honest Corporal would have laid down his arms, and followed his example with pleasure. When, therefore, my uncle Toby sat down before the mistress,—Corporal Trim incontinently took ground before the maid.

Now, my dear friend Garrick, whom I have so much

cause to esteem and honour—(why, or wherefore, 'tis no matter)—can it escape your penetration,—I defy it,—that so many play-wrights, and opificers of chitchat, have ever since been working upon Trim's and my uncle Toby's pattern?—I care not what Aristotle, or Pacuvius, or Bossu, or Ricaboni say—(though I never read one of them)—there is not a greater difference between a single-horse chair and Madam Pompadour's *vis-à-vis*, than betwixt a single amour and an amour thus nobly doubled, and going upon all four, prancing throughout a grand drama.—Sir, a simple, single, silly affair of that kind,—is quite lost in five acts;—but that is neither here nor there.

After a series of attacks and repulses in a course of nine months on my uncle Toby's quarter, a most minute account of every particular of which shall be given in its proper place, my uncle Toby, honest man! found it necessary to draw off his forces, and raise the siege somewhat indignantly.

Corporal Trim, as I said, had made no such bargain, either with himself,—or with any one else:—the fidelity however of his heart not suffering him to go into a house which his master had forsaken with disgust,—he contented himself with turning his part of the siege into a blockade;—that is, he kept others off;—for though he never after went to the house, yet he never met Bridget in the village but he would either nod, or wink, or smile, or look kindly at her,—or (as circumstances directed) he would shake her by the hand,—or ask her lovingly how she did,—or would give her a ribbon,—and now and then, though never but when it could be done with decorum, would give Bridget a——

Precisely in this situation did these things stand for five years; that is, from the demolition of Dunkirk in

the year thirteen, to the latter end of my uncle Toby's campaign in the year eighteen, which was about six or seven weeks before the time I'm speaking of,—— when Trim, as his custom was, after he had put my uncle Toby to bed, going down one moon-shiny night to see that every thing was right at his fortifications, —in the lane separated from the bowling-green with flowering shrubs and holly,—he espied his Bridget.

As the Corporal thought there was nothing in the world so well worth shewing as the glorious works which he and my uncle Toby had made, Trim courteously and gallantly took her by the hand, and led her in. This was not done so privately, but that the foul-mouth'd trumpet of Fame carried it from ear to ear, till at length it reach'd my father's, with this untoward circumstance along with it, that my uncle Toby's curious draw-bridge, constructed and painted after the Dutch fashion, and which went quite across the ditch, —was broke down, and somehow or other crushed all to pieces that very night.

My father, as you have observed, had no great esteem for my uncle Toby's HOBBY-HORSE; he thought it the most ridiculous horse that ever gentleman mounted; and indeed, unless my uncle Toby vexed him about it, could never think of it once, without smiling at it;— so that it could never get lame, or happen any mischance, but it tickled my father's imagination beyond measure: but this being an accident much more to his humour than any one which had yet befallen it, it proved an inexhaustible fund of entertainment to him. —Well,—but, dear Toby! my father would say, do tell me seriously how this affair of the bridge happened?——How can you teaze me so much about it? my uncle Toby would reply;—I have told it you twenty times, word for word as Trim told it me.——

Prithee, how was it then, Corporal? my father would cry, turning to Trim.——It was a mere misfortune, an' please your Honour;—I was shewing Mrs. Bridget our fortifications; and in going too near the edge of the *fossé*, I unfortunately slipp'd in.——Very well, Trim! my father would cry—(smiling mysteriously, and giving a nod,—but without interrupting him)—— and being link'd fast, an' please your Honour, arm in arm with Mrs. Bridget, I dragg'd her after me; by means of which she fell backwards, soss against the bridge;—and Trim's foot (my uncle Toby would cry, taking the story out of his mouth) getting into the cuvette, he tumbled full against the bridge too.——It was a thousand to one, my uncle Toby would add, that the poor fellow did not break his leg.——Ay, truly, my father would say;—a limb is soon broke, brother Toby, in such encounters.——And so, an' please your Honour, the bridge, which your Honour knows was a very slight one, was broke down betwixt us, and splintered all to pieces.

At other times, but especially when my uncle Toby was so unfortunate as to say a syllable about cannons, bombs, or petards,—my father would exhaust all the stores of his eloquence (which indeed were very great) in a panegyric upon the battering-rams of the antients—the vinea which Alexander made use of at the siege of Troy.—He would tell my uncle Toby of the *catapultæ* of the Syrians, which threw such monstrous stones so many hundred feet, and shook the strongest bulwarks from their very foundations:—he would go on and describe the wonderful mechanism of the *ballista*, which Marcellinus makes so much rout about!—the terrible effects of the *pyraboli*, which cast fire;—the danger of the *terebra* and *scorpio*, which cast javelins.—But

what are these, would he say, to the destructive machinery of Corporal Trim?—Believe me, brother Toby, no bridge, or bastion, or sally-port, that ever was constructed in this world, can hold out against such artillery.

My uncle Toby would never attempt any defence against the force of this ridicule, but that of redoubling the vehemence of smoking his pipe: in doing which, he raised so dense a vapour one night after supper, that it set my father, who was a little phthisical, into a suffocating fit of violent coughing: my uncle Toby leap'd up, without feeling the pain upon his groin,—and, with infinite pity, stood beside his brother's chair, tapping his back with one hand, and holding his head with the other, and from time to time wiping his eyes with a clean cambric handkerchief, which he pulled out of his pocket.—The affectionate and endearing manner in which my uncle Toby did these little offices—cut my father thro' his reins, for the pain he had just been giving him.—May my brains be knocked out with a battering-ram or a catapulta, I care not which, quoth my father to himself,—if ever I insult this worthy soul more!

CHAPTER XXV.

The draw-bridge being held irreparable, Trim was ordered directly to set about another,——but not upon the same model: for Cardinal Alberoni's intrigues at that time being discovered, and my uncle Toby rightly foreseeing that a flame would inevitably break out betwixt Spain and the Empire, and that

the operations of the ensuing campaign must in all likelihood be either in Naples or Sicily,—he determined upon an Italian bridge—(my uncle Toby, by the bye, was not far out of his conjectures);—but my father, who was infinitely the better politician, and took the lead as far of my uncle Toby in the cabinet, as my uncle Toby took it of him in the field,—convinced him, that if the king of Spain and the Emperor went together by the ears,—England, France, and Holland, must, by force of their pre-engagements, all enter the lists too;—and if so, he would say, the combatants, brother Toby, as sure as we are alive, will fall to it again, pell-mell, upon the old prize-fighting stage of Flanders!—then what will you do with your Italian bridge?

—We will go on with it, then, upon the old model; cried my uncle Toby.

When Corporal Trim had about half-finished it in that style,—my uncle Toby found out a capital defect in it, which he had never thoroughly considered before. It turned, it seems, upon hinges at both ends of it, opening in the middle; one half of which turning to one side of the fossé, and the other to the other; the advantage of which was this, that by dividing the weight of the bridge into two equal portions, it empowered my uncle Toby to raise it up or let it down with the end of his crutch, and with one hand, which, as his garrison was weak, was as much as he could well spare:—but the disadvantages of such a construction were insurmountable;—for by this means, he would say, I leave one half of my bridge in my enemy's possession;—and pray, of what use is the other?

The natural remedy for this was, no doubt, to have his bridge fast only at one end with hinges,

so that the whole might be lifted up together, and stand bolt upright;—but that was rejected, for the reason given above.

For a whole week after, he was determined in his mind to have one of that particular construction which is made to draw back horizontally, to hinder a passage; and to thrust forwards again, to gain a passage,—of which sorts your Worships might have seen three famous ones at Spires before its destruction—and one now at Brisac, if I mistake not:—but my father advising my uncle Toby, with great earnestness, to have nothing more to do with thrusting bridges,—and my uncle foreseeing, moreover, that it would but perpetuate the memory of the Corporal's misfortune, he changed his mind for that of the Marquis d'Hôpital's invention, which the younger Bernouilli has so well and learnedly described, as your Worships may see—*Act. Erud. Lips.* an. 1695:—to these a lead weight is an eternal balance, and keeps watch as well as a couple of sentinels, inasmuch as the construction of them was a curve line approximating to a cycloid,——if not a cycloid itself.

My uncle Toby understood the nature of a parabola as well as any man in England;—but was not quite such a master of the cycloid:—he talked however about it every day——the bridge went not forwards.——We'll ask somebody about it, cried my uncle Toby to Trim.

CHAPTER XXVI.

When Trim came in, and told my father that Dr. Slop was in the kitchen, and busy in making a bridge,—my uncle Toby——the affair of the jack-boots having just then raised a train of military ideas in his brain——took it instantly for granted that Dr. Slop was making a model of the Marquis d'Hôpital's bridge.——'Tis very obliging in him, quoth my uncle Toby;—pray give my humble service to Dr. Slop, Trim, and tell him I thank him heartily.

Had my uncle Toby's head been a Savoyard's box, and my father peeping in all the time at one end of it,—it could not have given him a more distinct conception of the operations of my uncle Toby's imagination than what he had; so, notwithstanding the catapulta and battering-ram, and his bitter imprecation about them, he was just beginning to triumph,—

When Trim's answer, in an instant, tore the laurel from his brows, and twisted it to pieces.

CHAPTER XXVII.

——This unfortunate draw-bridge of yours, quoth my father,——God bless your Honour, cried Trim, 'tis a bridge for master's nose!—In bringing him into the world with his vile instruments, he has crushed his nose, Susannah says, as flat as a pancake to his face; and he is making a false bridge, with a piece of cotton,

and a thin piece of whalebone out of Susannah's stays, to raise it up.

——Lead me, brother Toby, cried my father, to my room this instant!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

From the first moment I sat down to write my life for the amusement of the world, and my opinions for its instruction, has a cloud insensibly been gathering over my father.—A tide of little evils and distresses has been setting in against him.—Not one thing, as he observed himself, has gone right; and now is the storm thicken'd and going to break, and pour down full upon his head.

I enter upon this part of my story in the most pensive and melancholy frame of mind that ever sympathetic breast was touched with.—My nerves relax as I tell it.—Every line I write, I feel an abatement of the quickness of my pulse, and of that careless alacrity with it, which every day of my life prompts me to say and write a thousand things I should not:—and this moment, that I last dipp'd my pen into my ink, I could not help taking notice what a cautious air of sad composure and solemnity there appear'd in my manner of doing it.—Lord! how different from the rash jerks and hair-brain'd squirts thou art wont, Tristram, to transact it with in other humours,—dropping thy pen,—spurting thy ink about thy table and thy books,—as if thy pen and thy ink, thy books and thy furniture, cost thee nothing!

CHAPTER XXIX.

——I WON'T go about to argue the point with you: —'tis so;—and I am persuaded of it, Madam, as much as can be, 'That both man and woman bear pain 'or sorrow (and, for aught I know, pleasure too) best 'in a horizontal position.'

The moment my father got up into his chamber, he threw himself prostrate across his bed in the wildest disorder imaginable, but at the same time in the most lamentable attitude, of a man borne down with sorrows, that ever the eye of pity dropp'd a tear for. —The palm of his right hand, as he fell upon the bed, receiving his forehead, and covering the greatest part of both his eyes, gently sunk down with his head (his elbow giving way backwards) till his nose touch'd the quilt;—his left arm hung insensibly over the side of the bed, his knuckles reclining upon the handle of the chamber-pot, which peep'd out beyond the valance;—his right leg (his left being drawn up towards his body) hung half over the side of the bed, the edge of it pressing upon his shin-bone.—He felt it not. A fix'd, inflexible sorrow took possession of every line of his face.—He sigh'd once,—heav'd his breast often,—but uttered not a word.

An old set-stitch'd chair, valanced and fringed around with party-coloured worsted bobs, stood at the bed's head, opposite to the side where my father's head reclined.—My uncle Toby sat him down in it.

Before an affliction is digested,—consolation ever comes too soon;—and after it is digested,—it comes too late:—so that you see, Madam, there is but a mark between these two, as fine almost as a hair, for a

comforter to take aim at.—My uncle Toby was always either on this side or on that of it; and would often say, he believed in his heart he could as soon hit the longitude:—for this reason, when he sat down in the chair, he drew the curtain a little forwards, and, having a tear at every one's service,—he pull'd out a cambric handkerchief,—gave a low sigh, but held his peace.

CHAPTER XXX.

——'ALL is not gain that is got into the purse.' —So that, notwithstanding my father had the happiness of reading the oddest books in the universe, and had moreover, in himself, the oddest way of thinking that ever man in it was bless'd with, yet it had this drawback upon him after all,——That it laid him open to some of the oddest and most whimsical distresses; of which this particular one, which he sank under at present, is as strong an example as can be given.

No doubt, the breaking down of the bridge of a child's nose, by the edge of a pair of forceps,—however scientifically applied,—would vex any man in the world who was at so much pains in begetting a child as my father was;—yet, it will not account for the extravagance of his affliction, nor will it justify the unchristian manner he abandoned and surrendered himself up to.

To explain this, I must leave him upon the bed for half an hour,—and my uncle Toby in his old fringed chair, sitting beside him.

CHAPTER XXXI.

——I THINK it a very unreasonable demand,—cried my great-grandfather, twisting up the paper, and throwing it upon the table.——By this account, Madam, you have but two thousand pounds fortune, and not a shilling more;—and you insist upon having three hundred pounds a year jointure for it.——

—'Because,' replied my great-grandmother, 'you 'have little or no nose, Sir.'——

Now, before I venture to make use of the word *Nose* a second time,—to avoid all confusion in what will be said upon it, in this interesting part of my story, it may not be amiss to explain my own meaning, and define, with all possible exactness and precision, what I would willingly be understood to mean by the term; being of opinion, that 'tis owing to the negligence and perverseness of writers in despising this precaution,—and to nothing else,—that all the polemical writings in divinity are not as clear and demonstrative as those upon *a Will o' the Wisp*, or any other sound part of philosophy and natural pursuit; in order to which, what have you to do, before you set out,—unless you intend to go puzzling on to the day of judgment,—but to give the world a good definition, and stand to it, of the main word you have most occasion for,—changing it, Sir, as you would a guinea, into small coin?—which done,—let the father of confusion puzzle you, if he can; or put a different idea either into your head, or your reader's head, if he knows how.

In books of strict morality and close reasoning,—

such as this I am engaged in,—the neglect is inexcusable; and Heaven is witness how the world has revenged itself upon me for leaving so many openings to equivocal strictures,—and for depending so much as I have done all along, upon the cleanliness of my readers' imaginations.

——Here are two senses, cried Eugenius, as we walked along, pointing with the forefinger of his right hand to the word *crevice*, in the one hundred and sixteenth page of this first volume of this book of books;——here are two senses,—quoth he.——And here are two roads, replied I, turning short upon him,—a dirty and a clean one,—which shall we take?——The clean, by all means, replied Eugenius.——Eugenius, said I, stepping before him, and laying my hand upon his breast,—to define—is to distrust.—Thus I triumphed over Eugenius;—but I triumphed over him, as I always do, like a fool.—'Tis my comfort, however, I am not an obstinate one: therefore,

I define a nose as follows,—entreating only, beforehand, and beseeching my readers, both male and female, of what age, complexion, and condition soever, for the love of God and their own souls, to guard against the temptations and suggestions of the Devil, and suffer him by no art or wile to put any other ideas into their minds than what I put into my definition;—for, by the word *Nose*, throughout all this long chapter of Noses, and in every other part of my work where the word *Nose* occurs,—I declare, by that word I mean a nose, and nothing more or less.

CHAPTER XXXII.

——'BECAUSE,' quoth my great-grandmother, repeating the words again,—'you have little or no nose, 'Sir.'——

S'death! cried my great-grandfather, clapping his hand upon his nose;—'tis not so small as that comes to;—'tis a full inch longer than my father's.——Now, my great-grandfather's nose was, for all the world, like unto the noses of all the men, women, and children whom Pantagruel found dwelling upon the island of Ennasin.—By the way, if you would know the strange way of getting akin amongst so flat-nosed a people, you must read the book:—find it out yourself you never can.——

—'Twas shaped, Sir, like an ace of clubs.

——'Tis a full inch, continued my grandfather, pressing up the ridge of his nose with his finger and thumb; and repeating his assertion,—'Tis a full inch longer, Madam, than my father's.——You must mean your uncle's, replied my great-grandmother.

——My great-grandfather was convinced.—He untwisted the paper, and signed the article.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

——WHAT an unconscionable jointure, my dear, do we pay out of this small estate of ours! quoth my grandmother to my grandfather.——

My father, replied my grandfather, had no more

nose, my dear, saving the mark, than there is upon the back of my hand.——

Now, you must know, that my great-grandmother outlived my grandfather twelve years; so that my father had the jointure to pay, a hundred and fifty pounds half-yearly—(on Michaelmas and Lady-Day) —during all that time.

No man discharged pecuniary obligations with a better grace than my father;—and, as far as a hundred pounds went, he would fling it upon the table, guinea by guinea, with that spirited jerk of an honest welcome, which generous souls, and generous souls only, are able to fling down money; but, as soon as ever he entered upon the odd fifty,—he generally gave a loud *hem!* rubbed the side of his nose leisurely with the flat part of his forefinger,—inserted his hand cautiously betwixt his head and the cawl of his wig,—looked at both sides of every guinea as he parted with it,—and seldom could get to the end of the fifty pounds without pulling out his handkerchief, and wiping his temples.

Defend me, gracious Heaven! from those persecuting spirits who make no allowances for these workings within us.—Never, O never, may I lay down in their tents, who cannot relax the engine, and feel pity for the force of education, and the prevalence of opinions long derived from ancestors!

For three generations at least, this *tenet* in favour of long noses had gradually been taking root in our family.—TRADITION was all along on its side, and INTEREST was every half-year stepping in to strengthen it; so that the whimsicality of my father's brain was far from having the whole honour of this, as it had of almost all his other strange notions;—for, in a great measure, he might be said to have suck'd this in with

his mother's milk. He did his part, however.—If education planted the mistake (in case it was one), my father watered it, and ripened it to perfection.

He would often declare, in speaking his thoughts upon the subject, that he did not conceive how the greatest family in England could stand it out against an uninterrupted succession of six or seven short noses.—And, for the contrary reason, he would generally add, That it must be one of the greatest problems in civil life, where the same number of long and jolly noses, following one another in a direct line, did not raise and hoist it up into the best vacancies in the kingdom.—He would often boast that the Shandy Family rank'd very high in king Harry the VIIIth's time; but owed its rise to no state engine,—he would say,—but to that only;—but that, like other families,—he would add,—it had felt the turn of the wheel, and had never recovered the blow of my great-grandfather's nose.—It was an ace of clubs indeed! he would cry, shaking his head;—and as vile a one for an unfortunate family as ever turn'd up trumps.

——Fair and softly, gentle reader! where is thy fancy carrying thee!—If there is truth in man, by my great-grandfather's nose, I mean the external organ of smelling, or that part of man which stands prominent in his face,—and which painters say, in good jolly noses and well-proportioned faces, should comprehend a full third;—that is, measured downwards from the setting on of the hair.—

——What a life of it has an author, at this pass!

CHAPTER XXXIV.

It is a singular blessing, that nature has formed the mind of man with the same happy backwardness and renitency against conviction, which is observed in old dogs,—'of not learning new tricks.'

What a shuttlecock of a fellow would the greatest philosopher that ever existed be whisk'd into at once, did he read such books, and observe such facts, and think such thoughts, as would eternally be making him change sides!

Now, my father, as I told you last year, detested all this:—He pick'd up an opinion, Sir, as a man in a state of nature picks up an apple;—it becomes his own;—and if he is a man of spirit, he would lose his life rather than give it up.

I am aware that Didius, the great civilian, will contest this point, and cry out against me, Whence comes this man's right to this apple? *ex confesso*, he will say, —things were in a state of nature;—the apple is as much Frank's apple as John's.—Pray, Mr. Shandy, what patent has he to show for it? and how did it begin to be his? was it when he set his heart upon it? or when he gathered it? or when he chewed it? or when he roasted it? or when he peel'd it, or when he brought it home? or when he digested?—or when he——?—For 'tis plain, Sir, if the first picking up of the apple made it not his, that no subsequent act could.

Brother Didius, Tribonius will answer—(now Tribonius the civilian and church lawyer's beard being three inches and a half, and three-eighths longer than Didius his beard,—I'm glad he takes up the cudgels

for me; so I give myself no farther trouble about the answer)—Brother Didius, Tribonius will say, it is a decreed case, as you may find it in the fragments of Gregorius and Hermogenes' codes, and in all the codes from Justinian's down to the codes of Louis and Des Eaux,—That the sweat of a man's brow, and the exsudations of a man's brains, are as much a man's own property as the breeches upon his backside;—which said exsudations, &c., being dropp'd upon the said apple by the labour of finding it, and picking it up; and being moreover indissolubly wasted, and as indissolubly annex'd, by the picker up, to the thing pick'd up, carried home, roasted, peel'd, eaten, digested, and so on,—'tis evident that the gatherer of the apple, in so doing, has mix'd up something which was his own, with the apple which was not his own; by which means he has acquired a property;—or, in other words, the apple is John's apple.

By the same learned chain of reasoning, my father stood up for all his opinions: he had spared no pains in picking them up; and the more they lay out of the common way, the better still was his title.—No mortal claimed them; they had cost him, moreover, as much labour in cooking and digesting as in the case above; so that they might well and truly be said to be of his own goods and chattels.—Accordingly, he held fast by 'em both by teeth and claws,—would fly to whatever he could lay his hands on,—and, in a word, would intrench and fortify them round with as many circumvallations and breast-works as my uncle Toby would a citadel.

There is one plaguy rub in the way of this,—the scarcity of materials to make anything of a defence with, in case of a smart attack; inasmuch as few men of great genius had exercised their parts in writing

books upon the subject of great noses. By the trotting of my lean horse, the thing is incredible! and I am quite lost in my understanding, when I am considering what a treasure of precious time and talents together has been wasted upon worse subjects,—and how many millions of books, in all languages, and in all possible types and bindings, have been fabricated on points not half so much tending to the unity and peace-making of the world! What was to be had, however, he set the greater store by; and though my father would oft-times sport with my uncle Toby's library,—which, by the bye, was ridiculous enough,—yet, at the very same time he did it, he collected every book and treatise which had been systematically wrote upon noses, with as much care as my honest uncle Toby has done those upon military architecture.—'Tis true, a much less table would have held them;—but that was not thy transgression, my dear uncle.—

Here,—but why here,—rather than in any other part of my story?——I am not able to tell:——but here it is——my heart stops me to pay to thee, my dear uncle Toby, once for all, the tribute I owe thy goodness.—Here let me thrust my chair aside, and kneel down upon the ground, whilst I am pouring forth the warmest sentiment of love for thee, and veneration for the excellency of thy character, that ever virtue and nature kindled in a nephew's bosom. —Peace and comfort rest for evermore upon thy head!—Thou enviedst no man's comforts,—insultedst no man's opinions;—thou blackenedst no man's character,—devouredst no man's bread! Gently, with faithful Trim behind thee, didst thou ramble round the little circle of thy pleasures, jostling no creature in thy way: for each one's sorrows thou hadst a tear; for each man's need thou hadst a shilling.

Whilst I am worth one to pay a weeder,—thy path from thy door to thy bowling-green shall never be grown up.—Whilst there is a rood and a half of land in the Shandy family, thy fortifications, my dear uncle Toby, shall never be demolish'd.

CHAPTER XXXV.

My father's collection was not great; but, to make amends, it was curious; and consequently he was some time in making it: he had the great fortune, however, to set off well, in getting Bruscambille's prologue upon long noses, almost for nothing;—for he gave no more for Bruscambille than three half-crowns; owing, indeed, to the strong fancy which the stall-man saw my father had for the book, the moment he laid his hands upon it.—There are not three Bruscambilles in Christendom, said the stall-man, except what are chain'd up in the libraries of the curious. My father flung down the money as quick as lightning,—took Bruscambille into his bosom,—hied home from Piccadilly to Coleman-street with it, as he would have hied home with a treasure, without taking his hand once off from Bruscambille all the way.

To those who do not yet know of which gender Bruscambille is,—inasmuch as a prologue upon long noses might easily be done by either,—'twill be no objection against the simile—to say, That when my father got home, he solaced himself with Bruscambille after the manner in which, 'tis ten to one, your Worship solaced yourself with your first mistress;—that is, from morning even unto night: which, by the bye,

how delightful soever it may prove to the inamorato, —is of little or no entertainment at all to by-standers. —Take notice, I go no farther with the simile;—my father's eye was greater than his appetite,—his zeal greater than his knowledge;—he cool'd,—his affections became divided;——he got hold of Prignitz,—purchased Scroderus, Andrea Paræus, Bouchet's Evening Conferences, and, above all, the great and learned Hafen Slawkenbergius; of which,—as I shall have much to say by and bye,—I will say nothing now.

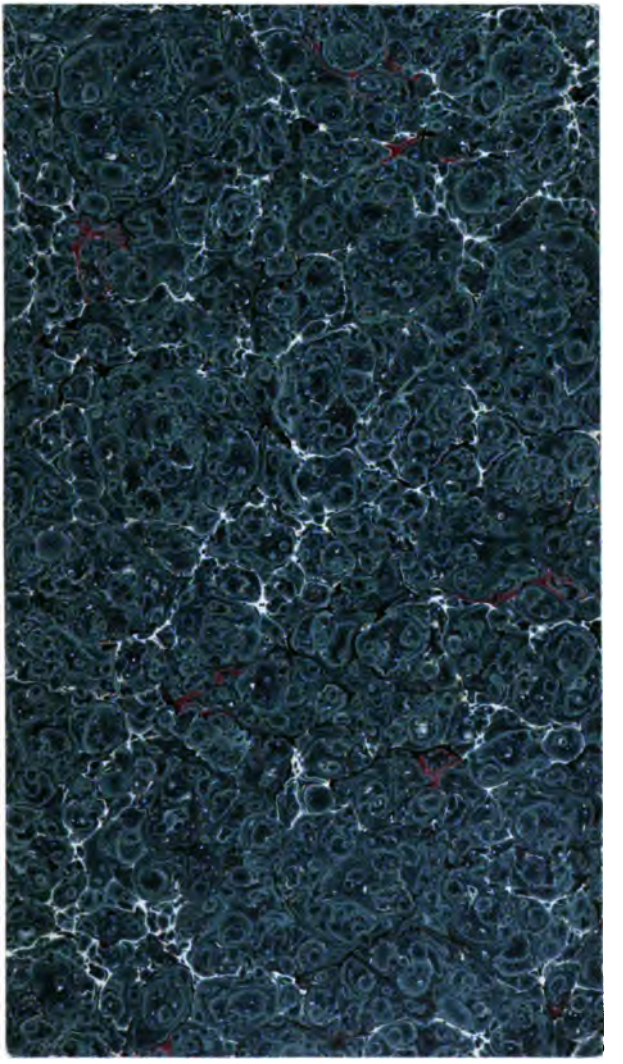
CHAPTER XXXVI.

Of all the tracts my father was at the pains to procure and study, in support of his hypothesis, there was not any one wherein he felt a more cruel disappointment at first, than in the celebrated Dialogue between Pamphagus and Cocles, written by the chaste pen of the great and venerable Erasmus, upon the various uses and seasonable applications of long noses.——Now don't let Satan, my dear girl, in this chapter, take advantage of any one spot of rising ground to get astride of your imagination, if you can anyways help it; or, if he is so nimble as to slip on, let me beg of you, like an unback'd filly, to *frisk it, squirt it, to jump it, to rear it, to bound it—and to kick it, with long kicks and short kicks*, till, like Tickletoby's mare, you break a strap or a crupper, and throw his Worship into the dirt.——You need not kill him.—

—And pray, who was Tickletoby's mare?—

—'Tis just as discreditable and unscholar-like a question, Sir, as to have asked what year (*ab Urb.*

Cond.) the second Punic war broke out.—Who was Tickletoby's mare!——Read, read, read, read, my unlearned reader! read,—or, by the knowledge of the great Saint Paraleipomenon,—I tell you beforehand, you had better throw down the book at once; for without *much reading*, by which your Reverence knows I mean *much knowledge*, you will no more be able to penetrate the moral of the next marbled page (motley emblem of my work!) than the world, with all its sagacity, has been able to unravel the many opinions, transactions, and truths which still lie mystically hid under the dark veil of the black one.



CHAPTER XXXVII.

'*Nihil me pœnitet hujus nasi*,' quoth Pamphagus;—that is,—'My nose has been the making of me.'——'*Nec est cur pœniteat*,' replies Cocles; that is, 'How the deuce should such a nose fail?'

The doctrine, you see, was laid down by Erasmus, as my father wished it, with the utmost plainness; but my father's disappointment was, in finding nothing more from so able a pen, but the bare fact itself; without any of that speculative subtilty or ambidexterity of argumentation upon it, which Heaven had bestowed upon man, on purpose to investigate Truth, and fight for her on all sides.—My father pish'd and pugh'd, at first, most terribly.——'Tis worth something to have a good name. As the dialogue was of Erasmus, my father soon came to himself, and read it over and over again with great application, studying every word and every syllable of it, thro' and thro', in its most strict and literal interpretation.—He could still make nothing of it, that way. Mayhap, there is more meant than is said in it, quoth my father.—Learned men, brother Toby, don't write dialogues upon long noses for nothing.—I'll study the mystic and the allegoric sense.—Here is some room to turn a man's self in, brother.

My father read on.——

Now, I find it needful to inform your Reverences and Worships, that besides the many nautical uses of long noses enumerated by Erasmus, the dialogist affirmeth, That a long nose is not without its domestic conveniences also; for that, in a case of distress,—and for want of a pair of bellows,—it will do ex-

cellently well, *ad excitandum focum* (to stir up the fire).

Nature had been prodigal in her gifts to my father beyond measure, and had sown the seeds of verbal criticism as deep within him, as she had done the seeds of all other knowledge;—so that he had got out his penknife, and was trying experiments upon the sentence, to see if he could not scratch some better sense into it.—I've got within a single letter, brother Toby, cried my father, of Erasmus his mystic meaning.——You are near enough, brother, replied my uncle, in all conscience.——Pshaw! cried my father, scratching on,—I might as well be seven miles off.—I've done it!—said my father, snapping his fingers. See, my dear brother Toby, how I have mended the sense.——But you have marr'd a word, replied my uncle Toby.——My father put on his spectacles,—bit his lip,—and tore out the leaf in a passion.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

O SLAWKENBERGIUS! thou faithful analyzer of my Disgrazias,—thou sad foreteller of so many of the whips and short turns which in one stage or other of my life have come slap upon me from the shortness of my nose,—and no other cause, that I am conscious of,—tell me, Slawkenbergius! what secret impulse was it? what intonation of voice? whence came it? how did it sound in thy ears?—art thou sure thou heard'st it?—which first cried out to thee

—Go,—Slawkenbergius! dedicate the labours of thy life,—neglect thy pastimes,—call forth all the powers and faculties of thy nature,—macerate thyself in the service of mankind, and write a grand FOLIO for them, upon the subject of their noses.

How the communication was conveyed into Slawkenbergius's sensorium, — so that Slawkenbergius should know whose finger touch'd the key,—and whose hand it was that blew the bellows,—as Hafen Slawkenbergius has been dead and laid in his grave above fourscore and ten years,—we can only raise conjectures.

Slawkenbergius was play'd upon, for aught I know, like one of Whitefield's disciples;—that is, with such a distinct intelligence, Sir, of which of the two masters it was that had been practising upon his *instrument*, —as to make all reasoning upon it needless.

——For in the account which Hafen Slawkenbergius gives the world of his motives and occasions for writing, and spending so many years of his life upon this one work,—towards the end of his prolegomena; which, by the bye, should have come first,—but the bookbinder has most injudiciously placed it betwixt the analytical contents of the book and the book itself,—he informs his reader, That ever since he had arrived at the age of discernment, and was able to sit down coolly, and consider within himself the true state and condition of man,—and distinguish the main end and design of his being;—or,—to shorten my translation, for Slawkenbergius's book is in Latin, and not a little prolix in this passage;—ever since I understood, quoth Slawkenbergius, any thing,—or rather *what was what*,—and could perceive that the point of long noses had been too loosely handled by all who had gone before,—have I, Slawkenbergius, felt a

strong impulse, with a mighty and unresistible call within me, to gird up myself to this undertaking.

And to do justice to Slawkenbergius, he has entered the list with a stronger lance, and taken a much larger career in it, than any one man who had ever entered it before him;—and indeed, in many respects, deserves to be *en-nich'd* as a prototype for all writers of voluminous works at least, to model their books by;—for he has taken in, Sir, the whole subject,—examined every part of it *dialectically*,—then brought it into full day; dilucidating it with all the light which either the collision of his own natural parts could strike,—or the profoundest knowledge of the sciences had impowered him to cast upon it;—collating, collecting and compiling;—begging, borrowing, and stealing, as he went along, all that had been wrote or wrangled thereupon in the schools and porticos of the learned; so that Slawkenbergius his book may properly be considered, not only as a model,—but as a thorough-stitched DIGEST and regular institute of noses, comprehending in it all that is or can be needful to be known about them.

For this cause it is that I forbear to speak of so many (otherwise) valuable books and treatises of my father's collecting, wrote either plump upon noses—or collaterally touching them;—such, for instance, as Prignitz, now lying upon the table before me, who with infinite learning, and from the most candid and scholar-like examination of above four thousand different sculls, in upwards of twenty charnel-houses in Silesia, which he had rummaged,—has imformed us, that the mensuration and configuration of the osseous or bony parts of human noses, in any given tract of country, except Crim Tartary, where they are all crushed down by the thumb, so that no judgment

can be formed upon them,—are much nearer alike than the world imagines;—the difference amongst them being, he says, a mere trifle, not worth taking notice of;—but that the size and jollity of every individual nose, and by which one nose ranks above another, and bears a higher price, is owing to the cartilaginous and muscular parts of it, into whose ducts and sinuses the blood and animal spirits being impell'd and driven by the warmth and force of the imagination, which is but a step from it (bating the case of ideots, whom Prignitz, who had lived many years in Turkey, supposes under the more immediate tutelage of Heaven)—it so happens, and ever must, says Prignitz, that the excellency of the nose is in a direct arithmetical proportion to the excellency of the wearer's fancy.

It is for the same reason; that is, because 'tis all comprehended in Slawkenbergius, that I say nothing likewise of Scroderus (Andrea), who, all the world knows, set himself to oppugn Prignitz with great violence;—proving it in his own way, first logically, and then by a series of stubborn facts, 'That so far 'was Prignitz from the truth, in affirming that the 'fancy begat the nose, that, on the contrary,—the nose 'begat the fancy.'

—The learned suspected Scroderus of an indecent sophism in this;—and Prignitz cried out aloud in the dispute, that Scroderus had shifted the idea upon him;—but Scroderus went on maintaining his thesis.

My father was just balancing within himself, which of the two sides he should take in this affair; when Ambrose Paræus decided it in a moment, and by overthrowing the systems both of Prignitz and Scroderus, drove my father out of both sides of the controversy at once.

Be witness——

I don't acquaint the learned reader—in saying it, —I mention it only to shew the learned, I know the fact myself,——

That this Ambrose Paræus was chief surgeon and nose-mender to Francis the Ninth of France; and in high credit with him and the two preceding, or succeeding kings (I know not which)—and that, except in the slip he made in his story of Taliacotius's noses, and his manner of setting them on,—he was esteemed by the whole college of physicians at that time, as more knowing in matters of noses, than any one who had ever taken them in hand.

Now, Ambrose Paræus convinced my father, that the true and efficient cause of what had engaged so much the attention of the world, and upon which Prignitz and Scroderus had wasted so much learning and fine parts,—was neither this nor that;—but that the length and goodness of the nose was owing simply to the softness and flaccidity in the nurse's breast,—as the flatness and shortness of *puisne* noses was to the firmness and elastic repulsion of the same organ of nutrition in the hale and lively;—which, tho' happy for the woman, was the undoing of the child, inasmuch as his nose was so snubb'd, so rebuff'd, so rebated, and so refrigerated thereby, as never to arrive *ad mensuram suam legitimam;*—but that in case of flaccidity and softness of the nurse or mother's breast—by sinking into it, quoth Paræus, as into so much butter, the nose was comforted, nourish'd, plump'd up, refresh'd, refocillated, and set a growing for ever.

I have but two things to observe of Paræus; first, That he proves and explains all this with the utmost chastity and decorum of expression:—for which, may his soul for ever rest in peace!

And, secondly, That besides the systems of Prignitz and Scroderus, which Ambrose Paræus his hypothesis effectually overthrew,—it overthrew at the same time the system of peace and harmony of our family; and for three days together, not only embroiled matters between my father and my mother, but turn'd likewise the whole house and every thing in it, except my uncle Toby, quite upside down.

Such a ridiculous tale of a dispute between a man and his wife, never surely, in any age or country, got vent through the key-hole of a street-door.

My mother, you must know,——but I have fifty things more necessary to let you know first:—I have a hundred difficulties which I have promised to clear up, and a thousand distresses and domestic misadventures crowding in upon me thick and threefold, one upon the neck of another. A cow broke in (to-morrow morning) to my uncle Toby's fortifications, and ate up two rations and half of dried grass, tearing up the sods with it, which faced his horn-work and covered way.——Trim insists upon being tried by a court-martial,—the cow to be shot,—Slop to be *crucifix'd*,—myself to be *tristram'd*, and at my very baptism made a martyr of;—poor unhappy Devils that we all are!—I want swaddling;—but there is no time to be lost in exclamations,—I have left my father lying across his bed, and uncle Toby in his old fringed chair, sitting beside him, and promised I would go back to them in half an hour; and five-and-thirty minutes are laps'd already. ——Of all the perplexities a mortal author was ever seen in,—this certainly is the greatest; for I have Hafen Slawkenbergius's folio, Sir, to finish;—a dialogue between my father and my uncle Toby, upon the solution of Prignitz, Scroderus, Ambrose Paræus,

Panocrates, and Grangousier to relate;—a tale out of Slawkenbergius to translate;—and all this in five minutes less than no time at all.—Such a head!—would to Heaven my enemies only saw the inside of it.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THERE was not any one scene more entertaining in our family;—and to do it justice in this point,—I here put off my cap, and lay it upon the table, close beside my ink-horn, on purpose to make my declaration to the world concerning this one article the more solemn,—That I believe, in my soul, (unless my love and partiality to my understanding blinds me) the hand of the Supreme Maker and First Designer of all things never made or put a family together (in that period at least of it which I have sat down to write the story of)—where the characters of it were cast or contrasted with so dramatic a felicity as ours was, for this end; or in which the capacities of affording such exquisite scenes, and the powers of shifting them perpetually from morning to night, were lodged and entrusted with so unlimited a confidence, as in the Shandy Family.

Not any one of these was more diverting, I say, in this whimsical theatre of ours,—than what frequently arose out of this self-same chapter of long noses,—especially when my father's imagination was heated with the enquiry, and nothing would serve him but to heat my uncle Toby's too.

My uncle Toby would give my father all possible fair play in this attempt; and with infinite patience would sit smoking his pipe for whole hours together,

whilst my father was practising upon his head, and trying every accessible avenue to drive Prignitz and Scroderus's solutions into it.

Whether they were above my uncle Toby's reason,—or contrary to it,—or that his brain was like *damp* tinber, and no spark could possibly take hold; or that it was so full of saps, mines, blinds, curtains, and such military disqualifications to his seeing clearly into Prignitz and Scroderus's doctrines,—I say not:—let schoolmen, scullions,—anatomists,—and engineers fight for it among themselves.——

'Twas some misfortune, I make no doubt, in this affair, that my father had every word of it to translate for the benefit of my uncle Toby, and render out of Slawkenbergius's Latin, of which, as he was no great master, his translation was not always of the purest,—and generally least so when 'twas most wanted.—This naturally opened a door to a second misfortune;—that in the warmer paroxysms of his zeal to open my uncle Toby's eyes, my father's ideas ran on as much faster than the translation, as the translation outmoved my uncle Toby's:—neither the one nor the other added much to the perspicuity of my father's lecture.

CHAPTER XL.

THE gift of ratiocination and making syllogisms,—I mean in man,—for in superior classes of being, such as angels and spirits, 'tis all done, may it please your Worships, as they tell me, by INTUITION;—and beings inferior, as your Worships all know,—

syllogize by their noses: though there is an island swimming in the sea (though not altogether at its ease) whose inhabitants, if my intelligence deceives me not, are so wonderfully gifted, as to syllogize after the same fashion, and oft-times to make very well out too:——but that's neither here nor there:—

The gift of doing it as it should be, amongst us, or, the great and principal act of ratiocination in man, as logicians tell us, is the finding out the agreement or disagreement of two ideas one with another, by the intervention of a third (called the *medius terminus*); just as a man, as Locke well observes, by a yard, finds two men's nine-pin-alleys to be of the same length, which could not be brought together, to measure their equality, by *juxtaposition*.

Had the same great reasoner looked on, as my father illustrated his systems of noses, and observed my uncle Toby's deportment,—what great attention he gave to every word;—and as oft as he took his pipe from his mouth, with what wonderful seriousness he contemplated the length of it!—surveying it transversely as he held it betwixt his finger and his thumb;—then fore-right,—then this way, and then that, in all its possible directions and fore-shortenings,—he would have concluded my uncle Toby had got hold of the *medius terminus*, and was syllogizing and measuring with it the truth of each hypothesis of long noses, in order, as my father laid them before him. This, by the bye, was more than my father wanted:—his aim, in all the pains he was at in these philosophical lectures,—was, to enable my uncle Toby not to *discuss*,—but *comprehend*;—to hold the grains and scruples of learning, not to *weigh* them.—My uncle Toby, as you will read in the next chapter, did neither the one nor the other.

CHAPTER XLI.

'Tis a pity, cried my father, one winter's night, after a three hours' painful translation of Slawkenbergius,—'tis a pity, cried my father, putting my mother's thread-paper into the book for a mark as he spoke, — that Truth, brother Toby, should shut herself up in such impregnable fastnesses, and be so obstinate as not to surrender herself up sometimes upon the closest siege.—

Now it happened then, as indeed it had often done before, that my uncle Toby's fancy, during the time of my father's explanation of Prignitz to him, — having nothing to stay it there, had taken a short flight to the bowling-green:—his body might as well have taken a turn there too;—so that with all the semblance of a deep schoolman intent upon the *medius terminus*,—my uncle Toby was, in fact, as ignorant of the whole lecture, and all its pro's and con's, as if my father had been translating Hafen Slawkenbergius from the Latin tongue into the Cherokee. But the word *siege*, like a talismanic power, in my father's metaphor, wafting back my uncle Toby's fancy, quick as a note could follow the touch,—he open'd his ears, —and my father observing that he took his pipe out of his mouth, and shuffled his chair nearer the table, as with a desire to profit, — my father with great pleasure began his sentence again,—changing only the plan, and dropping the metaphor of the siege in it, to keep clear of some dangers my father apprehended from it.

'Tis a pity, said my father, that truth can only be on one side, brother Toby,—considering what ingenuity these learned men have all shown in their

solutions of noses.——Can noses be dissolved? replied my uncle Toby.

—My father thrust back his chair,—rose up,—put on his hat,—took four long strides to the door,—jerked it open,—thrust his head half way out,—shut the door again,—took no notice of the bad hinge,—returned to the table,—pluck'd my mother's thread-paper out of Slawkenbergius's book,—went hastily to his bureau,—walked slowly back,—twisted my mother's thread-paper about his thumb,—unbuttoned his waistcoat,—threw my mother's thread-paper into the fire,—bit her satin pin-cushion in two,—filled his mouth with bran,—confounded it:—but mark!—the oath of confusion was levell'd at my uncle Toby's brain,—which was e'en confused enough already;—the curse came charged only with the bran;—the bran, may it please your Honours, was no more than powder to the ball.

'Twas well my father's passions lasted not long; for so long as they did last, they led him a busy life on't; and it is one of the most unaccountable problems that ever I met with in my observations of human nature, that nothing should prove my father's mettle so much, or make his passions go off so like gunpowder, as the unexpected stroke his science met with from the quaint simplicity of my uncle Toby's questions.——Had ten dozen of hornets stung him behind in so many different places all at one time,—he could not have exerted more mechanical functions in fewer seconds,—or started half so much, as with one single *quære* of three words unseasonably popping in full upon him in his hobby-horsical career.

'Twas all one to my uncle Toby;—he smoked his pipe on with unvaried composure;—his heart

never intended offence to his brother;—and as his head could seldom find out where the sting of it lay,—he always gave my father the credit of cooling by himself.——He was five minutes and thirty-five seconds about it in the present case.

By all that's good! said my father, swearing, as he came to himself, and taking the oath out of Ernulphus's digest of curses—(though, to do my father justice, it was a fault, as he told Dr. Slop in the affair of Ernulphus, which he as seldom committed as any man upon earth)——By all that's good and great! brother Toby, said my father, if it was not for the aids of philosophy, which befriend one so much as they do,—you would put a man beside all temper.—Why, by the *solutions* of noses, of which I was telling you, I meant, as you might have known, had you favoured me with one grain of attention, the various accounts, which learned men of different kinds of knowledge have given the world of the causes of short and long noses.——There is no cause but one, replied my uncle Toby,—why one man's nose is longer than another's, but because that God pleases to have it so.——That is Grangousier's solution, said my father.——'Tis he, continued my uncle Toby, looking up, and not regarding my father's interruption, who makes us all, and frames and puts us together in such forms and proportions, and for such ends, as is agreeable to his infinite wisdom.——'Tis a pious account, cried my father, but not philosophical;—there is more religion in it than sound science. 'Twas no inconsistent part of my uncle Toby's character—that he feared God, and reverenced religion.—So the moment my father finished his remark,—my uncle fell a whistling *Lilli-*

bullero with more zeal (though more out of tune) than usual.—

What is become of my wife's thread-paper?

CHAPTER XLII.

No matter;—as an appendage to seamstressy, the thread-paper might be of some consequence to my mother;—of none to my father as a mark in Slawkenbergius.—Slawkenbergius, in every page of him, was a rich treasure of inexhaustible knowledge to my father;—he could not open him amiss; and he would often say, in closing the book, That if all the arts and sciences in the world, with the books which treated of them, were lost,—should the wisdom and policies of governments, he would say, through disuse, ever happen to be forgot; and all that statesmen had wrote or caused to be written, upon the strong or the weak sides of courts or kingdoms, should they be forgot also,—and Slawkenbergius only left,—there would be enough in him in all conscience, he would say, to set the world a-going again. A treasure, therefore, was he indeed! an institute of all that was necessary to be known of noses, and every thing else:—at matin, noon, and vespers was Hafer Slawkenbergius his recreation and delight: 'twas for ever in his hands:—you would have sworn, Sir, it had been a canon's prayer-book;—so worn, so glazed, so contrited and attrited was it with fingers and with thumbs in all its parts, from one end even unto the other.

I am not such a bigot to Slawkenbergius as my

father :——there is a fund in him, no doubt: but, in my opinion, the best, I don't say the most profitable, but the most amusing part of Hafen Slawkenbergius, is his Tales;—and, considering he was a German, many of them told not without fancy. —These take up his second book, containing nearly one half of his folio, and are comprehended in ten decades; each decade containing ten tales.—Philosophy is not built upon tales; and therefore 'twas certainly wrong in Slawkenbergius to send them into the world by that name!—there are a few of them in his eighth, ninth, and tenth decades, which, I own, seem rather playful and sportive than speculative;—but, in general, they are to be looked upon by the learned as a detail of so many independent facts, all of them turning round, somehow or other, upon the main hinges of his subject, and collected by him with great fidelity, and added to his work as so many illustrations upon the doctrines of noses.

As we have leisure enough upon our hands,—if you give me leave, Madam, I'll tell you the ninth tale of his tenth decade.

THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

Multitudinis imperitæ non formido judicia, meis tamen, rogo, parcant opusculis—in quibus fuit propositi semper, à jocis ad seria, in seriis vicissim ad jocos transire. JOAN. SARESBERIENSIS,
Episcopus Lugdun.

VOL. IV. ORIG. EDIT.

SLAWKENBERGII FABELLA.*

VESPERA quâdam frigidulâ, posteriori in parte mensis Augusti, peregrinus, mulo fusco colore incidens, manticâ a tergo, paucis indusiis, binis calceis, braccisque sericis coccineis repleta, Argentoratum ingressus est.

Militi eum percontanti, quum portus intraret, dixit, se apud Nasorum promontorium fuisse, Francofurtum proficisci, et Argentoratum, transitu ad fines Sarmatiæ mensis intervallo, reversurum.

Miles peregrini in faciem suspexit:——Dî boni, nova forma nasi!

At multum mihi profuit, inquit peregrinus, carpum amento extrahens, è quo pependit acinaces: Loculo manum inseruit; et magnâ cum urbanitate, pilei parte anteriore tactâ manu sinistrâ, ut extendit dextram, militi florinum dedit, et processit.

* As Hafen Slawkenbergius de Nasis is extremely scarce, it may not be unacceptable to the learned reader to see the specimen of a few pages of his original: I will make no reflection upon it,

THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

SLAWKENBERGIUS'S TALE.

IT was one cool, refreshing evening, at the close of a very sultry day, in the latter end of the month of August, when a stranger, mounted upon a dark mule, with a small cloak-bag behind him, containing a few shirts, a pair of shoes, and a crimson-satin pair of breeches, entered the town of Strasburg.

He told the sentinel who questioned him, as he entered the gates, that he had been at the Promontory of Noses—was going on to Frankfort——and should be back again at Strasburg that day month, in his way to the borders of Crim Tartary.

The sentinel looked up into the stranger's face:—— he never saw such a Nose in his life!

—I have made a very good venture of it, quoth the stranger; so slipping his wrist out of the loop of a black ribbon, to which a short scymetar was hung, he put his hand into his pocket, and with great courtesy touching the fore-part of his cap with his left hand, as he extended his right, he put a florin into the sentinel's hand, and passed on.

but that his story-telling Latin is much more concise than his philosophic—and, I think, has more of Latinity in it.

Dolet mihi, ait miles, tympanistam nanum et valgum alloquens, virum adeo urbanum vaginam perdidisse: itinerari haud poterit nudâ acinaci; neque vaginam toto Argentorato, habilem inveniet.——Nullam unquam habui, respondit peregrinus respiciens——seque comiter inclinans—hoc more gesto, nudam acinacem elevans, mulo lentè progrediente, ut nasum tueri possim.

Non immerito, benigne peregrine, respondit miles.

Nihili æstimo, ait ille tympanista, è pergamenâ factitius est.

Prout christianus sum, inquit miles, nasus ille, ni sexties major sit, meo esset conformis.

Crepitare audivi, ait tympanista.

Mehercule! sanguinem emisit, respondit miles.

Miseret me, inquit tympanista, qui non ambo tetigimus!

Eodem temporis puncto, quo hæc res argumentata fuit inter militem et tympanistam, disceptabatur ibidem tubicine et uxore suâ, qui tunc accesserunt, et, peregrino prætereunte, restiterunt.

Quantus nasus! æque longus est, ait tubicina, ac tuba.

Et ex eodem metallo, ait tubicen, velut sternutamento audias.

Tantum abest, respondit illa, quod fistulam dulcedine vincit.

Æneus est, ait tubicen.

Nequaquam, respondit uxor.

Rursum affirmo, ait tubicen, quod æneus est.

It grieves me, said the sentinel, speaking to a little dwarfish bandy-legg'd drummer, that so courteous a soul should have lost his scabbard;—he cannot travel without one to his scymetar; and will not be able to get a scabbard to fit it in all Strasburg.——I never had one, replied the stranger, looking back to the sentinel, and putting his hand up to his cap as he spoke. —I carry it, continued he, thus,—holding up his naked scymetar, his mule moving on slowly all the time,—on purpose to defend my nose.

It is well worth it, gentle stranger, replied the sentinel.

——'Tis not worth a single stiver, said the bandy-legg'd drummer:—'tis a nose of parchment.

As I am a true Catholic,—except that it is six times as big,—'tis a nose, said the sentinel, like my own.

—I heard it crackle, said the drummer.

By Dunder! said the sentinel, I saw it bleed.

What a pity, cried the bandy-legg'd drummer, we did not both touch it!

At the very time that this dispute was maintaining by the sentinel and the drummer,—was the same point debating betwixt a trumpeter and a trumpeter's wife, who were just then coming up, and had stopped to see the stranger pass by.

Benedicity!——What a nose!—'tis as long, said the trumpeter's wife, as a trumpet.

And of the same metal, said the trumpeter, as you hear by its sneezing.

'Tis as soft as a flute, said she.

—'Tis brass, said the trumpeter.

—'Tis a pudding's end, said his wife.

I tell thee again, said the trumpeter, 'tis a brazen nose.

Rem penitus explorabo; prius, enim digito tangam, ait uxor, quam dormivero.

Mulus peregrini gradu lento progressus est, ut unumquodque verbum controversiæ, non tantum inter militem et tympanistam, verum etiam inter tubicinem et uxorem ejus, audiret.

Nequaquam, ait ille, in muli collum frœna demittens, et manibus ambabus in pectus positis (mulo lentè progrediente) nequaquam, ait ille respiciens, non necesse est ut res isthæc dilucidata foret. Minime gentium! meus nasus nunquam tangetur, dum spiritus hos reget artus——Ad quid agendum ? ait uxor burgomagistri.

Peregrinus illi non respondit. Votum faciebat tunc temporis Sancto Nicolao; quo facto, in sinum dextrum inserens, e quâ negligenter pependit acinaces, lento gradu processit per plateam Argentorati latam quæ ad diversorium templo ex adversum ducit.

Peregrinus mulo descendens stabulo includi, et manticam inferri jussit: quâ apertâ et coccineis sericis femoralibus extractis cum argenteo laciniato Περιζώματε, his sese induit, statimque, acinaci in manu, ad forum deambulavit.

Quod ubi peregrinus esset ingressus, uxorem tubi-

I'll know the bottom of it, said the trumpeter's wife, for I will touch it with my finger before I sleep.

The stranger's mule moved on at so slow a rate, that he heard every word of the dispute, not only betwixt the sentinel and the drummer, but betwixt the trumpeter and the trumpeter's wife.

No! said he, dropping his reins upon his mule's neck, and laying both his hands upon his breast, the one over the other in a saint-like position (his mule going on easily all the time)—No! said he, looking up,—I am not such a debtor to the world,—slandered and disappointed as I have been,—as to give it that conviction:——no! said he, my nose shall never be touched whilst Heaven gives me strength——To do what? said a burgomaster's wife.

The stranger took no notice of the burgomaster's wife;—he was making a vow to Saint Nicholas; which done, having uncrossed his arms with the same solemnity with which he crossed them, he took up the reins of his bridle with his left hand, and putting his right hand into his bosom, with the scymetar hanging loosely to the wrist of it, he rode on, as slowly as one foot of the mule could follow another, through the principal streets of Strasburg, till chance brought him to the great inn in the market-place, over-against the church.

The moment the stranger alighted, he ordered his mule to be led into the stable, and his cloak-bag to be brought in; then opening, and taking out of it his crimson-satin breeches, with a silver-fringed—(appendage to them, which I dare not translate)—he put his breeches, with his fringed cod-piece on, and forthwith, with his short scymetar in his hand, walked out to the grand parade.

The stranger had just taken three turns upon the

cinis obviam euntem aspicit; illico, cursum flectit, metuens ne nasus suus exploraretur, atque ad diversorium regressus est—exuit se vestibus; braccas coccineas sericas manticæ imposuit mulumque educi jussit.

Francofurtum proficiscor, ait ille, et Argentoratum quatuor abhinc hebdomadis revertar.

Bene curasti hoc jumentum? (ait) muli faciem manu demulcens—me, manticamque meam, plus sexcentis mille passibus portavit.

Longa via est! respondit hospes, nisi plurimum esset negotii.—Enimvero, ait peregrinus, a Nasorum promontorio redivi, et nasum speciosissimum, egregiosissimumque quem unquam quisquam sortitus est, acquisivi.

Dum peregrinus hanc miram rationem de seipso reddit, hospes et uxor ejus, oculis intentis, peregrini nasum contemplantur——Per sanctos sanctasque omnes, ait hospitis uxor, nasis duodecim maximis in toto Argentorato major est!—estne, ait illa mariti in aurem insusurrans, nonne est nasus prægrandis?

Dolus inest, anime mî, ait hospes—nasus est falsus.

Verus est, respondit uxor.

Ex abiete factus est, ait ille, terebinthinum olet.—

Carbunculus inest, ait uxor.

Mortuus est nasus, respondit hospes.

parade, when he perceived the trumpeter's wife at the opposite side of it;—so turning short, in pain lest his nose should be attempted, he instantly went back to his inn,—undressed himself, packed up his crimson-satin breeches, &c., in his cloak-bag, and called for his mule.

I am going forwards, said the stranger, for Frankfort —and shall be back at Strasburg this day month.

I hope, continued the stranger, stroking down the face of his mule with his left hand as he was going to mount it, that you have been kind to this faithful slave of mine:—it has carried me and my cloak-bag, continued he, tapping the mule's back, above six hundred leagues.

——'Tis a long journey, Sir, replied the master of the inn,—unless a man has great business.——Tut! tut! said the stranger, I have been at the Promontory of Noses; and have got me one of the goodliest and jolliest, thank Heaven! that ever fell to a single man's lot.

Whilst the stranger was giving this odd account of himself, the master of the inn and his wife kept both their eyes fixed full upon the stranger's nose.——By Saint Radagunda, said the inn-keeper's wife to herself, there is more of it than in any dozen of the largest noses put together in all Strasburg! Is it not, said she, whispering her husband in his ear, is it not a noble nose.

'Tis an imposture, my dear, said the master of the inn;—'tis a false nose.

'Tis a true nose, said his wife.

'Tis made of fir-tree, said he; I smell the turpentine.——.

There's a pimple on it, said she.

'Tis a dead nose, replied the inn-keeper.

Vivus est ait illa,—et si ipsa vivam, tangam.

Votum feci Sancto Nicolao, ait peregrinus, nasum meum intactum fore usque ad——Quodnam tempus? illico respondit illa.

Minimè tangetur, inquit ille, (manibus in pectus compositis) usque ad illam horam——Quam horam? ait illa.——Nullam, respondit peregrinus, donec pervenio ad——Quem locum,—obsecro? ait illa.—— Peregrinus nil respondens mulo conscenso discessit.

'Tis a live nose; and if I am alive myself, said the inn-keeper's wife, I will touch it.

I have made a vow to St. Nicholas this day, said the stranger, that my nose shall not be touched till ——Here the stranger, suspending his voice, looked up.——Till when? said she, hastily.

It never shall be touched, said he, clasping his hands and bringing them close to his breast, till that hour——What hour? cried the inn-keeper's wife.——Never!—never! said the stranger, never till I am got ——For Heaven's sake! into what place? said she. ——The stranger rode away without saying a word.

The stranger had not got half a league on his way towards Frankfort, before all the city of Strasburg was in an uproar about his nose. The Compline bells were just ringing, to call the Strasburghers to their devotions, and shut up the duties of the day in prayer:—no soul in all Strasburg heard 'em;—the city was like a swarm of bees,—men, women, and children, (the Compline bells tinkling all the time) flying here and there,—in at one door and out at another, this way and that way,—long ways and cross ways,—up one street, down another street,—in at this alley, out at that;—did you see it? did you see it? did you see it? O! did you see it?——who saw it? who did see it? for mercy's sake, who saw it?

Alack-a-day! I was at vespers!—I was washing, I was starching, I was scouring, I was quilting.—— God help me! I never saw it—I never touched it!— would I had been a sentinel, a bandy-legged drummer, a trumpeter, a trumpeter's wife! was the general cry and lamentation in every street and corner of Strasburg.

Whilst all this confusion and disorder triumphed

throughout the great city of Strasburg, was the courteous stranger going on as gently upon his mule, in his way to Frankfort, as if he had no concern at all in the affair,——talking, all the way he rode, in broken sentences, sometimes to his mule,—sometimes to himself,—sometimes to his Julia.

O Julia, my lovely Julia;—nay, I cannot stop to let thee bite that thistle:—that ever the suspected tongue of a rival should have robbed me of enjoyment when I was upon the point of tasting it!——

——Pugh!—'tis nothing but a thistle—never mind it;—thou shalt have a better supper at night.

——Banished from my country,—my friends,—from thee!——

Poor devil, thou'rt sadly tired with the journey!——Come,—get on a little faster—there's nothing in my cloak-bag but two shirts,—a crimson-satin pair of breeches,—and a fringed——. Dear Julia!

——But why to Frankfort?—is it that there is a hand unfelt, which secretly is conducting me through these meanders and unsuspected tracts?

——Stumbling! by Saint Nicholas, every step!—Why, at this rate, we shall be all night in getting in——

——To happiness;—or I am to be the sport of fortune and slander?—destined to be driven forth unconvicted,——unheard,——untouched;—if so, why did I not stay at Strasburg, where justice—but I had sworn! Come, thou shalt drink—to St. Nicholas——O Julia!——What dost thou prick up thy ears at?—'tis nothing but a man! &c.

The stranger rode on, communing in this manner with his mule and Julia,—till he arrived at his inn, where, as soon as he arrived, he alighted;—saw his mule, as he had promised it, taken good care of,—took

off his cloak-bag, with his crimson-satin breeches, &c., in it;—called for an omelet for his supper, went to his bed about twelve o'clock, and in five minutes fell fast asleep.

It was about the same hour when the tumult in Strasburg being abated for that night,—the Strasburghers had all got quietly into their beds,—but not like the stranger, for the rest either of their minds or bodies. Queen Mab, like an elf as she was, had taken the stranger's nose, and, without reduction of its bulk, had that night been at the pains of slitting and dividing it into as many noses, of different cuts and fashions, as there were heads in Strasburg to hold them. The abbess of Quedlingburg, who, with the four great dignitaries of her chapter, the prioress, the deaness, the sub-chantress, and senior-canoness, had that week come to Strasburg, to consult the University upon a case of conscience relating to their placket-holes,—was ill all the night.

The courteous stranger's nose had got perched upon the top of the pineal gland of her brain, and made such rousing work in the fancies of the four great dignitaries of her chapter, they could not get a wink of sleep the whole night through for it;—there was no keeping a limb still amongst them:—in short, they got up, like so many ghosts.

The penitentiaries of the third order of Saint Francis,—the nuns of Mount Calvary,—the Præmonstratenses,—the Clunienses,*—the Carthusians,—and all the severer orders of nuns, who lay that night in blankets or haircloth, were still in a worse condition than the abbess of Quedlingberg,—by tumbling and tossing, and tossing and tumbling from one side of

* Hafen Slawkenbergius means the Benedictine Nuns of Cluny, founded in the year 940, by Odo, abbé de Cluny.

their beds to the other the whole night long;—the several sisterhoods had scratched and mauled themselves all to death;——they got out of their beds almost flay'd alive;——every body thought Saint Anthony had visited them, for probation, with his fire;—they had never once, in short, shut their eyes the whole night long, from vespers to matins.

The nuns of Saint Ursula acted the wisest;—they had never attempted to go to bed at all.

The dean of Strasburg, the prebendaries, the capitulars and domiciliars, (capitularly assembled in the morning to consider the case of buttered buns) all wished they had followed the nuns of Saint Ursula's example.

In the hurry and confusion every thing had been in the night before, the bakers had all forgot to lay their leaven,—there were no buttered buns to be had for breakfast in all Strasburg;—the whole close of the cathedral was in one eternal commotion;——such a cause of restlessness and disquietude, and such a zealous inquiry into the cause of that restlessness, had never happened in Strasburg since Martin Luther, with his doctrines, had turned the city upside down.

If the stranger's nose took this liberty of thrusting himself thus into the dishes* of religious orders, &c. what a carnival did his nose make of it in those of the laity!—'tis more than my pen, worn to the stump as it is, has power to describe; though, I acknowledge, *(cries* Slawkenbergius, *with more gaiety of thought than I could have expected from him)* that

* Mr. Shandy's compliments to orators,—is very sensible that Slawkenbergius has here changed his metaphor,—which he is very guilty of;—that, as a translator, Mr. Shandy has all along done what he could to make him stick to it,—but that here 'twas impossible.

there is many a good simile now subsisting in the world which might give my countrymen some idea of it; but at the close of such a folio as this, wrote for their sakes, and in which I have spent the greatest part of my life,—tho' I own to them the simile is in being, yet would it not be unreasonable in them to expect I should have either time or inclination to search for it? Let it suffice to say, that the riot and disorder it occasioned in the Strasburgers' fantasies was so general,—such an overpowering mastership had it got of all the faculties of the Strasburgers' minds,—so many strange things, with equal confidence on all sides, and with equal eloquence in all places, were spoken and sworn to concerning it, that turned the whole stream of all discourse and wonder towards it; every soul, good and bad,—rich and poor,—learned and unlearned,—doctor and student,—mistress and maid,—gentle and simple,—nun's flesh and woman's flesh, in Strasburg, spent their time in hearing tidings about it;—every eye in Strasburg languished to see it;—every finger—every thumb in Strasburg—burned to touch it.

Now what might add, if any thing may be thought necessary to add, to so vehement a desire, was this,—that the sentinel, the bandy-legged drummer, the trumpeter, the trumpeter's wife, the burgomaster's widow, the master of the inn, and the master of the inn's wife, how widely soever they all differed every one from another in their testimonies and descriptions of the stranger's nose,—they all agreed together in two points,—namely, that he was gone to Frankfort, and would not return to Strasburg till that day month; and, secondly, whether his nose was true or false, that the stranger himself was one of the most perfect paragons of beauty,—the finest-made

man,—the most genteel!—the most generous of his purse,—the most courteous in his carriage, that had ever entered the gates of Strasburg;—that as he rode, with his scymetar slung loosely to his wrist, through the streets,—and walked with his crimson-satin breeches across the parade,—'twas with so sweet an air of careless modesty, and so manly withal,—as would have put the heart in jeopardy (had his nose not stood in his way) of every virgin who had cast her eyes upon him.

I call not upon that heart which is a stranger to the throbs and yearnings of curiosity, so excited, to justify the abbess of Quedlingberg, the prioress, the deaness, the sub-chantress, for sending at noon-day for the trumpeter's wife: she went through the streets of Strasburg with her husband's trumpet in her hand,—the best apparatus the straitness of the time would allow her, for the illustration of her theory,—she staid no longer than three days.

The sentinel and the bandy-legged drummer!—nothing on this side of old Athens could equal them! they read their lectures under the city-gates to comers and goers, with all the pomp of a Chrysippus and a Crantor in their porticoes.

The master of the inn, with his hostler on his left hand, read his also in the same style,—under the portico or gateway of his stable yard;—his wife, hers more privately in a back room. All flocked to their lectures; not promiscuously,—but to this or that, as is ever the way, as faith and credulity marshalled them. In a word, each Strasburger came crowding for intelligence;—and every Strasburger had the intelligence he wanted.

'Tis worth remarking, for the benefit of all demonstrators in natural philosophy, &c. that as soon

as the trumpeter's wife had finished the abbess of Quedlingberg's private lecture, and had begun to read in public, which she did upon a stool in the middle of the great parade,—she incommoded the other demonstrators, mainly, by gaining incontinently the most fashionable part of the city of Strasburg for her auditory.——But when a demonstrator in philosophy (cries Slawkenbergius) has a trumpet for an apparatus, pray what rival in science can pretend to be heard besides him?

Whilst the unlearned, through these conduits of intelligence, were all busied in getting down to the bottom of the well, where TRUTH keeps her little court,——were the learned in their way as busy in pumping her up thro' the conduits of dialectic induction;—they concerned themselves not with facts,—they reasoned.——

No one profession had thrown more light upon this subject than the Faculty,—had not all their disputes about it run into the affair of *wens* and œdematous swellings, they could not keep clear of them for their bloods and souls.—The stranger's nose had nothing to do either with wens or œdematous swellings.

It was demonstrated, however, very satisfactorily, that a ponderous mass of heterogeneous matter could not be congested and conglomerated to the nose, whilst the infant was *in utero*, without destroying the statical balance of the fœtus, and throwing it plump upon its head nine months before the time.——

——The opponents granted the theory;—they denied the consequences.

And if a suitable provision of veins, arteries, &c. said they, was not laid in, for the due nourishment of such a nose, in the very first *stamina* and rudiments of its formation, before it came into the world

(bating the case of wens), it could not regularly grow and be sustained afterwards.

This was all answered by a dissertation upon nutriment, and the effect which nutriment had in extending the vessels; and in the increase and prolongation of the muscular parts to the greatest growth and expansion imaginable.—In the triumph of which theory, they went so far as to affirm, That there was no cause in nature why a nose might not grow to the size of the man himself.

The respondents satisfied the world this event could never happen to them so long as a man had but one stomach and one pair of lungs:—for the stomach, said they, being the only organ destined for the reception of food, and turning it into chyle, and the lungs the only engine of sanguification,—it could possibly work off no more than what the appetite brought it: or, admitting the possibility of a man's over-loading his stomach, nature had set bounds however to his lungs,—the engine was of a determined size and strength, and could elaborate but a certain quantity in a given time; —that is, it could produce just as much blood as was sufficient for one single man, and no more; so that, if there was as much nose as man,—they proved a mortification must necessarily ensue; and forasmuch as there could not be a support for both, that the nose must either fall off from the man, or the man inevitably fall off from the nose.

Nature accommodates herself to these emergencies, cried the opponents,—else what do you say to the case of a whole stomach,—a whole pair of lungs, and but *half* a man, when both his legs have been unfortunately shot off?

He dies of a plethora, said they,—or must spit

blood, and in a fortnight or three weeks go off in a consumption.——

——It happens otherwise,—replied the opponents.——

It ought not, said they.

The more curious and intimate enquirers after Nature and her doings, though they went hand in hand a good way together, yet they all divided about the nose at last, almost as much as the Faculty itself.

They amicably laid it down, that there was a just and geometrical arrangement and proportion of the several parts of the human frame to its several destinations, offices, and functions, which could not be transgressed but within certain limits;—that Nature, though she sported,—she sported within a certain circle;—and they could not agree about the diameter of it.

The logician stuck much closer to the point before them than any of the classes of the *literati;*—they began and ended with the word *Nose:* and had it not been for a *petitio principii*, which one of the ablest of them ran his head against in the beginning of the combat, the whole controversy had been settled at once.

A nose, argued the logician, cannot bleed without blood,—and not only blood,—but blood circulating in it to supply the phenomenon with a succession of drops—(a stream being but a quicker succession of drops, that is included, said he.)——Now death, continued the logician, being nothing but the stagnation of the blood,—

I deny the definition:—death is the separation of the soul from the body, said his antagonist.——Then we don't agree about our weapons, said the

logician.——Then there is an end of the dispute, replied the antagonist.——

The civilians were still more concise: what they offered being more in the nature of a decree—than a dispute.——

Such a monstrous nose, said they, had it been a true nose, could not possibly have been suffered in civil society;—and if false, to impose upon society with such false signs and tokens, was a still greater violation of its rights, and must have had still less mercy shewn it.

The only objection to this was, that if it proved any thing, it proved the stranger's nose was neither true nor false.

This left room for the controversy to go on. It was maintained by the advocates of the ecclesiastic court, that there was nothing to inhibit a decree, since the stranger *ex mero motu* had confessed he had been at the Promontory of Noses, and had got one of the goodliest, &c., &c.——To this it was answered, it was impossible there should be such a place as the Promontory of Noses, and the learned be ignorant where it lay. The commissary of the Bishop of Strasburg undertook the advocates' part, explained this matter in a treatise upon proverbial phrases, showing them, that the Promontory of Noses was a mere allegoric expression, importing no more than that nature had given him a long nose: in proof of which, with great learning, he cited the underwritten authorities,* which had decided the point

* Nonnulli ex nostratibus eadem loquendi formula utun. Quinimo & Logistæ & Canonistæ.——Vid. Parce Barne Jas in d. L. Provincial. Constitut. de Conjec. Vid. Vol. lib. 4. Titul. 1. n. 7. qua etiam in re conspir. Om. de Promontorio Nas. Tichmak. ff. d. tit. 3. fol. 189. passim. Vid. Glos. de contrahend. empt. &c. necnon J. Scrudr. in

incontestably, had it not appeared that a dispute about some franchises of dean and chapter-lands had been determined by it nineteen years before.

It happened,—I must not say unluckily for Truth, because they were given her a lift another way in so doing,—that the two universities of Strasburg,—the Lutheran, founded in year 1538 by Jacobus Sturmius, counsellor of the senate,—and the Popish, founded by Leopold, archduke of Austria, were, during all this time, employing the whole depth of their knowledge (except just what the affair of the abbess of Quedlingberg's placket-holes required)—in determining the point of Martin Luther's damnation.

The Popish doctors had undertaken to demonstrate, *à priori*, that from the necessary influence of the planets on the twenty-second day of October, 1483,—when the moon was in the twelfth house, Jupiter, Mars, and Venus in the third; the Sun, Saturn, and Mercury, all got together in the fourth;—that he must in course, and unavoidably, be a damn'd man; and that his doctrines, by a direct corollary, must be damn'd doctrines too.

By inspection into his horoscope, where five planets were in coition all at once with Scorpio* (in reading

cap. § refut. per totum. Cum his cons. Rever. J. Tubal, Sentent. & Prov. cap. 9. ff. 11, 12, obiter. V. & Librum, cui Tit. de Terris & Phras. Belg. ad finem, cum comment. N. Bardy Belg. Vid. Scrip. Argentoratens. de Antiq. Ecc. in Episc. Archiv. fid. coll. per Von Jacobum Koinshoven, Folio, Argent. 1583. præcip. ad finem. Quibus add. Rebuff in L. obvenire de Signif. Nom. ff. fol. & de jure Gent. & Civil. de protib. aliena feud. per federa, test. Joha. Luxius in prolegom. quem velim videas, de Analy. Cap. 1, 2, 3. Vid Idea.

* Hæc mira, satisque horrenda. Planetarum coitio sub Scorpio Asterismo in nona cœli statione, quam Arabes religioni deputabant efficit *Martinum Lutherum* sacrilegium hereticum, Christianæ reli-

this, my father would always shake his head) in the ninth house, which the Arabians allotted to religion,—it appeared that Martin Luther did not care one stiver about the matter;—and that, from the horoscope directed to the conjunction of Mars,—they made it plain likewise he must die cursing and blaspheming;—with the blast of which his soul (being steep'd in guilt) sailed before the wind in the lake of Hell-fire.

The little objection of the Lutheran doctors to this, was, that it must certainly be the soul of another man, born October 22, 83, which was forced to sail down before the wind in that manner,—inasmuch as it appeared from the register of Islaben, in the county of Mansfelt, that Luther was not born in the year 1483, but in 84; and not on the 22nd day of October, but on the 10th of November, the eve of Martinmas-day, from whence he had the name of Martin.

[——I must break off my translation for a moment; for, if I did not, I know I should no more be able to shut my eyes in bed, than the abbess of Quedlingberg.—It is to tell the reader, that my father never read this passage of Slawkenbergius to my uncle Toby, but with triumph,—not over my uncle Toby, for he never opposed him in it,—but over the whole world.

—Now you see, brother Toby, he would say, looking up, 'that christian names are not such indifferent 'things:'—had Luther here been called by any other name but Martin, he would have been damn'd to all eternity;—not that I look upon Martin, he would add,

gionis hostem acerrimum atque prophanum, ex horoscopi directione ad Martis coitum, religiosissimus obiit, ejus Anima scelestissima ad infernos navigavit,—ab Alecto, Tisiphone & Megara flagellis igneis cruciata perenniter.

——Lucas Gaurieus in Tractatu astrologico de præteritis multorum hominum accidentibus per genituras examinatis.

as a good name,—far from it,—'tis something better than a neutral, and but a little;—yet, little as it is, you see it was of some service to him.

My father knew the weakness of this prop to his hypothesis, as well as the best logician could shew him;—yet so strange is the weakness of man at the same time, as it fell in his way, he could not for his life but make use of it; and it was certainly for this reason, that though there are many stories in Hafen Slawkenbergius's Decades full as entertaining as this I am translating, yet there is not one amongst them which my father read over with half the delight;—it flattered two of his strangest hypotheses together,—his *Names* and his *Noses*.—I will be bold to say, he might have read all the books in the Alexandrian Library, had not fate taken other care of them, and not have met with a book or passage in one, which hit two such nails as these upon the head at one stroke.]

The two universities of Strasburg were hard tugging at this affair of Luther's navigation. The Protestant doctors had demonstrated, that he had not sailed right before the wind, as the Popish doctors had pretended; and as every one knew there was no sailing full in the teeth of it,—they were going to settle, in case he had sailed, how many points he was off; whether Martin had doubled the Cape, or had fallen upon a lee-shore; and no doubt, as it was an enquiry of much edification, at least to those who understood this sort of *navigation*, they had gone on with it in spite of the size of the stranger's nose, had not the size of the stranger's nose drawn off the attention of the world from what they were about:—it was their business to follow.

The abbess of Quedlingberg and her four dignitaries were no stop; for the enormity of the stranger's

nose running full as much in their fancies as their case of conscience,—the affair of their placket-holes kept cold:—in a word, the printers were ordered to distribute their types:—all controversies dropp'd.

'Twas a square cap with a silver tassel upon the crown of it—to a nutshell,—to have guessed on which side of the nose the two universities would split.

'Tis above reason, cried the doctors on one side.

'Tis below reason, cried the others.

'Tis faith, cried one.

'Tis a fiddlestick, said the other.

'Tis possible, cried one.

'Tis impossible, said the other.

God's power is infinite, cried the Nosarians; he can do anything.

He can do nothing, replied the Antinosarians, which implies contradictions.

He can make matter think, said the Nosarians.

As certainly as you can make a velvet cap out of a sow's ear, replied the Antinosarians.

He cannot make two and two five, replied the Popish doctors.——'Tis false, said their other opponents.

Infinite power is infinite power, said the doctors who maintained the reality of the nose.—It extends only to all possible things, replied the Lutherans.

By God in heaven! cried the Popish doctors, he can make a nose, if he thinks fit, as big as the steeple of Strasburg.

Now the steeple of Strasburg being the biggest and the tallest church-steeple to be seen in the whole world, the Antinosarians denied that a nose of 575 geometrical feet in length could be worn, at least by a middle-siz'd man.—The Popish doctors swore it could:—the Lutheran doctors said No;—it could not.

This at once started a new dispute, which they pursued a great way, upon the extent and limitation of the moral and natural attributes of God.—That controversy led them naturally into Thomas Aquinas; and Thomas Aquinas to the Devil.

The stranger's nose was no more heard of in the dispute;—it just served as a frigate, to launch them into the gulf of School-divinity,—and then they all sailed before the wind.

Heat is in proportion to the want of true knowledge.

The controversy about the attributes, &c., instead of cooling, on the contrary, had inflamed the Strasburgers' imaginations to a most inordinate degree.—The less they understood of the matter, the greater was their wonder about it;—they were left in all the distresses of desire unsatisfied,—saw their doctors, the *Parchmentarians*, the *Brassarians*, the *Turpentarians*, on one side,—the Popish doctors on the other, like Pantagruel and his companions in quest of the oracle of the bottle, all embarked out of sight.

——The poor Strasburgers left upon the beach!

——What was to be done?—No delay;—the uproar increased,—every one in disorder,—the city-gates set open.

Unfortunate Strasburgers!—was there in the storehouse of nature,—was there in the lumber-rooms of learning,—was there in the great arsenal of chance, one single engine left undrawn forth to torture your curiosities, and stretch your desires, which was not pointed by the hand of Fate to play upon your hearts?—I dip not my pen into my ink to excuse the surrender of yourselves,—'tis to write your panegyric. Shew me a city so macerated with expectation,—who neither eat, nor drank, nor slept, nor prayed, nor hearkened to the calls either of religion or nature, for

seven-and-twenty days together, who could have held out one day longer!

On the twenty-eighth the courteous stranger had promised to return to Strasburg.

Seven thousand coaches (Slawkenbergius must certainly have made some mistake in his numerical characters), 7000 coaches,—15,000 single-horse chairs,—20,000 waggons, crowded as full as they could all hold with senators, counsellors, syndics,—beguines, widows, wives, virgins, canons, concubines, all in their coaches:—The abbess of Quedlingberg, with the prioress, the deaness, and sub-chantress, leading the procession in one coach, and the dean of Strasburg, with the four great dignitaries of his chapter, on her left hand,—the rest following higglety-pigglety as they could; some on horseback,—some on foot,—some led, some driven,—some down the Rhine,—some this way,—some that,—all set out at sun-rise to meet the courteous stranger on the road.

Haste we now towards the catastrophe of my tale,—I say catastrophe, (cries Slawkenbergius) inasmuch as a tale, with parts rightly disposed, not only rejoiceth (*gaudet*) in the *Catastrophe* and *Peripetia* of a DRAMA, but rejoiceth moreover in all the essential and integrant parts of it;—it has its *Protasis*, *Epitasis*, *Catastatis*, its *Catastrophe* or *Peripetia*, growing one out of the other in it, in the order Aristotle first planted them,—without which a tale had better never be told at all, says Slawkenbergius, but be kept to a man's self.

In all my ten tales, in all my ten decades, have I, Slawkenbergius, tied down every tale of them as tightly to this rule, as I have done this of the stranger and his nose.

—From his first parley with the sentinel to his

leaving the city of Strasburg, after pulling off his crimson-satin pair of breeches, is the *Protasis*, or first entrance,—where the characters of the *Personæ Dramatis* are just touched in, and the subject slightly begun.

The *Epitasis*, wherein the action is more fully entered upon and heightened, till it arrives at its state or height, called the *Catastasis*, and which usually takes up the 2nd and 3rd act, is included within that busy period of my tale, betwixt the first night's uproar about the nose, to the conclusion of the trumpeter's wife's lectures upon it in the middle of the grand parade: and from the first embarking of the learned in the dispute—to the doctor's finally sailing away, and leaving the Strasburgers upon the beach in distress, is the *Catastasis*, or the ripening of the incidents and passions for their bursting forth in the 5th act.

This commences with the setting out of the Strasburgers on the Frankfort road, and terminates in unwinding the labyrinth, and bringing the hero out of a state of agitation (as Aristotle calls it) to a state of rest and quietness.

This, says Hafen Slawkenbergius, constitutes the *Catastrophe* or *Peripetia* of my tale;—and that is the part of it I am going to relate.

We left the stranger behind the curtain asleep:—he enters now upon the stage.

—What dost thou prick up thy ears at?—'tis nothing but a man upon a horse,—was the last word the stranger uttered to his mule. It was not proper then to tell the reader that the mule took his master's word for it; and without any more *ifs* or *ands*, let the traveller and his horse pass by.

The traveller was hastening with all diligence to get to Strasburg that night. What a fool am I, said

the traveller to himself, when he had rode about a league farther, to think of getting into Strasburg this night!—Strasburg!—the great Strasburg!—Strasburg, the capital of all Alsatia! Strasburg, an imperial city! Strasburg, a sovereign state! Strasburg, garrisoned with five thousand of the best troops in all the world! —Alas! if I was at the gates of Strasburg this moment, I could not gain admittance into it for a ducat, —nay, a ducat and a half:—'tis too much,—better go back to the last inn I have passed,—than lie I know not where,—or give I know not what. The traveller, as he made these reflections in his mind, turned his horse's head about, and, three minutes after the stranger had been conducted into his chamber, he arrived at the same inn.

——We have bacon in the house, said the host, and bread; and till eleven o'clock this night had three eggs in it;—but a stranger, who arrived an hour ago, has had them dressed into an omelet, and we have nothing.—

Alas! said the traveller, harassed as I am, I want nothing but a bed.——I have one as soft as is in Alsatia, said the host.

—The stranger, continued he, should have slept in it, for 'tis my best bed, but upon the score of his nose.——He has got a defluxion, said the traveller. ——Not that I know, cried the host.—But 'tis a camp-bed; and Jacinta, said he, looking towards the maid, imagined there was not room in it to turn his nose in.——Why so? cried the traveller, starting back.——It is so long a nose, replied the host. ——The traveller fixed his eyes upon Jacinta, then upon the ground,—kneeled upon his right knee, had just got his hand laid upon his breast——Trifle not with my anxiety, said he, rising up again.——'Tis

no trifle, said Jacinta, 'tis the most glorious nose!—— The traveller fell upon his knee again,—laid his hand upon his breast,—then, said he, looking up to Heaven, thou hast conducted me to the end of my pilgrimage!—'Tis Diego.

The traveller was the brother of Julia, so often invoked that night by the stranger, as he rode from Strasburg upon his mule; and was come, on her part, in quest of him. He had accompanied his sister from Valladolid across the Pyrenean Mountains through France, and had many an entangled skein to wind off in pursuit of him, through the many meanders and abrupt turnings of a lover's thorny tracks.

——Julia had sunk under it,—and had not been able to get a step farther than to Lyons; where, with the many disquietudes of a tender heart, which all talk of,—but few feel,—she sicken'd, but had just strength to write a letter to Diego! and having conjured her brother never to see her face till he had found him out, and put the letter into his hands, Julia took to her bed.

Fernandez, (for that was her brother's name)—tho' the camp-bed was as soft as any one in Alsace, yet he could not shut his eyes in it.—As soon as it was day, he rose; and hearing Diego was risen too, he entered his chamber, and discharged his sister's commission.

The letter was as follows:

'Seig. Diego,

'Whether my suspicions of your nose were justly 'excited, or not,—'tis not now to enquire;—it is 'enough I have not had firmness to put them to 'farther trial.

'How could I know so little of myself, when I 'sent my duenna to forbid your coming more under 'my lattice? or how could I know so little of you, 'Diego, as to imagine you would have staid one 'day in Valladolid to have given ease to my doubts? 'Was I to be abandoned, Diego, because I was de-'ceived! or was it kind to take me at my word, 'whether my suspicions were just or no, and leave 'me, as you did, a prey to much uncertainty and 'sorrow?

'In what manner Julia has resented this,—my 'brother, when he puts this letter into your hands, 'will tell you; he will tell you in how few moments 'she repented of the rash message she had sent you, '—in what frantic haste she flew to her lattice, and 'how many days and nights together she leaned 'immoveably upon her elbow, looking through it 'towards the way which Diego was wont to come.

'He will tell you, when she heard of your departure, '—how her spirits deserted her, — how her heart 'sicken'd,—how piteously she mourned,—how long 'she hung her head. O Diego! how many weary 'steps has my brother's pity led me by the hand 'languishing to trace out yours!—how far has desire 'carried me beyond strength!—and how oft have I 'fainted by the way, and sunk into his arms, with 'only power to cry out,—O my Diego!

'If the gentleness of your carriage has not belied 'your heart, you will fly to me almost as fast as you 'fled from me:—haste as you will,—you will arrive 'but to see me expire.——'Tis a bitter draught, 'Diego; but ho! 'tis embittered still more by dying '*un*——!'

She could proceed no farther.

Slawkenbergius supposes the word intended was *unconvinced;* but her strength would not enable her to finish her letter.

The heart of the courteous Diego overflowed as he read the letter:—he ordered his mule forthwith, and Fernandez's horse, to be saddled; and as no vent in prose is equal to that of poetry in such conflicts,—chance, which as often directs us to remedies as to *diseases*, having thrown a piece of charcoal into the window,—Diego availed himself of it; and, whilst the ostler was getting ready his mule, he eased his mind against the wall as follows:

ODE.

Harsh and untuneful are the notes of love,
Unless my Julia strikes the key,
Her hand alone can touch the part,
Whose dulcet move-
ment charms the heart,
And governs all the man with sympathetic sway.

2d.

O Julia!

The lines were very natural,—for they were nothing at all to the purpose, says Slawkenbergius, and 'tis a pity there were no more of them; but whether it was that Seig. Diego was slow in composing verses,—or the ostler quick in saddling mules,—is not averred: certain it was that Diego's mule and Fernandez's horse were ready at the door of the inn before Diego was ready for his second stanza; so, without staying to finish his ode, they both mounted, sallied forth, passed the Rhine, traversed Alsace, shaped their course towards Lyons; and, before the Strasburgers and the abbess of Quedlingberg had set out on their cavalcade, had Fernandez,

Diego, and his Julia, crossed the Pyrenean Mountains, and got safe to Valladolid.

'Tis needless to inform the geographical reader, that, when Diego was in Spain, it was not possible to meet the courteous stranger in the Frankfort road: it is enough to say, that, of all restless desires, curiosity being the strongest,—the Strasburgers felt the full force of it; and that for three days and nights they were tossed to and fro in the Frankfort road, with the tempestuous fury of this passion, before they could submit to return home;—when, alas! an event was prepared for them, of all others the most grievous that could befall a free people.

As this revolution of the Strasburgers' affairs is often spoken of and little understood, I will, in ten words, says Slawkenbergius, give the world an explanation of it, and with it put an end to my tale.

Every body knows of the grand system of Universal Monarchy, wrote by order of Monsieur Colbert, and put in manuscript into the hands of Lewis the Fourteenth, in the year 1664.

'Tis as well known, that one branch out of many of that system, was the getting possession of Strasburg, to favour an entrance at all times into Suabia, in order to disturb the quiet of Germany;—and that, in consequence of this plan, Strasburg unhappily fell at length into their hands.

It is the lot of a few to trace out the true springs of this and such like revolutions;—the vulgar look too high for them,—Statesmen look too low;—Truth (for once) lies in the middle.

What a fatal thing is the popular pride of a free city! cries one historian.—The Strasburgers deemed it a diminution of their freedom to receive an Imperial garrison,—so fell a prey to a French one.

The fate, says another, of the Strasburgers, may be a warning to all free people to save their money.—They anticipated their revenues,—brought themselves under taxes, exhausted their strength, and, in the end, became so weak a people, they had not strength to keep their gates shut; and so the French pushed them open!

Alas! alas! cries Slawkenbergius, 'twas not the French,—'twas *curiosity* pushed them open.—The French, indeed, who are ever upon the catch, when they saw the Strasburgers, men, women, and children, all marched out to follow the stranger's nose,—each man followed his own, and marched in.

Trade and manufactures have decayed and gradually grown down ever since,—but not from any cause which commercial heads have assigned; for it is owing to this only, that Noses have ever so run in their heads, that the Strasburgers could not follow their business.

Alas! alas! cries Slawkenbergius, making an exclamation,—it is not the first,—and I fear will not be the last fortress that has been either won—or lost by *Noses*.

THE END OF SLAWKENBERGIUS'S TALE.

CHAPTER I.

With all this learning upon Noses running perpetually in my father's fancy,—with so many family prejudices,—and ten decades of such tales running on for ever along with them,—how was it possible with such exquisite,—was it a true nose?—that a man with such

exquisite feelings as my father had, could bear the shock at all below stairs,—or indeed above stairs, in any other posture but the very posture I have described?

——Throw yourself down upon the bed a dozen times,—taking care only to place a looking-glass first in a chair on one side of it before you do it.—But was the stranger's nose a true nose, or was it a false one?

To tell that beforehand, Madam, would be to do injury to one of the best tales in the Christian world; and that is the tenth of the tenth decade, which immediately followed this.

This tale, cried Slawkenbergius, somewhat exultingly, has been reserved by me for the concluding tale of my whole work; knowing right well, that when I shall have told it, and my reader shall have read it thro',—'twould be even high time for both of us to shut up the book; inasmuch, continues Slawkenbergius, as I know of no tale which could possibly ever go down after it.

—'Tis a tale indeed!

This sets out with the first interview in the inn at Lyons, when Fernandez left the courteous stranger and his sister Julia alone in her chamber, and is overwritten

THE INTRICACIES
OF
DIEGO AND JULIA.

Heavens! thou art a strange creature, Slawkenbergius! what a whimsical view of the involutions of the heart of woman hast thou opened! How this can ever be translated, and yet if this specimen of Slawkenbergius's tales, and the exquisiteness of his moral, should please the world,—translated shall a

couple of volumes be.—Else, how this can ever be translated into good English, I have no sort of conception.—There seems, in some passages, to want a sixth sense to do it rightly.—What can he mean by the lambent pupilability of slow, low, dry chat, five notes below the natural tone,—which you know, Madam, is little more than a whisper? The moment I pronounced the words, I could perceive an attempt towards a vibration in the strings about the region of the heart.—The brain made no acknowledgment. —There's often no good understanding betwixt 'em: —I felt as if I understood it.—I had no ideas.— The movement could not be without cause.—I'm lost. I can make nothing of it,—unless, may it please your Worships, the voice, in that case being little more than a whisper, unavoidably forces the eyes to approach not only within six inches of each other,—but to look into the pupils.—Is not that dangerous?—But it can't be avoided;—for to look up to the ceiling, in that case the two chins unavoidably meet;—and, to look down into each other's lap, the foreheads come into immediate contact, which at once puts an end to the conference,—I mean to the sentimental part of it.—What is left, Madam, is not worth stooping for.

CHAPTER II.

My father lay stretched across the bed as still as if the hand of Death had pushed him down, for a full hour and a half before he began to play upon the floor with the toe of that foot which hung over the bedside. My uncle Toby's heart was a pound lighter

for it.—In a few moments, his left hand, the knuckles of which had all the time reclined upon the handle of the chamber-pot, came to its feeling;—he thrust it a little more within the valance,—drew up his hand, when he had done, into his bosom,—gave a hem! My good uncle Toby, with infinite pleasure, answered it; and full gladly would have ingrafted a sentence of consolation upon the opening it afforded: but having no talents, as I said, that way, and fearing, moreover, that he might set out with something which might make a bad matter worse, he contented himself with resting his chin placidly upon the cross of his crutch.

Now, whether the compression shortened my uncle Toby's face into a more pleasurable oval,—or that the philanthropy of his heart, in seeing his brother beginning to emerge out of the sea of his afflictions, had braced up his muscles,—so that the compression upon his chin only doubled the benignity which was there before, is not hard to decide.—My father, in turning his eyes, was struck with such a gleam of sun-shine in his face, as melted down the sullenness of his grief in a moment.

He broke silence as follows:—

CHAPTER III.

Did ever man, brother Toby, cried my father, raising himself upon his elbow, and turning himself round to the opposite side of the bed, where my uncle Toby was sitting in his old fringed chair, with his chin resting upon his crutch,—did ever a poor unfortunate

man, brother Toby, cried my father, receive so many lashes?——The most I ever saw given, quoth my uncle Toby (ringing the bell at the bed's head for Trim), was to a grenadier, I think, in Mackay's regiment.

——Had my uncle Toby shot a bullet through my father's heart, he could not have fallen down with his nose upon the quilt more suddenly.

Bless me! said my uncle Toby.

CHAPTER IV.

Was it Mackay's regiment, quoth my uncle Toby, where the poor grenadier was so unmercifully whipp'd at Bruges, about the ducats?——O Christ! he was innocent! cried Trim, with a deep sigh.—And he was whipp'd, may it please your Honour, almost to Death's door.—They had better have shot him outright, as he begg'd, and he had gone directly to Heaven; for he was as innocent as your Honour.——I thank thee, Trim! quoth my uncle Toby.——I never think of his, continued Trim, and my poor brother Tom's misfortunes, for we were all three school-fellows, but I cry like a coward.——Tears are no proof of cowardice, Trim.—I drop them oft-times myself, cried my uncle Toby.——I know your Honour does, replied Trim, and so am not ashamed of it myself.—But to think, may it please your Honour, continued Trim,—a tear stealing into the corner of his eye as he spoke,—to think of two virtuous lads, with hearts as warm in their bodies, and as honest as God could make them,—the children of honest people, going forth with gallant

spirits to seek their fortunes in the world,—and fall into such evils!—poor Tom! to be tortured upon a rack for nothing—but marrying a Jew's widow who sold sausages!—honest Dick Johnson's soul to be scourged out of his body, for the ducats another man put into his knapsack!—O!—these are misfortunes, cried Trim, pulling out his handkerchief,—these are misfortunes, may it please your Honour, worth lying down and crying over.

—My father could not help blushing.

'Twould be a pity, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, thou shouldst ever feel sorrow of thy own;—thou feelest it so tenderly for others.—Alack-a-day, replied the corporal, brightening up his face,—your Honour knows I have neither wife nor child;—I can have no sorrows in this world.——My father could not help smiling.——As few as any man, Trim, replied my uncle Toby; nor can I see how a fellow of thy light heart can suffer, but from the distress of poverty in thy old age, when thou art past all services, Trim,—and hast outlived thy friends.——An' please your Honour, never fear, replied Trim, cheerly.——But I would have thee never fear, Trim, replied my uncle Toby; and therefore, continued my uncle Toby, throwing down his crutch and getting up upon his legs as he uttered the word *therefore*,—in recompence, Trim, of thy long fidelity to me, and that goodness of thy heart I have had such proofs of,—whilst thy master is worth a shilling,—thou shalt never ask elsewhere, Trim, for a penny.——Trim attempted to thank my uncle Toby,—but had not power;—tears trickled down his cheeks faster than he could wipe them off.—He laid his hands upon his breast,—made a bow to the ground, and shut the door.

——I have left Trim my bowling-green, cried my

uncle Toby.—My father smiled.——I have left him, moreover, a pension, continued my uncle Toby.—— My father looked grave.

CHAPTER V.

Is this a fit time, said my father to himself, to talk of *pensions and grenadiers?*

CHAPTER VI.

When my uncle Toby first mentioned the grenadier, my father, I said, fell down with his nose flat to the quilt, and as suddenly as if my uncle Toby had shot him; but it was not added that every other limb and member of my father instantly relapsed, with his nose, into the same precise attitude in which he lay first described; so that when Corporal Trim left the room, and my father found himself disposed to rise off the bed,—he had all the little preparatory movements to run over again, before he could do it. Attitudes are nothing, Madam,—'tis the transition from one attitude to another,—like the preparation and resolution of the discord into harmony, which is all in all.

For which reason, my father played the same jig over again with his toe upon the floor,—pushed the chamber-pot still a little farther within the valance, —gave a hem,—raised himself upon his elbow,—and

was just beginning to address himself to my uncle Toby,—when recollecting the unsuccessfulness of his first effort in that attitude,—he got upon his legs, and in making the third turn across the room, he stopped short before my uncle Toby; and laying the three first fingers of his right hand in the palm of his left, and stooping a little, he addressed himself to my uncle Toby as follows:—

CHAPTER VII.

WHEN I reflect, brother Toby, upon MAN; and take a view of that dark side of him which represents his life as open to so many causes of trouble;—when I consider, brother Toby, how oft we eat the bread of affliction, and that we are born to it, as to the portion of our inheritance,——I was born to nothing, quoth my uncle Toby, interrupting my father,—but my commission.——Zooks! said my father, did not my uncle leave you a hundred and twenty pounds a year?——What could I have done without it? replied my uncle Toby.——That's another concern, said my father, testily;—but I say, Toby, when one runs over the catalogue of all the cross-reckonings and sorrowful *items* with which the heart of man is overcharged, 'tis wonderful by what hidden resources the mind is enabled to stand it out, and bear itself up, as it does, against the impositions laid upon our nature.——'Tis by the assistance of Almighty God! cried my uncle Toby, looking up, and pressing the palms of his hands close together,—'tis not from our own strength, brother Shandy; a sentinel in a wooden

sentry-box might as well pretend to stand it out against a detachment of fifty men.—We are upheld by the grace and assistance of the best of Beings.

——That is cutting the knot, said my father, instead of untying it.—But give me leave to lead you, brother Toby, a little deeper into the mystery.

With all my heart, replied my uncle Toby.

My father instantly exchanged the attitude he was in, for that in which Socrates is so finely painted by Raphael, in his school of Athens; which your connoisseurship knows is so exquisitely imagined, that even the particular manner of the reasoning of Socrates is expressed by it,—for he holds the fore-finger of his left hand between the fore-finger and the thumb of his right; and seems as if he was saying to the libertine he is reclaiming,—'*You grant* '*me* this,—and this: and this, and this, I don't ask 'of you;—they follow of themselves in course.'

So stood my father, holding fast his fore-finger betwixt his finger and his thumb, and reasoning with my uncle Toby as he sat in his old fringed chair, valanced around with party-coloured worsted bobs. ——O Garrick!—what a rich scene of this would thy exquisite powers make! and how gladly would I write such another to avail myself of thy immortality, and secure my own behind it!

CHAPTER VIII.

THOUGH man is of all others the most curious vehicle, said my father; yet, at the same time, 'tis of so slight a frame, and so totteringly put together, that the

sudden jerks and hard jostlings it unavoidably meets with in this rugged journey, would overset and tear it to pieces a dozen times a day,—was it not, brother Toby, that there is a secret spring within us.——Which spring, said my uncle Toby, I take to be religion.——Will that set my child's nose on? cried my father, letting go his finger, and striking one hand against the other.——It makes every thing straight for us, answered my uncle Toby.——Figuratively speaking, dear Toby, it may, for aught I know, said my father; but the spring I am speaking of, is that great and elastic power within us of counterbalancing evil; which, like a secret spring in a well-ordered machine, though it can't prevent the shock,—at least, it imposes upon our sense of it.

Now, my dear brother, said my father, replacing his fore-finger, as he was coming closer to the point, —had my child arrived safe into the world, unmartyr'd in that precious part of him,—fanciful and extravagant as I may appear to the world in my opinion of Christian names, and of that magic bias which good or bad names irresistibly impress upon our characters and conducts,—Heaven is witness, that in the warmest transports of my wishes for the prosperity of my child, I never once wished to crown his head with more glory and honour than what George or Edward would have spread around it.

But, alas! continued my father, as the greatest evil has befallen him,—I must counteract and undo it with the greatest good.

He shall be christened Trismegistus, brother.

I wish it may answer,—replied my uncle Toby, rising up.

CHAPTER IX.

WHAT a chapter of chances, said my father, turning himself about upon the first landing, as he and my uncle Toby were going down stairs!—what a long chapter of chances do the events of this world lay open to us! Take pen and ink in hand, brother Toby, and calculate it fairly.——I know no more of calculation than this balustrade, said my uncle Toby (striking short of it with his crutch, and hitting my father a desperate blow souse upon his shin-bone).—'Twas a hundred to one,—cried my uncle Toby——I thought, quoth my father (rubbing his shin) you had known nothing of calculations, brother Toby.——'Twas a mere chance, said my uncle Toby.——Then it adds one to the chapter,—replied my father.

The double success of my father's repartees tickled off the pain of his shin at once:—it was well it so fell out—(chance! again)—or the world to this day had never known the subject of my father's calculation;—to guess it,—there was no chance.—What a lucky chapter of chances has this turned out! for it has saved me the trouble of writing one express; and in truth I have enough already upon my hands without it.—Have not I promised the world a chapter of knots? two chapters upon the right and wrong end of woman? a chapter upon whiskers? a chapter upon wishes?—a chapter of noses?—No; I have done that:—a chapter upon my uncle Toby's modesty? to say nothing of a chapter upon chapters, which I will finish before I sleep.—By my great

grandfather's whiskers! I shall never get half of 'em through this year.

Take pen and ink in hand, and calculate it fairly, brother Toby, said my father; and it will turn out a million to one, that of all the parts of the body, the edge of the forceps should have the ill luck just to fall upon and break down that one part, which should break down the fortunes of our house with it.

It might have been worse, replied my uncle Toby. ——I don't comprehend, said my father.——Suppose the hip had presented, replied my uncle Toby, as Dr. Slop foreboded?

My father reflected half a minute,—looked down, —touched the middle of his forehead slightly with his finger——

—True, said he.

CHAPTER X.

Is it not a shame to make two chapters of what passed in going down one pair of stairs? for we are got no farther yet than the first landing, and there are fifteen more steps down to the bottom; and, for aught I know, as my father and my uncle Toby are in a talking humour, there may be as many chapters as steps. Let that be as it will, Sir, I can no more help it than my destiny.—A sudden impulse comes across me:—drop the curtain, Shandy: —I drop it.—Strike a line here across the paper, Tristram:—I strike it,—and hey for a new chapter.

The deuce of any other rule have I to govern

myself in this affair;—and if I had one,—as I do all things out of all rule,—I would twist it and tear it to pieces, and throw it into the fire when I had done.—Am I warm? I am, and the cause demands it:—a pretty story! is a man to follow rules,—or rules to follow him?

Now this, you must know, being my chapter upon chapters, which I promised to write before I went to sleep, I thought it meet to ease my conscience entirely before I laid down, by telling the world all I knew about the matter at once. Is not this ten times better than to set out dogmatically with a sententious parade of wisdom, and telling the world a story of a roasted horse?—that chapters relieve the mind,—that they assist,—or impose upon the imagination,—and that in a work of this dramatic cast they are as necessary as the shifting of scenes,—with fifty other cold conceits, enough to extinguish the fire which roasted him! O! but to understand this, which is a puff at the fire of Diana's temple,—you must read Longinus:—read away:—if you are not a jot the wiser for reading him the first time over,—never fear,—read him again.—Avicenna and Licetus read Aristotle's Metaphysics forty times through apiece, and never understood a single word!—But mark the consequence,—Avicenna turned out a desperate writer at all kinds of writing;—for he wrote books *de omni scribili;* and for Licetus (Fortunio)——though all the world knows he was born a *fœtus** of no more

* Ce fœtus n'étoit pas plus grand que le paume de la main; mais son père l'ayant examiné en qualité de Médecin, & ayant trouvé que c'étoit quelque chose de plus qu'un Embryon, le fit transporter tout vivant à Rapallo, où il le fit voir à Jérôme Bardi & à d'autres Médecins du lieu. On trouva qu'il ne lui manquoit rien d'essentiel à la vie; & son père pour faire voir un essai de son expérience, entrepit d'achever

than five inches and a half in length, yet he grew to that astonishing height in literature, as to write a book with a title as long as himself. The learned know I mean his *Gonopsychanthropologia*, upon the Origin of the Human Soul.

So much for my chapter upon chapters, which I hold to be the best chapter in my whole work; and, take my word, whoever reads it, is full as well employed as in picking straws.

CHAPTER XI.

We shall bring all things to rights, said my father, setting his foot upon the first step from the land-

l'ouvrage de la Nature, & de travailler à la formation de l'Enfant avec le même artifice que celui dont on se sert pour faire éclore les Poulets en Egypte. Il instruisit une Nourrice de tout ce qu'elle avoit à faire, et ayant fait mettre son fils dan un four proprement accommodé, il réussit à l'élever & à lui faire prendre ses accroissemens nécessaires, par l'uniformité d'une chaleur étrange, mesurée éxactement sur les dégrés d'un Thermométre, ou d'un autre instrument équivalent. (Vide Mich. Giustinian, ne gli Scritt. Liguri à Cart. 223. 418.)

On auroit toujours été très satisfait de l'industrie d'un père si expérimenté dans l'Art de la Génération, quand il n'auroit pû prolonger la vie à son fils que pour quelques mois, ou pour peu d'années.

Mais quand on se représente que l'Enfant a veçu près de quatre-vingt ans, & qu'il a composé quatre-vingt Ouvrages differents tous fruits d'une longue lecture—il faut convenir que tout ce qui est incroyable n'est pas toujours faux, & que la 'Vraisemblance n'est pas 'toujours du côté de la Vérité.'

Il n'avoit que dix-neuf ans lorsqu'il composa Gonopsychanthropologia De Origine Animæ Humanæ.

(Les Enfans célèbres, revûs & corrigés par M. de la Monnoye de l'Académie Française.)

ing.—This Trismegistus, continued my father, drawing his leg back, and turning to my uncle Toby,—was the greatest (Toby) of all earthly beings;—he was the greatest king,—the greatest lawgiver,—the greatest philosopher,—and the greatest priest;——and engineer,—said my uncle Toby.——In course, said my father.

CHAPTER XII.

—And how does your Mistress? cried my father, taking the same step over again from the landing, and calling to Susannah, whom he saw passing by the foot of the stairs with a huge pin-cushion in her hand,—How does your Mistress?——As well, said Susannah, tripping by, but without looking up, as can be expected.——What a fool am I! said my father, drawing his leg back again,—let things be as they will, brother Toby, 'tis ever the precise answer.—And how is the child, pray?——No answer.—And where is Dr. Slop? added my father, raising his voice aloud, and looking over the balustrades.—Susannah was out of hearing.

Of all the riddles of a married life, said my father, crossing the landing, in order to set his back against the wall whilst he propounded it to my uncle Toby,—of all the puzzling riddles, said he, in the marriage-state,—of which you may trust me, brother Toby, there are more asses' loads than all Job's stock of asses could have carried,—there is not one that has more intricacies in it than this:—that from the very moment that the mistress of the house is

brought to bed, every female in it, from my lady's gentlewoman down to the cinder-wench, becomes an inch taller for it; and gives herself more airs upon that single inch, than all her other inches put together.

I think rather, replied my uncle Toby, that 'tis we who sink an inch lower.—If I meet but a woman with child,—I do it.—'Tis a heavy tax upon that half of our fellow-creatures, brother Shandy, said my uncle Toby.—'Tis a piteous burden upon 'em, continued he, shaking his head.——Yes, yes, 'tis a painful thing,—said my father, shaking his head too: —but certainly since shaking of heads came into fashion, never did two heads shake together in concert from two such different springs.

God bless } 'em all!—said my uncle Toby and my
Deuce take }
father; each to himself.

CHAPTER XIII.

Holla!—you, chairman!—here's sixpence:—do step into that bookseller's shop, and call me a *day-tall* critic. I am very willing to give any one of 'em a crown to help me with his tackling, to get my father and my uncle Toby off the stairs, and to put them to bed.

—'Tis even high time; for, except a short nap, which they both got while Trim was boring the jack-boots,—and which, by the bye, did my father no sort of good, upon the score of the bad hinge, —they have not else shut their eyes since nine hours

before the time that Doctor Slop was led into the back parlour in that dirty pickle by Obadiah.

Was every day of my life to be as busy a day as this,—and to take up——Truce:

I will not finish that sentence till I have made an observation upon the strange state of affairs between the reader and myself, just as things stand at present:—an observation never applicable before to any one biographical writer since the creation of the world, but myself;—and, I believe, will never hold good to any other, until its final destruction;—and, therefore, for the very novelty of it alone, it must be worth your Worships attending to.

I am this month one whole year older than I was this time twelvemonth; and having got, as you perceive, almost into the middle of my fourth volume,* —and no farther than to my first day's life,—'tis demonstrative that I have 364 days more life to write just now, than when I first set out; so that, instead of advancing as a common writer, in my work with what I have been doing at it;—on the contrary, I am just thrown so many volumes back.—Was every day of my life to be as busy a day as this,—And why not?—and the transactions and opinions of it to take up as much description,—And for what reason should they be cut short? as at this rate I should just live 364 times faster than I should write, —it must follow, an' please your Worships, that the more I write, the more I shall have to write,—and, consequently, the more your Worships read, the more your Worships will have to read.

Will this be good for your Worships' eyes?

It will do well for mine; and, was it not that my *Opinions* will be the death of me, I perceive I

* According to the original editions.

shall lead a fine life of it out of this self-same *Life* of mine; or, in other words, shall lead a couple of fine lives together.

As for the proposal of twelve volumes a year, or a volume a month, it no way alters my prospect:—write as I will, and rush as I may into the middle of things, as Horace advises,—I shall never overtake myself, whipp'd and driven to the last pinch. At the worst I shall have one day the start of my pen,—and one day is enough for two volumes;—and two volumes will be enough for one year.—

Heaven prosper the manufacturers of paper under this propitious reign, which is now opened to us!—as I trust its providence will prosper everything else in it that is taken in hand.

As for the propagation of geese,—I give myself no concern,—Nature is all-bountiful;—I shall never want tools to work with.

—So then, friend, you have got my father and my uncle Toby off the stairs, and seen them to bed?—And how did you manage it?—You dropp'd a curtain at the stair-foot.—I thought you had no other way for it.—Here's a crown for your trouble.

CHAPTER XIV.

—Then reach my breeches off the chair, said my father to Susannah.——There is not a moment's time to dress you, Sir, cried Susannah,—the child is as black in the face as my——As your what? said my father; for, like all orators, he was a dear searcher into comparisons.——Bless me, Sir, said Susannah, the

child's in a fit.——And where's Mr. Yorick?——Never where he should be, said Susannah; but his curate's in the dressing-room, with the child upon his arm, waiting for the name;—and my Mistress bid me run as fast as I could to know, as Captain Shandy is the godfather, whether it should not be called after him?

Were one sure, said my father to himself, scratching his eye-brow, that the child was expiring, one might as well compliment my brother Toby as not,—and it would be a pity, in such a case, to throw away so great a name as Trismegistus upon him:—but he may recover.

No, no,—said my father to Susannah, I'll get up.——There is no time, cried Susannah, the child's as black as my shoe.——Trismegistus, said my father.—But stay,—thou art a leaky vessel, Susannah, added my father; canst thou carry Trismegistus in thy head the length of the gallery without scattering?——Can I? cried Susannah, shutting the door in a huff.——If she can, I'll be shot! said my father, bouncing out of bed in the dark, and groping for his breeches.

Susannah ran with all speed along the gallery.

My father made all possible speed to find his breeches.

Susannah got the start and kept it.—'Tis Tris—something, cried Susannah.——There is no christian name in the world, said the curate, beginning with Tris—, but Tristram.——Then 'tis Tristram-gistus, quoth Susannah.

——There is no gistus to it, noodle!—'tis my own name, replied the curate, dipping his hand, as he spoke, into the bason; Tristram! said he, &c., &c., &c., &c.:—so Tristram was I called, and Tristram shall I be to the day of my death.

My father followed Susannah, with his night-gown across his arm, with nothing more than his breeches on; fastened, through haste, with but a single button; and that button, through haste, thrust only half into the button-hole.

——She has not forgot the name? cried my father, half-opening the door.——No, no, said the curate, with a tone of intelligence.——And the child is better, cried Susannah.——And how does your Mistress?——As well, said Susannah, as can be expected.——Pish! said my father, the button of his breeches slipping out of the button-hole;—so that whether the interjection was levelled at Susannah, or the button-hole;—whether Pish was an interjection of contempt, or an interjection of modesty, is a doubt; and must be a doubt till I shall have time to write the three following favourite chapters; that is, My chapter of chamber maids, my chapter of pishes, and my chapter of button-holes.

All the light I am able to give the reader at the present is this, That the moment my father cried Pish! he whisk'd himself about,—and with his breeches held up by one hand, and his night-gown thrown across the arm of the other, he returned along the gallery to bed, something slower than he came.

CHAPTER XV.

I WISH I could write a chapter on sleep.

A fitter occasion could never have presented itself than what this moment offers, when all the curtains of the family are drawn,—the candles put out,—and no creature's eyes are open but a single one;

for the other has been shut these twenty years, of my mother's nurse.

It is a fine subject.

And yet, as fine as it is, I would undertake to write a dozen chapters upon button-holes, both quicker and with more fame, than a single chapter upon this.

Button-holes! there is something lively in the very idea of 'em;—and trust me, when I get amongst 'em, —you gentry with great beards,—look as grave as you will,—I'll make merry work with my button-holes,—I shall have 'em all to myself,—'tis a maiden subject,—I shall run foul of no man's wisdom or fine sayings in it.

But for sleep,—I know I shall make nothing of it before I begin:—I am no dab at your fine sayings, in the first place;—and in the next, I cannot for my soul set a grave face upon a bad matter,—and tell the world, 'tis the refuge of the unfortunate, —the enfranchisement of the prisoner,—the downy lap of the hopeless, the weary, and the broken-hearted; nor could I set out with a lie in my mouth, by affirming, that of all the soft and delicious functions of our nature, by which the great Author of it, in his bounty, has been pleased to recompense the sufferings wherewith his justice and his good pleasure has wearied us,—that this is the chiefest (I know pleasures worth ten of it);—or what a happiness it is to man, when the anxieties and passions of the day are over, and he lies down upon his back, that his soul shall be so seated within him, that whichever way she turns her eyes, the heavens shall look calm and sweet above her,—no desire,—or fear, —or doubt that troubles the air; nor any difficulty past, present, or to come, that the imagination may not pass over without offence, in that sweet secession.

'God's blessing,' said Sancho Pança, 'be upon the 'man who first invented this self-same thing called 'Sleep!—it covers a man all over like a cloke.'—Now there is more to me in this, and it speaks warmer to my heart and affections, than all the dissertations squeez'd out of the heads of the learned together upon the subject.

—Not that I altogether disapprove of what Montaigne advances upon it;—'tis admirable in its way:—(I quote by memory.)

The world enjoys other pleasures, says he, as they do that of sleep, without tasting or feeling it as it slips and passes by. We should study and ruminate upon it, in order to render proper thanks to Him who grants it to us.——For this end, I cause myself to be disturbed in my sleep, that I may the better and more sensibly relish it:——and yet I see few, says he again, who live with less sleep, when need requires: my body is capable of a firm, but not of a violent and sudden agitation,—I evade of late all violent exercises,—I am never weary with walking;—but from my youth, I never liked to ride upon pavements. I love to lie hard and alone, and even without my wife.——This last word may stagger the faith of the world;—but remember, 'La Vraisem-'blance' (as Bayle says in the affair of Liceti) 'n'est 'pas toujours du Côté de la Verité.'——And so much for sleep.

CHAPTER XVI.

If my wife will but venture him,—brother Toby, Trismegistus shall be dress'd and brought down to

us, whilst you and I are getting our breakfasts together.

Go, tell Susannah, Obadiah, to step here.

She is run up stairs, answered Obadiah, this very instant, sobbing and crying and wringing her hands as if her heart would break.——

We shall have a rare month of it, said my father, turning his head from Obadiah, and looking wistfully in my uncle Toby's face for some time,—we shall have a devilish month of it, brother Toby, said my father, setting his arms a-kimbo, and shaking his head: fire, water, women, wind, brother Toby!—— 'Tis some misfortune, quoth my uncle Toby.——That it is, cried my father,—to have so many jarring elements breaking loose, and riding triumph in every corner of a gentleman's house.—Little boots it to the peace of a family, brother Toby, that you and I possess ourselves, and sit here silent and unmov'd —whilst such a storm is whistling over our heads.—

And what's the matter, Susannah?——They have called the child Tristram;—and my mistress is just got out of an hysteric fit about it.——No!—'tis not my fault, said Susannah,—I told him it was Tristramgistus.

——Make tea for yourself, brother Toby, said my father, taking down his hat;—but how different from the sallies and agitations of voice and members which a common reader would imagine!

—For he spake in the sweetest modulation,—and took down his hat with the genteelest movement of limbs that ever affliction harmonized and attuned together.

——Go to the bowling-green for Corporal Trim, said my uncle Toby, speaking to Obadiah, as soon as my father left the room.

CHAPTER XVII.

When the misfortune of my Nose fell so heavily upon my father's head,—the reader remembers that he walked instantly up stairs, and cast himself down upon his bed; and from hence, unless he has a great insight into human nature, he will be apt to expect a rotation of the same ascending and descending movements from him upon this misfortune of my Name.—No.

The different weight, dear Sir,—nay, even the different package of two vexations of the same weight,—makes a very wide difference in our manners of bearing and getting through with them.—It is not half an hour ago, when (in the great hurry and precipitation of a poor Devil's writing for daily bread) I threw a fair sheet, which I had just finished, and carefully wrote out, slap into the fire, instead of the foul one.

Instantly I snatched off my wig, and threw it perpendicularly, with all imaginable violence, up to the top of the room:—indeed I caught it as it fell;—but there was an end of the matter; nor do I think any thing else in Nature would have given such immediate ease. She, dear goddess, by an instantaneous impulse, in all *provoking cases*, determines us to a sally of this or that member,—or else she thrusts us into this or that place, or posture of body, we know not why:—but mark, Madam, we live amongst riddles and mysteries:—the most obvious things which come in our way have dark sides, which the quickest sight cannot penetrate into; and even the clearest and most exalted understandings

amongst us find ourselves puzzled and at a loss in almost every cranny of Nature's works: so that this, like a thousand other things, falls out for us in a way, which tho' we cannot reason upon it, yet we find the good of it, may it please your Reverences and your Worships,—and that's enough for us.

Now, my father could not lie down with this affliction for his life,—nor could he carry it up stairs like the other;—he walked composedly out with it to the fish-pond.

Had my father leaned his head upon his hand, and reasoned an hour which way to have gone,—Reason, with all her force, could not have directed him to any thing like it: there is something, Sir, in fish-ponds;—but what it is, I leave to system-builders and fish-pond diggers betwixt 'em to find out;—but there is something, under the first disorderly transport of the humours, so unaccountably becalming in an orderly and sober walk towards one of them, that I have often wondered that neither Pythagoras, nor Plato, nor Solon, nor Lycurgus, nor Mahomet, nor any one of your noted law-givers, ever gave order about them.

CHAPTER XVIII.

YOUR Honour, said Trim, shutting the parlour-door before he began to speak, has heard, I imagine, of this unlucky accident.——O yes, Trim, said my uncle Toby, and it gives me great concern.——I am heartily concerned too; but I hope your Honour, replied Trim, will do me the justice to believe, that it was not in

the least owing to me.——To thee,—Trim?—cried my uncle Toby, looking kindly in his face,—'twas Susannah's and the curate's folly, betwixt them.——What business could they have together, an' please your Honour, in the garden?——In the gallery thou meanest, replied my uncle Toby.

Trim found he was upon a wrong scent, and stopped short with a low bow.——Two misfortunes, quoth the Corporal to himself, are twice as many at least as are needful to be talked over at one time;—the mischief the cow has done in breaking into the fortifications, may be told his Honour hereafter.——Trim's casuistry and address, under the cover of his low bow, prevented all suspicion in my uncle Toby; so he went on with what he had to say to Trim as follows:

——For my own part, Trim, though I can see little or no difference betwixt my nephew's being called Tristram or Trismegistus;—yet as the thing sits so near my brother's heart, Trim,—I would freely have given a hundred pounds rather than it should have happened.——A hundred pounds, an' please your Honour! replied Trim,—I would not give a cherry-stone to boot.——Nor would I, Trim, upon my own account, quoth my uncle Toby;—but my brother, whom there is no arguing with in this case,—maintains that a great deal more depends, Trim, upon christian-names than what ignorant people imagine;—for he says there never was a great or heroic action performed since the world began, by one called Tristram.—Nay, he will have it, Trim, that a man can neither be learned, nor wise, nor brave.——'Tis all fancy, an' please your Honour:—I fought just as well, replied the Corporal, when the regiment called me Trim, as when they called me James Butler.——

And for my own part, said my uncle Toby, tho' I should blush to boast of myself, Trim;—yet, had my name been Alexander, I could have done no more at Namur than my duty.——Bless your Honour! cried Trim, advancing three steps as he spoke, does a man think of his christian-name when he goes upon the attack?——Or when he stands in the trench, Trim? cried my uncle Toby, looking firm.——Or, when he enters a breach? said Trim, pushing in between two chairs.——Or forces the lines? cried my uncle, rising up, and pushing his crutch like a pike.——Or facing a platoon? cried Trim, presenting his stick like a firelock.——Or when he marches up the glacis? cried my uncle Toby, looking warm, and setting his foot upon his stool.——

CHAPTER XIX.

My father was returned from his walk to the fish-pond,—and opened the parlour-door in the very height of the attack, just as my uncle Toby was marching up the glacis.—Trim recovered his arms. Never was my uncle Toby caught riding at such a desperate rate in his life! Alas! my uncle Toby! had not a weightier matter called forth all the ready eloquence of my father,—how hadst thou then, and thy poor *hobby-horse* too, been insulted!

My father hung up his hat with the same air he took it down; and, after giving a slight look at the disorder of the room, he took hold of one of the chairs which had formed the corporal's breach, and placing it over against my uncle Toby, he sat down in it;

and as soon as the tea-things were taken away, and the door shut, he broke out into a lamentation as follows:

MY FATHER'S LAMENTATION.

It is in vain longer, said my father, addressing himself as much to Ernulphus's curse, which was laid upon the corner of the chimney-piece,—as to my uncle Toby, who sat under it;—it is in vain longer, said my father, in the most querulous monotony imaginable, to struggle as I have done against this most uncomfortable of human persuasions.—I see it plainly, that either for my own sins, brother Toby, or the sins and follies of the Shandy family, Heaven has thought fit to draw forth the heaviest of its artillery against me; and that the prosperity of my child is the point upon which the whole force of it is directed to play.—Such a thing would batter the whole universe about our ears, brother Shandy, said my uncle Toby, if it was so.——Unhappy Tristram! child of wrath! child of decrepitude! interruption! mistake! and discontent! What one misfortune or disaster in the book of embryotic evils, that could unmechanize thy frame, or entangle thy filaments, which has not fallen upon thy head, ere ever thou camest into the world!—what evils in thy passage into it!—what evils since!—produced into being, in the decline of thy father's days,—when the powers of his imagination and of his body were waxing feeble,—when radical heat and radical moisture, the elements which should have temper'd thine, were drying up; and nothing left to found thy stamina in, but negations!—'Tis pitiful,—brother Toby, at the best, and called out for all the little helps that care and attention on

both sides could give it. But how were we defeated! You know the event, brother Toby!—'tis too melancholy a one to be repeated now,—when the few animal spirits I was worth in the world, and with which memory, fancy, and quick parts should have been conveyed,—were all dispersed, confused, confounded, and sent to the devil.—

Here then was the time to have put a stop to this persecution against him,—and tried an experiment at least,—whether calmness and serenity of mind in your sister, with a due attention, brother Toby, to her evacuation and repletions,—and the rest of her non-naturals, might not, in the course of nine months' gestation, have set all things to rights.—My child was bereft of these!—What a teasing life did she lead herself, and, consequently, her fœtus too, with that nonsensical anxiety of hers about lying-in in town!—— I thought my sister submitted with the greatest patience, replied my uncle Toby;—I never heard her utter one fretful word about it.——She fumed inwardly, cried my father, and that, let me tell you, brother, was ten times worse for the child,—and then, what battles did she fight with me! and what perpetual storms about the midwife!——There she gave vent, said my uncle Toby.——Vent! cried my father, looking up.

But what was all this, my dear Toby, to the injuries done us by my child's coming head foremost into the world, when all I wished, in this general wreck of his frame, was to have saved this little casket unbroke, unrifled!—

With all my precautions, how was my system turned topsy-turvy in the womb with my child! his head exposed to the hand of violence, and a pressure of 470 pounds avoirdupois weight acting so perpendicularly upon its apex,—that, at this hour, 'tis ninety *per cent.*

insurance, that the fine net-work of the intellectual web be not rent and torn into a thousand tatters.

——Still we could have done!—Fool, Coxcomb, Puppy,—give him but a *Nose;*—Cripple, Dwarf, Driveller, Goosecap,—(shape him as you will) the door of fortune stands open,—O Licetus! Licetus! had I been blest with a fœtus five inches long and a half, like thee,—Fate might have done her worst.

Still, brother Toby, there was one cast of the die left for our child, after all:—O Tristram! Tristram! Tristram!

We will send for Mr. Yorick, said my uncle Toby.

——You may send for whom you will, replied my father.

CHAPTER XX.

WHAT a rate have I gone on at, curvetting and frisking it away, two up and two down, for three volumes,* together, without looking once behind, or even on one side of me, to see whom I trod upon!—I'll tread upon no one,——quoth I to myself, when I mounted;—I'll take a good rattling gallop; but I'll not hurt the poorest jack-ass upon the road.—So off I set,—up one lane,—down another,—through this turnpike,—over that, as if the arch-jockey of jockeys had got behind me.

Now, ride at this rate with what good intention and resolution you may,—'tis a million to one you'll do some one a mischief, if not yourself.—He's flung,—he's off,—he's lost his seat,—he's down,—he'll break his neck!—see! if he has not galloped full among the scaf-

* According to the original editions.

folding of the undertaking critics!—he'll knock his brains out against some of their posts!—he's bounced out!—look,—he's now riding like a mad-cap full tilt through a whole crowd of painters, fiddlers, poets, biographers, physicians, lawyers, logicians, players, schoolmen, churchmen, statesmen, soldiers, casuists, connoisseurs, prelates, popes, and engineers.—Don't fear, said I,—I'll not hurt the poorest jack-ass upon the king's highway.——But your horse throws dirt: see, you've splashed a bishop!—I hope in God 'twas only Ernulphus! said I.—But you have squirted full in the faces of Messrs. Le Moyne, De Romigny, and De Marcilly, doctors of the Sorbonne.—That was last year, replied I.—But you have trod this moment upon a king.—Kings have bad times on't, said I, to be trod upon by such people as me.

You have done it, replied my accuser.

I deny it, quoth I, and so have got off, and here am I standing with my bridle in one hand, and with my cap in the other, to tell my story.——And what is it?——You shall hear in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXI.

As Francis the First, of France, was one winterly night warming himself over the embers of a wood fire, and talking with his first minister of sundry things for the good of the state,*—it would not be amiss, said the king, stirring up the embers with his cane, if this good understanding betwixt ourselves and Switzerland was a

* Vide Menagiana, Vol. I.

little strengthened.——There is no end, Sire, replied the minister, in giving money to these people,—they would swallow up the treasury of France.——Poo! poo! answered the king,—there are more ways, Mons. le Premier, of bribing states, besides that of giving money;—I'll pay Switzerland the honour of standing god-father for my next child.——Your majesty, said the minister, in so doing, would have all the grammarians in Europe upon your back;—Switzerland, as a republic, being a female, can in no construction be godfather.——She may be godmother, replied Francis hastily;—so, announce my intentions by a courier to-morrow morning.

I am astonished, said Francis the First (that day fortnight), speaking to his minister as he entered the closet, that we have had no answer from Switzerland. ——Sire, I wait upon you this moment, said Mons. le Premier, to lay before you my despatches upon that business.——They take it kindly, said the king.—— They do, Sire, replied the minister, and have the highest sense of the honour your majesty has done them;— but the republic, as godmother, claims her right, in this case, of naming the child.

In all reason, quoth the king;—she will christen him Francis, or Henry, or Lewis, or some other name that she knows will be agreeable to us.——Your majesty is deceived, replied the minister.—I have this hour received a despatch from our Resident, with the determination of the republic on that point also.—— And what name has the republic fixed upon for the Dauphin?——Shadrach, Meshech, Abed-nego, replied the minister.——By Saint Peter's girdle, I will have nothing to do with the Swiss! cried Francis the First, pulling up his breeches, and walking hastily across the floor.

Your majesty, replied the minister calmly, cannot bring yourself off.

We'll pay them in money,—said the king.

Sire, there are not sixty thousand crowns in the treasury, answered the minister. —— I'll pawn the best jewel in my crown, quoth Francis the First.

Your honour stands pawn'd already in this matter, answered Monsieur le Premier.

Then, Mons. le Premier, said the king, by—— we'll go to war with 'em.

CHAPTER XXII.

ALBEIT, gentle reader, I have lusted earnestly and endeavoured carefully (according to the measure of such a slender skill as God has vouchsafed me, and as convenient leisure from other occasions of needful profit and healthful pastime have permitted) that these little books, which I here put into thy hands, might stand instead of many bigger books,—yet have I carried myself towards thee in such fanciful guise of careless disport, that right sore am I ashamed now to intreat thy lenity seriously,—in beseeching thee to believe it of me, that, in the story of my father and his christian names,—I have no thoughts of treading upon Francis the First,—nor, in the affair of the nose,—upon Francis the Ninth,—nor, in the character of my uncle Toby,—of characterizing the militiating spirits of my country;—the wound upon his groin is a wound to every comparison of that kind;—nor by Trim,—that I meant the Duke of Ormond,—or that my book is wrote against predes-

tination, or free-will, or taxes;—if 'tis wrote against any thing, — 'tis wrote, an' please your Worships, against the spleen! in order, by a more frequent and a more convulsive elevation and depression of the diaphragm, and the succussations of the intercostal and abdominal muscles in laughter, to drive the *gall* and other *bitter juices* from the gall-bladder, liver, and sweet-bread of his majesty's subjects, with all the inimicitious passions which belong to them, down into their duodenums.

CHAPTER XXIII.

—But can the thing be undone, Yorick? said my father;—for in my opinion, continued he, it cannot. I am a vile canonist, replied Yorick;—but of all evils, holding suspense to be the most tormenting, we shall at least know the worst of this matter. I hate these great dinners, said my father.——The size of the dinner is not the point, answered Yorick,—we want, Mr. Shandy, to dive into the bottom of this doubt, whether the name can be changed or not;—and as the beards of so many commissaries, officials, advocates, proctors, registrars, and of the most eminent of our school-divines, and others, are all to meet in the middle of one table, and Didius has so pressingly invited you,—who, in your distress, would miss such an occasion? All that is requisite, continued Yorick, is to apprize Didius, and let him manage a conversation after dinner so as to introduce the subject.—Then my brother Toby, cried my

father, clapping his two hands together, shall go with us.

——Let my old tie-wig, quoth my uncle Toby, and my laced regimentals, be hung to the fire all night, Trim.

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CHAPTER XXV.

——No doubt, Sir,—There is a whole chapter wanting here,—and a chasm of ten pages made in the book by it;—but the bookbinder is neither a fool, nor a knave, nor a puppy,—nor is the book a jot more imperfect (at least upon that score);—but, on the contrary, the book is more perfect and complete by wanting the chapter, than having it, as I shall demonstrate to your Reverences in this manner. — I question first, by the bye, whether the same experiment might not be made as successfully upon sundry other chapters;—but there is no end, an' please your Reverences, in trying experiments upon chapters,—we have had enough of it;—so there's an end of that matter.

But before I begin my demonstration, let me only tell you, that the chapter which I have torn out, and which otherwise you would all have been reading just now, instead of this,—was the description of my father's, my uncle Toby's, Trim's, and Obadiah's setting out and journeying to the Visitation at * * * *.

We'll go in the coach, said my father.—Prithee, have the arms been altered, Obadiah? — It would have made my story much better to have begun with telling you, that at the time my mother's arms were added to the Shandy's, when the coach was repainted upon my father's marriage, it had so fallen out, that the coach-painter, whether by performing all his works with the left-hand, like Turpilius the Roman, or Hans Holbein of Basil,—or whether it was more

from the blunder of his head than hand,—or whether, lastly, it was from the sinister turn which every thing relating to our family was apt to take,—it so fell out, however, to our reproach, that instead of the *bend-dexter*, which, since Henry the Eighth's reign, was honestly our due,—a *bend-sinister*, by some of these fatalities, had been drawn quite across the field of the Shandy arms. 'Tis scarce credible that the mind of so wise a man as my father was, could be so much incommoded with so small a matter. The word Coach,—let it be whose it would,—or coachman, or coach-horse, or coach-hire, could never be named in the family, but he constantly complained of carrying this vile mark of illegitimacy upon the door of his own: he never once was able to step into the coach, or out of it, without turning round to take a view of the arms, and making a vow at the same time, that it was the last time he would ever set his foot in it again, till the *bend-sinister* was taken out;—but, like the affair of the hinge, it was one of the many things which the Destinies had set down in their books ever to be grumbled at (and in wiser families than ours)—but never to be mended.

—Has the *bend-sinister* been brush'd out, I say? said my father.——There has been nothing brush'd out, Sir, answered Obadiah, but the lining.——We'll go o'horseback, said my father, turning to Yorick. ——Of all things in the world, except politics, the clergy know the least of heraldry, said Yorick.—— No matter for that, cried my father; I should be sorry to appear with a blot in my escutcheon before them.——Never mind the *bend-sinister*, said my uncle Toby, putting on his tie-wig.——No, indeed, said my father: you may go with my aunt Dinah to a Visitation with a *bend-sinister*, if you think fit.——My poor

uncle Toby blush'd. My father was vexed at himself.——No,—my dear brother Toby, said my father, changing his tone; but the damp of the coach-lining about my loins may give me the sciatica again, as it did December, January, and February, last winter; so, if you please, you shall ride my wife's pad:—and, as you are to preach, Yorick, you had better make the best of your way before, and leave me to take care of my brother Toby, and to follow at our own rates.

Now, the chapter I was obliged to tear out, was a description of this cavalcade, in which Corporal Trim and Obadiah, upon two coach-horses abreast, led the way as slow as a patrol,—whilst my uncle Toby, in his lace regimentals and tie-wig, kept his rank with my father, in deep roads and dissertations alternately, upon the advantage of learning and arms, as each could get the start.

——But the painting of this journey, upon reviewing it, appears to be so much above the style and manner of anything else I could have been able to paint in this book, that it could not have remained in it, without depreciating every other scene, and destroying, at the same time, that necessary equipoise and balance (whether of good or bad) betwixt chapter and chapter, from whence the just proportions and harmony of the whole work results. For my own part, I am but just set up in the business, so know little about it;—but, in my opinion, to write a book, is for all the world like humming a song;—be but in tune with yourself, Madam, 'tis no matter how high or low you take it.

—This is the reason, may it please your Reverences, that some of the lowest and flattest compositions pass off very well—(as Yorick told my uncle Toby one

night) by siege.——My uncle Toby looked brisk at the sound of the word *siege;* but could make neither head nor tail of it.

I'm to preach at court next Sunday, said Homenas; —run over my notes :——so I humm'd over Doctor Homenas's notes; — the modulation's very well; — 'twill do, Homenas, if it holds on at this rate;—so on I humm'd,—and a tolerable tune I thought it was; and to this hour, may it please your Reverences, had never found out how low, how flat, how spiritless and jejune it was, but that, all of a sudden, up started an air in the middle of it, so fine, so rich, so heavenly, —it carried my soul up with it into the other world: now had I (as Montaigne complained in a parallel accident) — had I found the declivity easy, or the ascent accessible, — certes I had been outwitted. — Your notes, Homenas, I should have said, are good notes;—but it was so perpendicular a precipice,— so wholly cut off from the rest of the work, that, by the first note I humm'd, I found myself flying into the other world, and from thence discovered the vale from whence I came, so deep, so low, and dismal, that I shall never have the heart to descend into it again.

☞ A dwarf who brings a standard along with him to measure his own size,—take my word, is a dwarf in more articles than one.—And so much for tearing out of chapters.

CHAPTER XXVI.

—See, if he is not cutting it all into slips, and giving them about him to light their pipes!——'Tis abominable! answered Didius.——It should not go unnoticed, said Doctor Kysarcius:—— he was of the Kysarcii of the Low Countries.

Methinks, said Didius, half rising from his chair, in order to remove a bottle and a tall decanter, which stood in a direct line betwixt him and Yorick,—you might have spared this sarcastic stroke, and have hit upon a more proper place, Mr. Yorick;—or at least upon a more proper occasion to have shewn your contempt of what we have been about. If the sermon is of no better worth than to light pipes with,—'twas certainly, Sir, not good enough to be preached before so learned a body; and if 'twas good enough to be preached before so learned a body,—'twas certainly, Sir, too good to light their pipes with afterwards.

——I have got him fast hung up, quoth Didius to himself, upon one of the two horns of my dilemma;—let him get off as he can.

I have undergone such unspeakable torments, in bringing forth this sermon, quoth Yorick, upon this occasion,—that I declare, Didius, I would suffer martyrdom,—and, if it was possible, my horse with me, a thousand times over, before I would sit down and make such another: I was delivered of it at the wrong end of me;—it came from my head instead of my heart;—and it is for the pain it gave me, both in the writing and preaching of it, that I revenge myself of it in this manner.—To preach, to shew the extent

of our reading, or the subtleties of our wit,—to parade it in the eyes of the vulgar with the beggarly accounts of a little learning, tinsell'd over with a few words which glitter, but convey little light and less warmth —is a dishonest use of the poor single half hour in a week which is put into our hands:—'tis not preaching the Gospel,—but ourselves.—For my own part, continued Yorick, I had rather direct five words point-blank to the heart.

As Yorick pronounced the word *point-blank*, my uncle Toby rose up to say something upon projectiles,—when a single word, and no more, uttered from the opposite side of the table, drew every one's ears towards it;—a word of all others in the dictionary the last in that place to be expected;—a word I am ashamed to write,—yet must be written,—must be read; — illegal, — uncanonical, — guess ten thousand guesses, multiplied into themselves, — rack — torture your invention for ever, you're where you was.—In short, I'll tell it in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ZOUNDS! ——————————————————

——————————————————Z——ds! cried Phutatorius, partly to himself,—and yet high enough to be heard; —and what seemed odd, 'twas uttered in a construction of look, and in a tone of voice, somewhat between that of a man in amazement, and one in bodily pain.

One or two who had very nice ears, and could distinguish the expression and mixture of the two tones as plainly as a *third* or a *fifth*, or any other chord in music,—were the most puzzled and perplexed with it.—The concord was good itself;—but then 'twas quite out of the key, and no way applicable to the subject started;—so that, with all their knowledge, they could not tell what in the world to make of it.

Others, who knew nothing of musical expression, and merely lent their ears to the plain import of the word, imagined that Phutatorius, who was somewhat of a choleric spirit, was just going to snatch the cudgels out of Didius's hands, in order to bemaul Yorick to some purpose;—and that the desperate monosyllable, Z——ds, was the exordium to an oration, which, as they judged from the sample, presaged but a rough kind of handling of him; so that my uncle Toby's good-nature felt a pang for what Yorick was about to undergo. But seeing Phutatorius stop short, without any attempt or desire to go on,—a third party began to suppose, that it was no more than an involuntary respiration, casually forming itself into the shape of a twelve-penny oath,—without the sin or substance of one.

Others, and especially one or two who sat next him, looked upon it, on the contrary, as a real and substantial oath, propensely formed against Yorick, to whom he was known to bear no good liking;—which said oath, as my father philosophized upon it, actually lay fretting and fuming at that very time in the upper regions of Phutatorius's purtenance; and so was naturally, and according to the due course of things, first squeezed out by the sudden influx of blood which was driven into the right ventricle of

Phutatorius's heart, by the stroke of surprize which so strange a theory of preaching had excited.

How finely we argue upon mistaken facts!

There was not a soul busied in all these various reasonings upon the monosyllable which Phutatorius uttered,—who did not take this for granted, proceeding upon it as from an axiom, namely, that Phutatorius's mind was intent upon the subject of debate which was arising between Didius and Yorick; and indeed, as he looked first towards the one and then towards the other, with the air of a man listening to what was going forwards,—who would not have thought the same? But the truth was, that Phutatorius knew not one word or one syllable of what was passing;—but his whole thoughts and attention were taken up with a transaction which was going forwards at that very instant within the precincts of his own Galligaskins, and in a part of them where of all others he stood most interested to watch accidents: so that, notwithstanding he looked with all the attention in the world, and had gradually screwed up every nerve and muscle in his face to the utmost pitch the instrument would bear, in order, as it was thought, to give a sharp reply to Yorick, who sat over-against him,—yet, I say, was Yorick never once in any one domicile of Phutatorius's brain; but the true cause of his exclamation lay at least a yard below.

This I will endeavour to explain to you with all imaginable decency.

You must be informed then, that Gastripheres, who had taken a turn into the kitchen a little before dinner, to see how things went on,—observing a wicker-basket of fine chesnuts standing upon the dresser, had ordered that a hundred or two of them might be roasted and sent in as soon as dinner was

over;—Gastripheres enforcing his orders about them, that Didius, but Phutatorius especially, were particularly fond of 'em.

About two minutes before the time that my uncle Toby interrupted Yorick's harangue,—Gastripheres's chesnuts were brought in;—and as Phutatorius's fondness for 'em was uppermost in the waiter's head, he laid them directly before Phutatorius, wrapt up hot in a clean damask napkin.

Now, whether it was physically impossible, with half a dozen hands all thrust into the napkin at one time,—but that some one chesnut, of more life and rotundity than the rest, must be put in motion,—it so fell out, however, that one was actually sent rolling off the table: and as Phutatorius sat straddling under, —it fell perpendicularly into that particular aperture of Phutatorius's breeches, for which, to the shame and indelicacy of our language be it spoke, there is no chaste word throughout all Johnson's Dictionary: —let it suffice to say,—it was that particular aperture which, in all good societies, the laws of decorum do strictly require, like the temple of Janus (in peace at least), to be universally shut up.

The neglect of this punctilio in Phutatorius (which by the bye should be a warning to all mankind) had opened a door to this accident.—

Accident I call it, in compliance to a received mode of speaking;—but in no opposition to the opinion either of Acrites or Mythogeras in this matter; I know they were both prepossessed and fully persuaded of it,—and are so to this hour, That there was nothing of accident in the whole event,—but that the chesnut's taking that particular course, and in a manner of its own accord,—and then falling with all its heat directly into that one particular place, and no other,—was a

real judgment upon Phutatorius for that filthy and obscene treatise *de Concubinis retinendis*, which Phutatorius had published about twenty years ago,—and was that identical week going to give the world a second edition of.

It is not my business to dip my pen in this controversy:—much, undoubtedly, may be wrote on both sides of the question:—all that concerns me as an historian, is to represent the matter of fact, and render it credible to the reader, that the hiatus in Phutatorius's breeches was sufficiently wide to receive the chesnut:—and that the chesnut, somehow or other, did fall perpendicularly, and piping hot, into it, without Phutatorius's perceiving it, or any one else at that time.

The genial warmth which the chesnut imparted, was not undelectable for the first twenty or five-and-twenty seconds;—and did no more than gently solicit Phutatorius's attention towards the part:—but the heat gradually increasing, and in a few seconds more getting beyond the point of all sober pleasure, and then advancing with all speed into the regions of pain, the soul of Phutatorius, together with all his ideas, his thoughts, his attention, his imagination, judgment, resolution, deliberation, and ratiocination, memory, fancy, with ten battalions of animal spirits, all tumultuously crowded down, through different defiles and circuits, to the place in danger, leaving all his upper regions, as you may imagine, as empty as my purse.

With the best intelligence which all these messengers could bring him back, Phutatorius was not able to dive into the secret of what was going forward below; nor could he make any kind of conjecture what the devil was the matter with it. However, as he

knew not what the true cause might turn out, he deemed it most prudent, in the situation he was in at present,—to bear it, if possible, like a Stoic; which, with the help of some wry faces and compursions of the mouth, he had certainly accomplished, had his imagination continued neuter:—but the sallies of the imagination are ungovernable in all things of this kind;—a thought instantly darted into his mind, that tho' the anguish had the sensation of glowing heat,—it might, notwithstanding that, be a bite as well as a burn; and if so, that possibly a Newt or an Asker, or some such detested reptile, had crept up, and was fastening his teeth;—the horrid idea of which, with a fresh glow of pain arising that instant from the chesnut, seized Phutatorius with a sudden panic,—and in the first terrifying disorder of the passion, it threw him, as it has done the best generals upon earth, quite off his guard:—the effect of which was this, that he leap'd incontinently up, uttering as he rose that interjection of surprise so much descanted upon, with the aposiopestic break after it marked thus, Z——ds!—which, though not strictly canonical, was still as little as any man could have said upon the occasion;—and which, by the bye, whether canonical or not, Phutatorius could no more help than he could the cause of it.

Though this has taken up some time in the narrative, it took up little more time in the transaction than just to allow time for Phutatorius to draw forth the chesnut, and throw it down with violence upon the floor,—and for Yorick to rise from his chair, and pick the chesnut up.

It is curious to observe the triumph of slight incidents over the mind.—What incredible weight they have in forming and governing our opinions, both of

men and things!—that trifles, light as air, shall waft a belief into the soul, and plant it so immoveably within it,—that Euclid's demonstrations, could they be brought to batter it in breach, should not all have power to overthrow it!

Yorick, I said, picked up the chesnut which Phutatorius's wrath had flung down:—the action was trifling;—I am ashamed to account for it:—he did it,—for no reason, but that he thought the chesnut not a jot worse for the adventure;—and that he held a good chesnut worth stooping for.—But this incident, trifling as it was, wrought differently in Phutatorius's head: he considered this act of Yorick's, in getting off his chair and picking up the chesnut, as a plain acknowledgement in him, that the chesnut was originally his;—and, in course, that it must have been the owner of the chesnut, and no one else, who could have played him such a prank with it. What greatly confirmed him in this opinion, was this, That the table being parallelogramical, and very narrow, it afforded a fair opportunity for Yorick, who sat directly over against Phutatorius, of slipping the chesnut in;—and consequently that he did it. The look of something more than suspicion, which Phutatorius cast full upon Yorick as these thoughts arose, too evidently spoke his opinion;—and as Phutatorius was naturally supposed to know more of the matter than any person besides, his opinion at once became the general one; and for a reason very different from any which have been yet given, in a little time it was put out of all manner of dispute.

When great or unexpected events fall out upon the stage of this sublunary world,—the mind of man, which is an inquisitive kind of a substance, naturally takes a flight behind the scenes, to see

what is the cause and first spring of them.—The search was not long in this instance.

It was well known that Yorick had never a good opinion of the Treatise which Phutatorius had wrote *de Concubinis retinendis*, as a thing which he feared had done hurt in the world:—and 'twas easily found out, that there was a mystical meaning in Yorick's prank,—and that his chucking the chesnut hot into Phutatorius's ooo—ooooo, was a sarcastical fling at his book;—the doctrines of which, they said, had enflamed many an honest man in the same place.

This conceit awakened Somnolentius;—made Agelastes smile;—and, if you can recollect the precise look and air of a man's face intent in finding out a riddle,—it threw Gastripheres's into that form;—and, in short, was thought by many to be a masterstroke of arch wit.

This, as the reader has seen from one end to the other, was as groundless as the dreams of philosophy. Yorick, no doubt, as Shakspeare said of his ancestor,—'was a man of jest,' but it was temper'd with something which withheld him from that, and many other ungracious pranks, of which he as undeservedly bore the blame;—but it was his misfortune, all his life long, to bear the imputation of saying and doing a thousand things, of which (unless my esteem blinds me) his nature was incapable. All I blame him for,—or rather, all I blame and alternately like him for, was that singularity of his temper, which would never suffer him to take pains to set a story right with the world, however in his power. In every ill-usage of that sort, he acted precisely as in the affair of his lean horse.—He could have explained it to his honour, but his spirit was above it; and besides, he ever looked upon the

inventor, the propagator, and believer of an illiberal report, alike so injurious to him,—he could not stoop to tell his story to them;—and so trusted to time and truth to do it for him.

This heroic cast produced him inconveniences in many respects;—in the present, it was followed by the fixed resentment of Phutatorius, who, as Yorick had just made an end of his chesnut, rose up from his chair a second time, to let him know it;—which indeed he did with a smile; saying only,—That he would endeavour not to forget the obligation.

But you must mark and carefully separate and distinguish these two things in your mind:—

—The smile was for the company;

—The threat was for Yorick.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

—Can you tell me, quoth Phutatorius, speaking to Gastripheres, who sat next to him,—for one would not apply to a surgeon in so foolish an affair,—Can you tell me, Gastripheres, what is best to take out the fire?——Ask Eugenius, said Gastripheres.——That greatly depends, said Eugenius, pretending ignorance of the adventure, upon the nature of the part.—If it is a tender part, and a part which can conveniently be wrapt up,——It is both the one and the other, replied Phutatorius, laying his hand as he spoke, with an emphatical nod of his head, upon the part in question, and lifting up his right leg at the same time, to ease and ventilate it.——If that is the case, said Eugenius, I would advise you, Phuta-

torius, not to tamper with it by any means; but if you will send to the next printer, and trust your cure to such a simple thing as a soft sheet of paper just come off the press,—you need do nothing more than twist it round.——The damp paper, quoth Yorick (who sat next to his friend Eugenius), though I know it has a refreshing coolness in it,—yet, I presume, is no more than the vehicle;—and that the oil and lamp-black, with which the paper is so strongly impregnated, does the business.——Right, said Eugenius; and is, of any outward application I would venture to recommend, the most anodyne and safe.

Was it my case, said Gastripheres, as the main thing is the oil and lamp-black, I should spread them thick upon a rag, and clap it on directly.——That would make a very devil of it, replied Yorick.——And besides, added Eugenius, it would not answer the intention, which is the extreme neatness and elegance of the prescription; which the faculty hold to be half in half:—for consider, if the type is a very small one (which it should be), the sanative particles, which come into contact in this form, have the advantage of being spread so infinitely thin, and with such a mathematical equality (fresh paragraphs and large capitals excepted), as no art or management of the spatula can come up to.——It falls out very luckily, replied Phutatorius, that the second edition of my Treatise, *De Concubinis retinendis*, is at this instant in the press.——You may take any leaf out of it, said Eugenius;—no matter which.——Provided, quoth Yorick, there is no bawdry in it.——

They are just now, replied Phutatorius, printing off the ninth chapter;—which is the last chapter

but one in the book.——Pray, what is the title of that chapter? said Yorick; making a respectful bow to Phutatorius as he spoke.——I think, answered Phutatorius, 'tis that *de Re Concubinariâ.*

For Heaven's sake, keep out of that chapter! quoth Yorick.

——By all means,—added Eugenius.

CHAPTER XXIX.

—Now, quoth Didius, rising up, and laying his right hand, with his fingers spread, upon his breast, —had such a blunder about a christian-name happened before the Reformation,——[It happened the day before yesterday, quoth my uncle Toby to himself]—and when baptism was administer'd in Latin, —['Twas all in English, said my uncle]—many things might have coincided with it; and upon the authority of sundry decreed cases, to have pronounced the baptism null, with a power of giving the child a new name.—Had a priest, for instance, which was no uncommon thing, through ignorance of the Latin tongue, baptized a child of Tom-o'Stiles, *id nomine patriæ & filia & spiritum sanctos,*—the baptism was held null.——I beg your pardon, replied Kysarcius;—in that case, as the mistake was only the terminations, the baptism was valid;—and to have rendered it null, the blunder of the priest should have fallen upon the first syllable of each noun;—and not, as in your case, upon the last.

My father delighted in subtleties of this kind, and listen'd with infinite attention.

Gastripheres, for example, continued Kysarcius, baptizes a child of John Stradling's *in gomine Gatris, &c. &c.* instead of *in nomine Patris, &c.*——Is this a baptism?—No,—say the ablest canonists; inasmuch as the radix of each word is hereby torn up, and the sense and meaning of them removed and changed quite to another object; for *gomine* does not signify a name, nor *Gatris* a father.——What do they signify? said my uncle Toby.——Nothing at all,—quoth Yorick.——Ergo, such a baptism is null, said Kysarcius.——

In course! answered Yorick,——in a tone two parts jest and one part earnest.

But in the case cited, continued Kysarcius, where *patriæ* is put for *patris*, *filia* for *filii*, and so on;—as it is a fault only in the declension, and the roots of the word continue untouch'd, the inflections of their branches, either this way or that, does not in any sort hinder the baptism, inasmuch as the same sense continues in the words as before.——But then, said Didius, the intention of the priest's pronouncing them grammatically must have been proved to have gone along with it.——Right, answered Kysarcius; and of this, brother Didius, we have an instance in a decree of the decretals of Pope Leo the Third.——But my brother's child, cried my uncle Toby, has nothing to do with the Pope;—'tis the plain child of a Protestant gentleman christen'd Tristram against the wills and wishes both of his father and mother, and all who are akin to it.——

If the wills and wishes, said Kysarcius, interrupting my uncle Toby, of those only who stand related to Mr. Shandy's child, were to have weight in this matter, Mrs. Shandy, of all people, has the least to do in it.——My uncle Toby laid down his pipe, and

my father drew his chair still closer to the table, to hear the conclusion of so strange an introduction.

——It has not only been a question, Captain Shandy, amongst the best lawyers* and civilians in this land, continued Kysarcius, 'Whether the mother 'be of kin to her child;'—but, after much dispassionate enquiry and jactitation of the arguments on all sides, —it has been adjudged for the negative;—namely, 'That the mother is not of kin to her child.'† My father instantly clapp'd his hand upon my uncle Toby's mouth, under colour of whispering in his ear; —the truth was, he was alarmed for *Lillibullero*,— and having a great desire to hear more of so curious an argument,—he begg'd my uncle Toby, for Heaven's sake, not to disappoint him in it.——My uncle Toby gave a nod,—resumed his pipe, and contenting himself with whistling *Lillibullero* inwardly, —Kysarcius, Didius, and Triptolemus went on with the discourse as follows:—

This determination, continued Kysarcius, how contrary soever it may seem to run to the stream of vulgar ideas, yet had reason strongly on its side, and has been put out of all manner of dispute from the famous case, known commonly by the name of the Duke of Suffolk's Case.——It is cited in Brooke, said Triptolemus.——And taken notice of by Lord Coke, added Didius.——And you may find it in Swinburne on Testaments, said Kysarcius.

The case, Mr. Shandy, was this:—

In the reign of Edward the Sixth, Charles Duke of Suffolk having issue a son by one venter, and a daughter by another venter, made his last will, wherein he devised goods to his son, and died; after

* *Vide* Swinburne on Testaments, Part 7. § 8.

† *Vide* Brooke's Abridg. Tit. Administr. N. 47.

whose death the son died also;—but without will, without wife, and without child;—his mother and his sister by the father's side (for she was born of the former venter) then living. The mother took the administration of her son's goods, according to the statute of the 21st of Harry the Eighth; whereby it is enacted, That in case any person die intestate, the administration of his goods shall be committed to the next of kin.

The administration being thus (surreptitiously) granted to the mother,—the sister, by the father's side, commenced a suit before the Ecclesiastical Judge, alleging, 1st, That she herself was next of kin; and, 2ndly, That the mother was not of kin at all to the party deceased; and therefore prayed the court, that the administration granted to the mother might be revoked, and be committed unto her, as next of kin to the deceased, by force of the said statute.

Hereupon, as it was a great cause, and much depending upon its issue,—and many causes of great property likely to be decided, in times to come, by the precedent to be then made,—the most learned, as well in the laws of this realm as in the civil law, were consulted together, Whether the mother was of kin to her son, or no?—Whereunto not only the temporal lawyers,—but the church lawyers,—the juris-consulti,—the juris-prudentes,—the civilians,—the advocates,—the commissaries,—the judges of the consistory and prerogative courts of Canterbury and York, with the master of the faculties, were all unanimously of opinion, That the mother was not of kin* to her child.——

* Mater non numeratur inter consanguineos, Bald. in ult. C. de Verb. signific.

And what said the Duchess of Suffolk to it? said my uncle Toby.

The unexpectedness of my uncle Toby's question confounded Kysarcius more than the ablest advocate. —He stopp'd a full minute, looking in my uncle Toby's face without replying;—and in that single minute Triptolemus put by him, and took the lead as follows:—

'Tis a ground and principle in the law, said Triptolemus, that things do not ascend, but descend in it; and I make no doubt 'tis for this cause, that however true it is that the child may be of the blood and seed of its parents,—that the parents, nevertheless, are not of the blood and seed of it; inasmuch as the parents are not begot by the child, but the child by the parents;—for so they write, *Liberi sunt de sanguine patris & matris, sed pater & mater non sunt de sanguine liberorum.*

——But this, Triptolemus, cried Didius, proves too much;—for, from this authority cited, it would follow, not only what indeed is granted on all sides, that the mother is not of kin to her child,—but the father likewise.——It is held, said Triptolemus, the better opinion; because the father, the mother, and the child, though they be three persons, yet are they but (*una caro* *) one flesh; and consequently no degree of kindred,—or any method of acquiring one *in nature.*—— There you push the argument again too far, cried Didius,—for there is no prohibition *in nature*, though there is in the Levitical law,—but that a man may beget a child upon his grandmother;—in which case, supposing the issue a daughter, she would stand in relation both of——But who ever thought, cried

* *Vide* Brooke's Abridg. Tit. Administr. N. 47.

Kysarcius, of lying with his grandmother?——The young gentleman, replied Yorick, whom Selden speaks of,—who not only thought of it, but justified his intention to his father by the argument drawn from the law of retaliation:—'You lay, Sir, with my mother,' said the lad; 'why may I not lie with yours?' —— 'Tis the *argumentum commune*, added Yorick. —— 'Tis as good, replied Eugenius, taking down his hat, as they deserve.

The company broke up.

CHAPTER XXX.

—And pray, said my uncle Toby, leaning upon Yorick, as he and my father were helping him leisurely down the stairs,—don't be terrified, Madam; this staircase conversation is not so long as the last. ——And pray, Yorick, said my uncle Toby, which way is this said affair of Tristram at length settled by these learned men?——Very satisfactorily, replied Yorick: no mortal, Sir, has any concern with it;—for Mrs. Shandy, the mother, is nothing at all a-kin to him; —and as the mother's is the surest side,—Mr. Shandy, in course, is still less than nothing.—In short, he is not as much a-kin to him, Sir, as I am.——

——That may well be, said my father, shaking his head.

——Let the learned say what they will, there must certainly, quoth my uncle Toby, have been some sort of consanguinity betwixt the Duchess of Suffolk and her son.

The vulgar are of the same opinion, quoth Yorick, to this hour.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THOUGH my father was hugely tickled with the subtleties of these learned discourses, 'twas still but like the anointing of a broken bone.—The moment he got home, the weight of his afflictions returned upon him but so much the heavier, as is ever the case when the staff we lean on slips from under us.—He became pensive,—walked frequently forth to the fish-pond,—let down one loop of his hat,—sigh'd often,—forbore to snap;—and, as the hasty sparks of temper, which occasion snapping, so much assist perspiration and digestion, as Hippocrates tells us,—he had certainly fallen ill with the extinction of them, had not his thoughts been critically drawn off, and his health rescued by a fresh train of disquietudes left him, with a legacy of a thousand pounds, by my aunt Dinah.

My father had scarce read the letter, when, taking the thing by the right end, he instantly began to plague and puzzle his head how to lay it out mostly to the honour of his family.—A hundred-and-fifty odd projects took possession of his brains by turns;—he would do this, and that, and t'other.—He would go to Rome;—he would go to law;—he would buy stock;—he would buy John Hobson's farm;—he would new fore-front his house, and add a new wing to make it even.—There was a fine water-mill on this side; and he would build a wind-mill on the other side of the river, in full view, to answer it.——But, above all things in the world, he would inclose the great Ox-moor, and send out my brother Bobby immediately upon his travels.

But as the sum was *finite*, and consequently could

not do every thing;—and, in truth, very few of these to any purpose,—of all the projects which offered themselves upon this occasion, the two last seemed to make the deepest impression; and he would infallibly have determined upon both at once, but for the small inconvenience hinted at above, which absolutely put him under a necessity of deciding in favour either of the one or the other.

This was not altogether so easy to be done: for though 'tis certain my father had long before set his heart upon this necessary part of my brother's education, and, like a prudent man, had actually determined to carry it into execution, with the first money that returned from the second creation of actions in the Mississippi-scheme, in which he was an adventurer; yet the Ox-moor, which was a fine, large, whinny, undrained, unimproved common, belonging to the Shandy estate, had almost as old a claim upon him; he had long and affectionately set his heart upon turning it likewise to some account.

But having never hitherto been pressed with such a conjecture of things as made it necessary to settle either the priority or justice of their claims,—like a wise man he had refrained entering into any nice or critical examination about them: so that upon the dismission of every other project at this crisis,—the two old projects, the Ox-moor and my brother, divided him again; and so equal a match were they for each other, as to become the occasion of no small contest in the old gentleman's mind,—which of the two should be set a-going first.

——People may laugh as they will;—but the case was this:—

It had ever been the custom of the family, and by length of time had almost become a matter of

common right, that the eldest son of it should have free ingress, egress, and regress into foreign parts before marriage,—not only for the sake of bettering his own private parts, by the benefit of exercise and change of so much air,—but simply for the mere delectation of his fancy, by the feather put into his cap of having been abroad.—*Tantum valet*, my father would say, *quantum sonat.*

Now as this was a reasonable, and in course a most Christian indulgence,—to deprive him of it, without why or wherefore,—and thereby make an example of him, as the first Shandy unwhirl'd about Europe in a post-chaise, and only because he was a heavy lad,—would be using him ten times worse than a Turk.

On the other hand, the case of the Ox-moor was full as hard.

Exclusive of the original purchase-money, which was eight hundred pounds,—it had cost the family eight hundred pounds more in a law-suit about fifteen years before,—besides the Lord knows what trouble and vexation.

It had been moreover in possession of the Shandy family ever since the middle of the last century; and though it lay full in view before the house, bounded on one extremity by the water-mill; and on the other by the projected wind-mill spoken of above;—and for all these reasons seemed to have the fairest title of any part of the estate to the care and protection of the family,—yet, by an unaccountable fatality common to men, as well as the ground they tread on,—it had all along most shamefully been overlook'd; and to speak the truth of it, had suffered so much by it, that it would have made any man's heart have bled (Obadiah said) who

understood the value of land, to have rode over it, and only seen the condition it was in.

However, as neither the purchasing this track of ground,—nor indeed the placing of it where it lay, were either of them, properly speaking, of my father's doing,—he had never thought himself any way concerned in the affair—till the fifteen years before, when the breaking out of that cursed law-suit mentioned above (and which had arose about its boundaries)—which being altogether my father's own act and deed, it naturally awakened every other argument in its favour; and upon summing them all up together, he saw, not merely in interest, but in honour, he was bound to do something for it;—and that now or never was the time.

I think there must certainly have been a mixture of ill-luck in it, that the reasons on both sides should happen to be so equally balanced by each other; for though my father weigh'd them in all humours and conditions, spent many an anxious hour in the most profound and abstracted meditation upon what was best to be done;—reading books of farming one day,—books of travels another,—laying aside all passion whatever,—viewing the arguments on both sides in all their lights and circumstances,—communing every day with my uncle Toby,—arguing with Yorick, and talking over the whole affair of the Ox-moor with Obadiah,—yet nothing in all that time appeared so strongly in behalf of the one, which was not either strictly applicable to the other, or at least so far counterbalanced by some consideration of equal weight, as to keep the scales even.

For to be sure, with proper helps, and in the hands of some people, though the Ox-moor would

undoubtedly have made a different appearance in the world from what it did, or ever could do in the condition it lay,—yet every tittle of this was true with regard to my brother Bobby,—let Obadiah say what he would.——

In point of interest,—the contest, I own, at first sight, did not appear so undecisive betwixt them; for whenever my father took pen and ink in hand, and set about calculating the simple expense of paring and burning, and fencing in the Ox-moor, &c. &c.—with the certain profit it would bring him in return,—the latter turned out so prodigiously in his way of working the account, that you would have sworn the Ox-moor would have carried all before it; for it was plain he should reap a hundred lasts of rape, at twenty pounds a last, the very first year,—besides an excellent crop of wheat the year following;—and the year after that, to speak within bounds, a hundred,—but in all likelihood, a hundred and fifty,—if not two hundred quarters of pease and beans,—besides potatoes without end.—But then, to think he was all this while breeding up my brother like a hog to eat them, knocked all on the head again, and generally left the old gentleman in such a state of suspense,—that, as he often declared to my uncle Toby,—he knew no more than his heels what to do.

Nobody but he who has felt it, can conceive what a plaguing thing it is to have a man's mind torn asunder by two projects of equal strength, both obstinately pulling in a contrary direction at the same time; for, to say nothing of the havoc, which by a certain consequence is unavoidably made by it all over the finer system of the nerves, which you know convey the animal spirits and more subtle

juices from the heart to the head, and so on,—it is not to be told in what degree such a wayward kind of friction works upon the more gross and solid parts, wasting the fat and impairing the strength of a man every time it goes backwards and forwards.

My father had certainly sunk under this evil, as certainly as he had done under that of my CHRISTIAN NAME, had he not been rescued out of it, as he was out of that, by a fresh evil:—the misfortune of my brother Bobby's death.

What is the life of man? is it not to shift from side to side?—from sorrow to sorrow?—to button up one cause of vexation,—and unbutton another?

CHAPTER XXXII.

FROM this moment I am to be considered as heir-apparent to the Shandy family;—and it is from this point properly, that the story of my LIFE and OPINIONS sets out. With all my hurry and precipitation, I have been but clearing the ground to raise the building;—and such a building do I foresee it will turn out, as never was planned, and as never was executed since Adam. In less than five minutes I shall have thrown my pen into the fire, and the little drop of thick ink which is left remaining at the bottom of my ink-horn, after it:—I have but half a score things to do in the time;—I have a thing to name,—a thing to lament,—a thing to hope,—a thing to promise,—and a thing to threaten.—I have a thing to suppose,—a thing to declare,—a thing to conceal,—a thing to choose,—and a thing to pray for.—This chapter, therefore, I *name* the

chapter of THINGS,—and my next chapter to it, that is, the first chapter of my next volume, if I live, shall be my chapter upon WHISKERS, in order to keep up some sort of connexion in my works.

The thing I lament is, that things have crowded in so thick upon me, that I have not been able to get into that part of my work, towards which I have all the way looked forwards with so much earnest desire; and that is the campaigns, but especially the amours of my uncle Toby, the events of which are of so singular a nature, and so Cervantic a cast, that if I can so manage it, as to convey but the same impressions to every other brain which the occurrences themselves excite in my own,—I will answer for it, the book shall make its way in the world much better than its master has done before it.—Oh Tristram! Tristram! can this but be once brought about,—the credit which will attend thee as an author, shall counterbalance the many evils which have befallen thee as a man;—thou wilt feast upon the one,—when thou hast lost all sense and remembrance of the other!——

No wonder I itch so much as I do to get at these amours:—they are the choicest morsel of my whole story! and when I do get at 'em,—assure yourselves, good folks—(nor do I value whose squeamish stomach takes offence at it) I shall not be at all nice in the choice of my words!—and that's the thing I have to *declare*.—I shall never get all through in five minutes, that I *fear*:—and the thing I *hope* is, that your Worships and Reverences are not offended:—if you are, depend upon't I'll give you something, my good gentry, next year to be offended at;—that's my dear Jenny's way;—but who my Jenny is,—and which is the right

and which is the wrong end of a woman,—is the thing to be *concealed*:—it shall be told you in the next chapter but one to my chapter of Button-holes;—and not one chapter before.

And now that you have just got to the end of these four volumes,*—the thing I have to *ask* is, how you feel your heads? my own aches dismally.—As for your healths, I know they are much better.—True Shandeism, think what you will against it, opens the heart and lungs; and, like all those affections which partake of its nature, it forces the blood and other vital fluids of the body to run freely through their channels, and makes the wheel of life run long and cheerfully round.

Was I left, like Sancho Pança, to choose my kingdom, it should not be maritime,—or a kingdom of blacks, to make a penny of;—no, it should be a kingdom of hearty laughing subjects: and as the bilious and more saturnine passions, by creating disorders in the blood and humours, have as bad an influence, I see, upon the body politic as body natural;—and as nothing but a habit of virtue can fully govern those passions, and subject them to reason,—I should add to my prayer,—that God would give my subjects grace to be WISE as they were MERRY; and then should I be the happiest monarch, and they the happiest people under Heaven.

And so with this moral for the present, may it please your Worships and your Reverences, I take my leave of you till this time twelvemonth, when (unless this vile cough kills me in the mean time) I'll have another pluck at your beards, and lay open a story to the world you little dream of.

* According to the original editions.

THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

Dixero si quid forte jocosius, hoc mihi juris
Cum venia dabis.—— HOR.

Si quis calumnietur levius esse quam decet theologum, aut mordacius quam deceat Christianum—non Ego, sed Democritus dixit.
ERASMUS.

Si quis Clericus, aut Monachus, verba joculatoria, risum moventia, sciebat, anathema esto. SECOND COUNCIL OF CARTHAGE.

VOL. V. ORIG. EDIT.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN,

LORD VISCOUNT SPENCER.

MY LORD,

I HUMBLY beg leave to offer you these Two Volumes*: they are the best my talents, with such bad health as I have, could produce:—had Providence granted me a larger stock of either, they had been a much more proper present to your Lordship.

I beg your Lordship will forgive me, if, at the same time I dedicate this Work to you, I join Lady SPENCER; in the liberty I take of inscribing the Story of Le Fevre, in the sixth volume, to her name; for which I have no other motive, which my heart has informed me of, but that the story is a humane one.

I am,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's most devoted
and most humble Servant,

LAUR. STERNE.

* Volumes V. and VI. in the Original Edition.

THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

CHAPTER I.

If it had not been for these two mettlesome tits, and that mad-cap of a postillion who drove them from Stilton to Stamford, the thought had never entered my head. He flew like lightning:—there was a slope of three miles and a half;—we scarce touched the ground, — the motion was most rapid, — most impetuous; — 'twas communicated to my brain, — my heart partook of it.—'By the great God of day,'—said I, looking towards the Sun, and thrusting my arm out of the fore-window of the chaise, as I made my vow, 'I will lock up my study-door the moment 'I get home, and throw the key of it ninety feet 'below the surface of the earth, into the draw-well 'at the back of my house.'

The London waggon confirmed me in my resolution; it hung tottering upon the hill, scarce progressive, dragg'd,—dragg'd up by eight *heavy beasts*,—'by 'main strength!'—quoth I, nodding; 'but your bet-'ters draw the same way,—and something of every 'body's!—O rare!'

Tell me, ye learned, shall we for ever be adding so much to the *bulk*,—so little to the *stock?*

Shall we for ever make new books, as apothecaries make new mixtures, by pouring only out of one vessel into another?

Are we for ever to be twisting, and untwisting the same rope? for ever in the same track,—for ever at the same pace?

Shall we be destined to the days of eternity; on holydays as well as working days, to be shewing the *relics of learning*, as monks do the relics of their saints,—without working one,—one single miracle with them?

Who made Man, with powers which dart him from earth to heaven in a moment;—that great, that most excellent, and most noble creature of the world,—the *miracle* of nature, as Zoroaster, in his book περὶ Φύσεως, called him;—the *Shekinah* of the Divine Presence, as Chrysostom;—the *image* of God, as Moses;—the *ray* of Divinity, as Plato;—the *marvel* of *marvels*, as Aristotle,—to go sneaking on at this pitiful,—pimping,—pettifogging rate?

I scorn to be as abusive as Horace upon the occasion; but if there is no catachresis in the wish, and no sin in it, I wish from my soul, that every imitator in Great Britain, France, and Ireland, had the farcy for his pains; and that there was a farcical house, large enough to hold,—aye,—and sublimate them, *tag-rag and bob-tail*, male and female, all together: and this leads me to the affair of *whiskers*;—but by what chain of ideas,—I leave as a legacy in *mort-main* to Prudes and Tartufs, to enjoy and make the most of.

UPON WHISKERS.

I'm sorry I made it;—'twas as inconsiderate a promise as ever entered a man's head.—A chapter upon whiskers! alas! the world will not bear it!—'tis a delicate world; but I knew not of what mettle it was made,—nor had I ever seen the under-written fragment; otherwise, as surely as noses are noses, and whiskers are whiskers still (let the world say what it will to the contrary), so surely would I have steered clear of this dangerous chapter.

THE FRAGMENT.

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——You are half asleep, my good lady, said the old gentleman, taking hold of the old lady's hand, and giving it a gentle squeeze as he pronounced the word *whiskers*.—Shall we change the subject?—By no means, replied the old lady;—I like your account of those matters: so throwing a thin gauze handkerchief over her head, and leaning it back upon the chair, with her face turned towards him, and advancing her two feet as she reclined herself,—I desire, continued she, you will go on.

The old gentleman went on as follows:—Whiskers! cried the Queen of Navarre, dropping her knotting-ball as La Fosseuse uttered the word.—Whiskers, Madam! said La Fosseuse, pinning the ball to the queen's apron, and making a courtesy as she repeated it.

La Fosseuse's voice was naturally soft and low, yet 'twas an articulate voice; and every letter of the word

whiskers fell distinctly upon the Queen of Navarre's ear.——Whiskers! cried the queen, laying a greater stress upon the word, and as if she had still distrusted her ears.——Whiskers! replied La Fosseuse, repeating the word a third time.—There is not a cavalier, Madam, of his age in Navarre, continued the maid of honour, pressing the page's interest upon the queen, that has so gallant a pair—— Of what? cried Margaret, smiling.——Of whiskers, said La Fosseuse, with infinite modesty.

The word *whiskers* still stood its ground, and continued to be made use of in most of the best companies throughout the little kingdom of Navarre, notwithstanding the indiscreet use which La Fosseuse had made of it: the truth was, La Fosseuse had pronounced the word not only before the queen, but upon sundry other occasions at court, with an accent which always implied something of a mystery.—And as the court of Margaret, as all the world knows, was at that time a mixture of gallantry and devotion,—and whiskers being as applicable to the one as the other, the word naturally stood its ground:—it gained full as much as it lost; that is, the clergy were for it,—the laity were against it, and for the women,—*they* were divided.

The excellency of the figure and mien of the young Sieur de Croix was at that time beginning to draw the attention of the maids of honour towards the terrace before the palace-gate, where the guard was mounted. The Lady De Baussiere fell deeply in love with him,—La Battarelle did the same;—it was the finest weather for it that ever was remembered in Navarre.—La Guyol, La Maronette, La Sabatiere, fell in love with the Sieur De Croix also;—La Rebours and La Fosseuse knew better:—De Croix had failed in an

attempt to recommend himself to La Rebours; and La Rebours and La Fosseuse were inseparable.

The Queen of Navarre was sitting with her ladies in the painted bow-window, facing the gate of the second court, as De Croix passed through it.—He is handsome, said the Lady Baussiere.——He has a good mien, said La Battarelle.——He is finely shaped, said La Guyol.——I never saw an officer of the horse-guards in my life, said La Maronette, with two such legs;——Or who stood so well upon them, said La Sabatiere.——But he has no whiskers, cried La Fosseuse.——Not a pile, said La Rebours.

The queen went directly to her oratory, musing all the way, as she walked through the gallery upon the subject; turning it this way and that way in her fancy.—Ave Maria!✝—what can La Fosseuse mean? said she, kneeling down upon the cushion.

La Guyol, La Battarelle, La Maronette, La Sabatiere, retired instantly to their chambers. Whiskers! said all four of them to themselves, as they bolted their doors on the inside.

The Lady Carnavallette was counting her beads with both hands, unsuspected, under her farthingale. —From St. Anthony down to St. Ursula, inclusive, not a saint passed through her fingers without whiskers; St. Francis, St. Dominick, St. Bene't, St. Basil, St. Bridget, had all whiskers.

The Lady Baussiere had got into a wilderness of conceits, with moralizing too intricately upon La Fosseuse's text:—she mounted her palfrey, her page followed her,—the host passed by,—the Lady Baussiere rode on.

One denier, cried the Order of Mercy,—one single denier, in behalf of a thousand patient captives,

whose eyes look towards Heaven and you for their redemption!

——The Lady Baussiere rode on.

Pity the unhappy, said a devout, venerable, hoary-headed man, meekly holding up a box begirt with iron, in his withered hands. I beg for the unfortunate:—good, my lady, 'tis for a prison,—for an hospital,—'tis for an old man,—a poor man undone by shipwreck, by suretyship, by fire!—I call God and all his angels to witness,—'tis to clothe the naked,—to feed the hungry,—'tis to comfort the sick and the broken-hearted!

The Lady Baussiere rode on.

A decayed kinsman bowed himself to the ground.

——The Lady Baussier rode on.

He ran begging bare-headed on one side of her palfrey, conjuring her by the former bonds of friendship, alliance, consanguinity, &c. —— Cousin, aunt, sister, mother,—for virtue's sake, for your own, for mine, for Christ's sake, remember me!—pity me!

——The Lady Baussiere rode on.

Take hold of *my whiskers*, said the Lady Baussiere. ——The page took hold of *her palfrey*. She dismounted at the end of the terrace.

There are some trains of certain ideas which leave prints of themselves about our eyes and eye-brows; and there is a consciousness of it, somewhere about the heart, which serves but to make these etchings the stronger.—We see, spell, and put them together without a dictionary.

Ha, ha! he, hee! cried La Guyol and La Sabatiere, looking close at each other's prints. Ho, ho! cried La Battarelle and Maronette, doing the same.—Whist! cried one;—st, st, said a second;—hush, quoth a third; poo, poo, replied a fourth;—gramercy! cried

the Lady Carnavellette;—'twas she who bewhisker'd St. Bridget.

La Fosseuse drew her bodkin from the knot of her hair; and having traced the outline of a small whisker, with the blunt end of it, upon one side of her upper lip, put it into La Rebours' hand.—La Rebours shook her head.

The Lady Baussiere coughed thrice into the inside of her muff.——La Guyol smiled.——Fy! said the Lady Baussiere. The Queen of Navarre touched her eye with the tip of her fore-finger,—as much as to say, I understand you all.

'Twas plain to the whole court the word was ruined: La Fosseuse had given it a wound, and it was not the better for passing through all these defiles.—It made a faint stand, however, for a few months; by the expiration of which, the Sieur De Croix, finding it high time to leave Navarre for want of whiskers,—the word in course became indecent, and (after a few efforts) absolutely unfit for use.

The best word in the best language of the best world, must have suffered under such combinations. ——The Curate d'Estella wrote a book against them, setting forth the dangers of accessory ideas, and warning the Navarrois against them.

Does not all the world know, said the Curate d'Estella, at the conclusion of his work, that Noses ran the same fate, some centuries ago, in most parts of Europe, which whiskers have now done in the kingdom of Navarre?—The evil, indeed, spread no farther then; but have not beds and bolsters, and night-caps, and chamber-pots, stood upon the brink of destruction ever since? Are not trouse, and placket-holes, and pump-handles,—and spigots and faucets, in danger still from the same association?—Chastity,

by nature, the gentlest of all affections,—give it but its head,—'tis like a ramping and roaring lion.

The drift of the Curate d'Estella's argument was not understood: they ran the scent the wrong way. The world bridled his ass at the tail.—And when the *extremes* of *Delicacy*, and the *beginnings* of *Concupiscence*, hold their next provincial chapter, they may decree *that* bawdy also.

CHAPTER II.

When my father received the letter which brought him the melancholy account of my brother Bobby's death, he was busy calculating the expense of his riding post from Calais to Paris, and so on to Lyons.

'Twas a most inauspicious journey; my father having had every foot of it to travel over again, and his calculation to begin afresh, when he had almost got to the end of it, by Obadiah's opening the door to acquaint him the family was out of yeast,—and to ask whether he might not take the great coach-horse early in the morning, and ride in search of some.——With all my heart, Obadiah, said my father (pursuing his journey);—take the coach-horse, and welcome.——But he wants a shoe, poor creature! said Obadiah.——Poor creature! said my uncle Toby, vibrating the note back again, like a string in unison.——Then ride the Scotch horse, quoth my father, hastily.——He cannot bear a saddle upon his back, quoth Obadiah, for the whole world. ——The Devil's in that horse! then take Patriot,

cried my father, and shut the door.——Patriot is sold, said Obadiah.——Here's for you! cried my father, making a pause, and looking into my uncle Toby's face as if the thing had not been a matter of fact.——Your Worship ordered me to sell him last April, said Obadiah.——Then go on foot for your pains, cried my father.——I had much rather walk than ride, said Obadiah, shutting the door.

What plagues! cried my father, going on with his calculations.—But the waters are out, said Obadiah, —opening the door again.

Till that moment, my father, who had a map of Sanson's, and a book of the post-roads before him, had kept his hand upon the head of his compasses, with one foot of them fixed upon Nevers, the last stage he had paid for,—purposing to go on from that point with his journey and calculation, as soon as Obadiah quitted the room: but this second attack of Obadiah's, in opening the door and laying the whole country under water, was too much.—He let go his compasses,—or rather, with a mixed motion between accident and anger, he threw them upon the table: and then there was nothing for him to do, but to return back to Calais (like many others) as wise as he set out.

When the letter was brought into the parlour, which contained the news of my brother's death, my father had got forwards again upon his journey to within a stride of the compasses of the very same stage of Nevers.——By your leave, Mons. Sanson, cried my father, striking the point of his compasses through Nevers into the table,—and nodding to my uncle Toby, to see what was in the letter,—twice in one night is too much for an English gentleman and his son, Mons. Sanson, to be turned

back upon so lousy a town as Nevers. What think'st thou, Toby? added my father in a sprightly tone.——Unless it be a garrison-town, said my uncle Toby; for then——I shall be a fool, said my father, smiling to himself, as long as I live.—So giving a second nod, and keeping his compasses still upon Nevers with one hand, and holding his book of the post-roads in the other,—half calculating and half listening, he leaned forwards upon the table with both elbows, as my uncle Toby hummed over the letter.

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——— ——— ——— ———
——— ——— ——— ———
——— ——— ——— he's gone!

said my uncle Toby.——Where?—Who? cried my father.——My nephew, said my uncle Toby.——What,—without leave,—without money,—without governor? cried my father in amazement.——No:—he is dead, my dear brother, quoth my uncle Toby. Without being ill? cried my father again.——I dare say not, said my uncle Toby, in a low voice, and fetching a deep sigh from the bottom of his heart; he has been ill enough, poor lad! I'll answer for him,—for he is dead.

When Agrippina was told of her son's death, Tacitus informs us, that, not being able to moderate the violence of her passions, she abruptly broke off her work.——My father stuck his compasses into Nevers but so much the faster.—What contrarieties! his, indeed, was matter of calculation! Agrippina's must have been quite a different affair; who else could pretend to reason from history?

How my father went on, in my opinion, deserves a chapter to itself.

CHAPTER III.

——AND a chapter it shall have, and a devil of a one too;—so look to yourselves.

'Tis either Plato, or Plutarch, or Seneca, or Xenophon, or Epictetus, or Theophrastus, or Lucian,—or some one, perhaps, of later date,—either Cardan, or Budæus, or Petrarch, or Stella,—or, possibly, it may be some divine or father of the church; St. Austin, or St. Cyprian, or Barnard, who affirms, that it is an irresistible and natural passion to weep for the loss of our friends or children;—and Seneca (I'm positive) tell us somewhere, that such griefs evacuate themselves best by that particular channel: and, accordingly we find, that David wept for his son Absalom, Adrian for his Antinous, Niobe for her children, and that Apollodorus and Crito both shed tears for Socrates before his death.

My father managed his affliction otherwise; and, indeed, differently from most men, either ancient or modern; for he neither wept it away, as the Hebrews and the Romans,—nor slept it off, as the Laplanders,—nor hanged it, as the English,—nor drowned it, as the Germans;—nor did he curse it, or damn it, or excommunicate it, nor rhyme it, nor *lillibullero* it.

—He got rid of it, however.

Will your Worships give me leave to squeeze in a story between these two pages?

When Tully was bereft of his dear daughter Tullia, at first he laid it to his heart,—he listened to the voice of nature, and modulated his own unto it.—O my Tullia! my daughter! my child!—still, still, still, —'twas O my Tullia!—my Tullia! Methinks I see my

Tullia, I hear my Tullia, I talk with my Tullia.—But, as soon as he began to look into the stores of philosophy, and consider how many excellent things might be said upon the occasion,—nobody upon earth can conceive, says the great orator, how happy, how joyful it made me.

My father was as proud of his eloquence as Marcus Tullius Cicero could be for his life, and, for aught I am convinced of to the contrary at present, with as much reason: it was, indeed, his strength—and his weakness too.—His strength, for he was by nature eloquent; and his weakness, for he was hourly a dupe to it; and, provided an occasion in life would but permit him to shew his talents, or say either a wise thing, a witty, or a shrewd one—(bating the case of a systematic misfortune)—he had all he wanted.—A blessing which tied up my father's tongue, and a misfortune which set it loose with a good grace, were pretty equal: sometimes, indeed, the misfortune was the better of the two; for instance, where the pleasure of the harangue was as *ten*, and the pain of the misfortune but as *five*,—my father gained half in half; and, consequently, was as well again off as if it had never befallen him.

This clue will unravel what otherwise would seem very inconsistent in my father's domestic character;—and it is this, that, in the provocations arising from the neglects and blunders of servants, or other mishaps unavoidable in a family, his anger, or rather the duration of it, eternally ran counter to all conjecture.

My father had a favourite little mare, which he had consigned over to a most beautiful Arabian horse, in order to have a pad out of her for his own riding. He was sanguine in all his projects; so talked about his pad every day, with as absolute security as if it had

been reared, broke,—and bridled and saddled at his door ready for mounting. By some neglect or other in Obadiah, it so fell out that my father's expectations were answered with nothing better than a mule, and as ugly a beast of the kind as ever was produced.

My mother and my uncle Toby expected my father would be the death of Obadiah,—and that there would never be an end of the disaster——See here! you rascal, cried my father, pointing to the mule, what you have done!——It was not I, said Obadiah.——How do I know that? replied my father.——

Triumph swam in my father's eyes at the repartee,—the Attic salt brought water into them;—and so Obadiah heard no more about it.

Now let us go back to my brother's death.

Philosophy has a fine saying for every thing.—For Death, it has an entire set: the misery was, they all at once rushed so into my father's head, that 'twas difficult to string them together, so as to make anything of a consistent show out of them.—He took them as they came.——

'—'Tis an inevitable chance, — the first statute in 'Magna Charta;—it is an everlasting act of parliament, my dear brother,—*All must die.*

'If my son could not have died, it had been matter 'of wonder;—not that he is dead.

'Monarchs and princes dance in the same ring 'with us.

'—*To die*, is the great debt and tribute due unto 'nature: tombs and monuments, which should perpetuate our memories, pay it themselves; and the proudest pyramid of them all, which Wealth and Science have erected, has lost its apex, and 'stands obtruncated in the traveller's horizon.'—— (My father found he got great ease, and went on)—

'Kingdoms and provinces, and towns and cities, have 'they not their periods? and when those principles and 'powers, which at first cemented and put them to- 'gether, have performed their several evolutions, they 'fall back.'——Brother Shandy, said my uncle Toby, laying down his pipe at the word *evolutions*,——Revolutions, I meant, quoth my father;—by Heaven! I meant revolutions, brother Toby;—evolutions is nonsense.——'Tis not nonsense,—said my uncle Toby. ——But is it not nonsense to break the thread of such a discourse upon such an occasion? cried my father:—do not, dear Toby, continued he, taking him by the hand,—do not—do not, I beseech thee, interrupt me at this crisis.——My uncle Toby put his pipe into his mouth.

'Where is Troy and Mycenæ, and Thebes and Delos, 'and Persepolis and Agrigentum?' continued my father, taking up his book of post-roads, which he had laid down.—'What is become, brother Toby, of Nine- 'veh and Babylon, of Cyzicum and Mitylenæ? The 'fairest towns that ever the sun rose upon, are now no 'more; the names only are left; and those (for many 'of them are wrong spelt) are falling themselves by 'piece-meal to decay, and in length of time will be for- 'gotten, and involved with everything in a perpetual 'night. The world itself, brother Toby, must,—must 'come to an end.

'Returning out of Asia, when I sailed from 'Ægina towards Megara,' (when can this have been? thought my uncle Toby) 'I began to view 'the country round about.—Ægina was behind me, 'Megara was before, Piræeus on the right hand, 'Corinth on the left.—What flourishing towns now 'prostrate upon the earth! Alas! alas! said I to 'myself, that man should disturb his soul for the

'loss of a child, when so much as this lies aw-
'fully buried in his presence!—Remember, said I
'to myself again, remember thou art a man.'

Now, my uncle Toby knew not that this last paragraph was an extract of Servius Sulpicius's consolatory letter to Tully:—he had as little skill, honest man, in the fragments, as he had in the whole pieces of antiquity:—and as my father, whilst he was concerned in the Turkey trade, had been three or four different times in the Levant, in one of which he had staid a whole year and a half at Zante, my uncle Toby naturally concluded, that, in some one of these periods, he had taken a trip across the Archipelago into Asia; and that all this sailing affair, with Ægina behind, and Megara before, and Piræeus on the right hand, &c., &c., was nothing more than the true course of my father's voyage and reflections.—'Twas certainly in his *manner;* and many an undertaking critic would have built two stories higher upon worse foundations.——And pray, brother, quoth my uncle Toby, laying the end of his pipe upon my father's hand in a kindly way of interruption,—but waiting till he finished the account,—What year of our Lord was this?——'Twas no year of our Lord, replied my father.——That's impossible, cried my uncle Toby.——Simpleton! said my father,—'twas forty years before Christ was born.

My uncle Toby had but two things for it; either to suppose his brother to be the Wandering Jew, or that his misfortunes had disordered his brain.——'May the Lord God of heaven and earth protect and restore him!' said my uncle Toby, praying silently for my father, and with tears in his eyes.——

My father placed the tears to a proper account, and went on with his harangue with great spirit.——

'There is not such great odds, brother Toby, 'betwixt good and evil, as the world imagines.'—(This way of setting off, by the bye, was not likely to cure my uncle Toby's suspicions.)——'Labour, 'sorrow, grief, sickness, want, and woe, are the sauces of life.'——Much good may it do them!—said my uncle Toby to himself.——

'My son is dead!—so much the better;—'tis a 'shame, in such a tempest to have but one anchor.

'But he is gone for ever from us!—be it so.—He 'is got from under the hands of his barber before 'he was bald;—he is but risen from a feast before 'he was surfeited;—from a banquet before he had 'got drunken.

'The Thracians wept when a child was born,'—(and we were very near it, quoth my uncle Toby)—'and feasted and made merry when a man went 'out of the world; and with reason. Death opens 'the gate of Fame, and shuts the gate of Envy 'after it:—it unlooses the chain of the captive,—'and puts the bondsman's task into another man's 'hands.

'Shew me the man, who knows what life is, who 'dreads it,—and I'll shew thee a prisoner who dreads 'his liberty.'——

Is it not better, my dear brother Toby, (for mark,—our appetites are but diseases)—is it not better not to hunger at all, than to eat?—not to thirst,—than to take physic to cure it?

Is it not better to be freed from cares and agues,—from love and melancholy,—and the other hot and cold fits of life, than, like a galled traveller,

who comes weary to his inn, to be bound to begin his journey afresh.

There is no terror, brother Toby, in his looks, but what it borrows from groans and convulsions,—and the blowing of noses and the wiping away of tears with the bottoms of curtains, in a dying man's room.—Strip it of these,—What is it?——'Tis better in battle than in bed, said my uncle Toby.—Take away its hearses, its mutes, and its mourning,—its plumes, escutcheons, and other mechanic aids,—What is it?—*Better in battle!* continued my father, smiling, for he had absolutely forgot my brother Bobby;—'tis terrible no way,—for consider, brother Toby,—when we *are*, death is *not;*—and when death *is*,—we are *not*.—My uncle Toby laid down his pipe to consider the proposition: my father's eloquence was too rapid to stay for any man;—away it went,—and hurried my uncle Toby's ideas along with it.——

For this reason, continued my father, 'tis worthy to recollect, how little alteration, in great men, the approaches of death have made.—Vespasian died in a jest upon his close-stool;—Galba with a sentence;—Septimius Severus in a despatch;—Tiberius in dissimulation;—and Cæsar Augustus in a compliment.——I hope 'twas a sincere one!—quoth my uncle Toby.—

'Twas to his wife,—said my father.

CHAPTER IV.

——And lastly,—for of all the choice anecdotes which history can produce of this matter, continued

my father,—this, like the gilded dome which covers in the fabric,—crowns all.——

'Tis of Cornelius Gallus, the prætor,—which I dare say, brother Toby, you have read.——I dare say I have not, replied my uncle.——He died, said my father, as o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o——And if it was with his wife, said my uncle Toby,—there could be no hurt in it.——That's more than I know,—replied my father.

CHAPTER V.

My mother was going very gingerly in the dark along the passage which led to the parlour, as my uncle Toby pronounced the word *wife*.—'Tis a shrill penetrating sound of itself, and Obadiah had helped it by leaving the door a little a-jar, so that my mother heard enough of it to imagine herself the subject of the conversation; so laying the edge of her finger across her two lips,—holding in her breath, and bending her head a little downwards, with a twist of her neck—(not towards the door, but from it, by which means her ear was brought to the chink)—she listened with all her powers:—the listening slave, with the Goddess of Silence at his back, could not have given a finer thought for an intaglio.

In this attitude I am determined to let her stand for five minutes,—till I bring up the affairs of the kitchen (as Rapin does those of the church) to the same period.

CHAPTER VI.

THOUGH, in one sense, our family was certainly a simple machine, as it consisted of a few wheels; yet there was thus much to be said for it, that these wheels were set in motion by so many different springs, and acted one upon the other from such a variety of strange principles and impulses,—that though it was a simple machine, it had all the honour and advantages of a complex one,—and a number of as odd movements within it as ever were beheld in the inside of a Dutch silk-mill.

Amongst these there was one, I am going to speak of, in which, perhaps, it was not altogether so singular as in many others; and it was this, that whatever motion, debate, harangue, dialogue, project, or dissertation, was going forward in the parlour, there was generally another at the same time, and upon the same subject, running parallel along with it in the kitchen.

Now to bring this about, whenever an extraordinary message, or letter, was delivered in the parlour,—or a discourse suspended till a servant went out,—or the lines of discontent were observed to hang upon the brows of my father or mother;—or, in short, when any thing was supposed to be upon the tapis worth knowing or listening to, 'twas the rule to leave the door, not absolutely shut, but somewhat a-jar,—as it stands just now;—which, under covert of the bad hinge (and that possibly might be one of the many reasons why it was never mended), it was not difficult to manage; by which means, in all these cases, a passage was generally left, not indeed so wide as the

Dardanelles, but wide enough, for all that, to carry on as much of this windward trade as was sufficient to save my father the trouble of governing his house: —my mother at this moment stands profiting by it. —Obadiah did the same thing, as soon as he had left the letter upon the table which brought the news of my brother's death; so that before my father had well got over his surprise, and entered upon his harangue,—had Trim got upon his legs, to speak his sentiments upon the subject.

A curious observer of nature, had he been worth the inventory of all Job's stock,—tho', by the bye, *your curious observers are seldom worth a groat*,— would have given the half of it to have heard Corporal Trim and my father, two orators so contrasted by nature and education, haranguing over the same bier.

My father, — a man of deep reading, — prompt memory,—with Cato, and Seneca, and Epictetus, at his fingers' ends:—

The Corporal, —with nothing—to remember; —of no deeper reading than his muster-roll,—or greater names at his fingers' end than the contents of it.

The one proceeding from period to period, by metaphor and allusion, and striking the fancy as he went along (as men of wit and fancy do) with the entertainment and pleasantry of his pictures and images.

The other, without wit, or antithesis, or point, or turn, this way or that; but leaving the images on one side, and the pictures on the other, going straight forwards, as nature could lead him, to the heart.—O Trim! would to Heaven thou hadst a better historian! —Would thy historian had a better pair of breeches! ——O ye critics! will nothing melt you?

CHAPTER VII.

——My young master in London is dead! said Obadiah.

——A green satin night-gown of my mother's, which had been twice scoured, was the first idea which Obadiah's exclamation brought into Susannah's head.——Well might Locke write a chapter upon the imperfections of words.—— Then, quoth Susannah, we must all go into mourning.——But note a second time: the word *mourning*, notwithstanding Susannah made use of it herself,—failed also of doing its office; it excited not one single idea, tinged either with grey or black:—all was green.—The green satin night-gown hung there still.——

—O! 'twill be the death of my poor Mistress, cried Susannah.—My mother's whole wardrobe followed. —What a possession! her red damask,—her orange-tawny,—her white and yellow lustrings,—her brown taffeta,—her bone-laced caps, her bed-gowns, and comfortable under-petticoats.—Not a rag was left behind.—'*No;—she will never look up again!*' said Susannah.

We had a fat, foolish scullion;—my father, I think, kept her for her simplicity;—she had been all autumn struggling with a dropsy.—He is dead, said Obadiah; —he is certainly dead!——So am not I, said the foolish scullion.

——Here is sad news, Trim, cried Susannah, wiping her eyes as Trim stepp'd into the kitchen;—Master Bobby is dead and *buried!*—the funeral was an in-

terpolation of Susannah's;—we shall have all to go into mourning, said Susannah.

I hope not, said Trim.——You hope not! cried Susannah, earnestly.—The mourning ran not in Trim's head, whatever it did in Susannah's.——I hope,—said Trim, explaining himself, I hope in God the news is not true.——I heard the letter read with my own ears, answered Obadiah; and we shall have a terrible piece of work of it in stubbing the Ox-moor.——Oh! he's dead, said Susannah.——As sure, said the scullion, as I'm alive.

I lament for him from my heart and my soul, said Trim, fetching a sigh. Poor creature!—poor boy!—poor gentleman!

——He was alive last Whitsuntide! said the coachman.——Whitsuntide! alas! cried Trim, extending his right arm, and falling instantly into the same attitude in which he read the sermon,—what is Whitsuntide, Jonathan (for that was the coachman's name), or Shrovetide, or any tide or time past, to this? Are we not here now, continued the Corporal (striking the end of his stick perpendicularly upon the floor, so as to give an idea of health and stability);—and are we not—dropping his hat upon the ground) gone! in a moment!—'Twas infinitely striking! Susannah burst into a flood of tears.—We are not stocks and stones.——Jonathan, Obadiah, the cook-maid, all melted.—The foolish fat scullion herself, who was scouring a fish-kettle upon her knees, was rous'd by it.—The whole kitchen crowded about the Corporal.

Now, as I perceive plainly, that the preservation of our constitution in church and state,—and possibly the preservation of the whole world,—or, what is the same thing, the distribution and balance of

its property and power, may, in time to come, depend upon the right understanding of this stroke of the Corporal's eloquence,—I do demand your attention:—your Worships and Reverences, for any ten pages together, take them where you will in any other part of the work, shall sleep for it at your ease.

I said, 'We are not stocks and stones:'—'tis very well. I should have added, nor are we angels,—I wish we were!—but men clothed with bodies, and governed by our imaginations;—and what a junketing piece of work of it there is betwixt these and our seven senses, especially some of them; for my own part, I own it, I am ashamed to confess. Let it suffice to affirm, that of all the senses, the eye (for I absolutely deny the touch, tho' most of your *Barbati*, I know, are for it) has the quickest commerce with the soul,—gives a smarter stroke, and leaves something more inexpressible upon the fancy than word can either convey,—or sometimes get rid of.

—I've gone a little about;—no matter, 'tis for health,—let us only carry it back in our mind, to the mortality of Trim's hat.—'Are we not here now,—and gone in a moment?'—There was nothing in the sentence;—'twas one of your self-evident truths we have the advantage of hearing every day; and if Trim had not trusted more to his hat than his head,—he had made nothing at all of it.

——'Are we not here now?' continued the Corporal; 'and are we not——' (dropping his hat plump upon the ground,—and pausing, before he pronounced the word)—'gone! in a moment?' The descent of the hat was as if a heavy lump of clay had been kneaded into the crown of it.—No-

thing could have expressed the sentiment of mortality, of which it was the type and forerunner, like it;—his hand seemed to vanish from under it;—it fell dead;—the Corporal's eye fixed upon it as upon a corpse;—and Susannah burst into a flood of tears.

Now,—ten thousand, and ten thousand times ten thousand (for matter and motion are infinite) are the ways by which a hat may be dropped upon the ground without any effect.—Had he flung it, or thrown it, or cast it, or skimmed it, or squirted it, or let it slip or fall in any possible direction under heaven,—or in the best direction that could be given to it;—had he dropped it like a goose,—like a puppy,—like an ass;—or in doing it, or even after he had done it, had he looked like a fool,—like a ninny,—like a nincompoop,—it had fail'd, and the effect upon the heart had been lost.

Ye who govern this mighty world and its mighty concerns with its engines of eloquence;—who heat it, and cool it, and melt it, and mollify it,—and then harden it again to your purpose:——

Ye who wind and turn the passions with this great windlass; and, having done it, lead the owners of them whither ye think meet:—

Ye, lastly, who drive——; and why not? Ye also who are driven, like turkeys, to market, with a stick and a red clout,—meditate,—meditate, I beseech you, upon Trim's hat.

CHAPTER VIII.

STAY,—I have a small account to settle with the reader before Trim can go on with his harangue.—It shall be done in two minutes.

Amongst many other book-debts, all of which I shall discharge in due time,—I own myself a debtor to the world for two items,—a chapter upon chamber-maids and button-holes; which, in the former part of my work, I promised and fully intended to pay off this year: but some of your Worships and Reverences telling me that the two subjects, especially so connected together, might endanger the morals of the world,—I pray the chapter upon chamber-maids and button-holes may be forgiven me,—and that they will accept of the last chapter in lieu of it; which is nothing, an't please your Reverences, but a chapter of chamber-maids, green gowns, and old hats.

Trim took his hat off the ground,—put it upon his head,—and then went on with his oration upon death, in a manner and form following:—

CHAPTER IX.

——To us, Jonathan, who know not what want or care is,—who live here in the service of two of the best of masters—(bating, in my own case, his Majesty King William the Third, whom I had the honour to serve both in Ireland and Flanders)—I

own it; that from Whitsuntide to within three weeks of Christmas,—'tis not long,—'tis like nothing; but to those, Jonathan, who know what death is, and what havoc and destruction he can make, before a man can well wheel about,—'tis like a whole age.—O Jonathan!—'twould make a good-natured man's heart bleed, to consider, continued the Corporal (standing perpendicularly), how low many a brave and upright fellow has been laid since that time!—And trust me, Susy, added the Corporal, turning to Susannah, whose eyes were swimming in water,—before that time comes round again,—many a bright eye will be dim.——Susannah placed it to the right side of the page;—she wept,—but she court'sied too.—Are we not, continued Trim, looking still at Susannah,—are we not like a flower of the field?——A tear of pride stole in betwixt every two tears of humiliation,—else no tongue could have described Susannah's affliction.——Is not all flesh grass?—'tis clay,—'tis dirt.——They all looked directly at the scullion;—the scullion had just been scouring a fish-kettle.—It was not fair.—

—What is the finest face that ever man looked at!——I could hear Trim talk so for ever, cried Susannah,—what is it!—(Susannah laid her hand upon Trim's shoulder)—but corruption!——Susannah took it off.

Now I love you for this:—and 'tis this delicious mixture within you which makes you dear creatures what you are:—and he who hates you for it——all I can say of the matter is,—That he has either a pumpkin for his head,—or a pippin for his heart;—and whenever he is dissected, 'twill be found so.

CHAPTER X.

WHETHER Susannah, by taking her hand too suddenly from off the Corporal's shoulder (by the whisking about of her passions)—broke a little the chain of his reflections,—

Or whether the Corporal began to be suspicious he had got into the Doctor's quarters, and was talking more like the Chaplain than himself,—

Or whether, - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

Or whether,—for in all such cases a man of invention and parts may, with pleasure, fill a couple of pages with suppositions,—which of all these was the cause, let the curious physiologist, or the curious anybody determine,—'tis certain, at least, the Corporal went on thus with his harangue:—

For my own part, I declare it, that out of doors, I value not death at all:—not this . . added the Corporal, snapping his fingers;—but with an air which no one but the Corporal could have given to the sentiment.—In battle, I value not death this . . . and let him not take me cowardly, like poor Joe Gibbons, in scouring his gun.—What is he?—A pull of a trigger,—a push of a bayonet an inch this way or that,—makes the difference.—Look along the line—to the right,—see! Jack's down! Well,—'tis worth a regiment of horse to him.—No;—'tis Dick.—Then Jack's no worse.—Never mind which;—we pass on,—in hot pursuit: the wound itself which brings him is not felt,—the best way is to stand up to him;—the man who flies is in ten times more danger than the man who marches up into his jaws.—I've looked him, added the Corporal,

an hundred times in the face,—and know what he is.—He's nothing, Obadiah, at all in the field.——But he's very frightful in a house, quoth Obadiah.——I never minded it myself, said Jonathan, upon a coach-box.——It must, in my opinion, be most natural in bed, replied Susannah.——And could I escape him by creeping into the worst calf's skin that ever was made into a knapsack, I would do it there,—said Trim;—but that is nature.

——Nature is nature, said Jonathan.——And that is the reason, cried Susannah, I so much pity my Mistress.—She will never get the better of it.——Now I pity the Captain the most of any one in the family, answered Trim.—Madam will get ease of heart in weeping,—and the Squire in talking about it,—but my poor Master will keep it all in silence to himself.—I shall hear him sigh in his bed for a whole month together, as he did for Lieutenant Le Fevre. An' please your Honour, do not sigh so piteously, I would say to him, as I lay beside him.—I cannot help it, Trim, my Master would say;—'tis so melancholy an accident,—I cannot get it off my heart.——Your Honour fears not death yourself.——I hope, Trim, I fear nothing, he would say, but the doing a wrong thing.—Well, he would add, whatever betides, I will take care of Le Fevre's boy.—And with that, like a quieting draught, his Honour would fall asleep.

I like to hear Trim's stories about the Captain, said Susannah——He is a kindly-hearted gentleman, said Obadiah, as ever lived.——Aye, and as brave a one too, said the Corporal, as ever stept before a platoon.—There never was a better officer in the King's army,—or a better man in God's world; for he would march up to the mouth of a cannon, though he saw the lighted match at the very touch-hole;—

and yet, for all that, he has a heart as soft as a child for other people:—he would not hurt a chicken.——I would sooner, quoth Jonathan, drive such a gentleman for seven pounds a year, than some for eight.——Thank thee, Jonathan! for thy twenty shillings,—as much, Jonathan, said the Corporal, shaking him by the hand, as if thou hadst put the money into my own pocket.—I would serve him to the day of my death out of love. He is a friend and a brother to me; and could I be sure my poor brother Tom was dead,—continued the Corporal, taking out his handkerchief,—was I worth ten thousand pounds, I would leave every shilling of it to the Captain.—Trim could not refrain from tears at this testamentary proof he gave of his affection to his Master.—The whole kitchen was affected.——Do tell us the story of the poor Lieutenant, said Susannah.——With all my heart, answered the Corporal.

Susannah, the cook, Jonathan, Obadiah, and Corporal Trim, formed a circle about the fire; and as soon as the scullion had shut the kitchen door,—the Corporal began.—

CHAPTER XI.

I AM a Turk if I had not as much forgot my mother, as if Nature had plastered me up, and set me down naked upon the banks of the river Nile, without one.—Your most obedient servant, Madam,—I've cost you a great deal of trouble,—I wish it may answer;—but you have left a crack in my back;—and here's a great piece fallen off here before:—and what must

I do with this foot?—I shall never reach England with it.

For my own part I never wonder at any thing;—and so often has my judgment deceived me in my life, that I always suspect it, right or wrong;—at least, I am seldom hot upon cold subjects. For all this, I reverence truth as much as any body; and when it has slipped us, if a man will but take me by the hand, and go quietly and search for it, as for a thing we have both lost, and can neither of us do well without,—I'll go to the world's end with him.—But I hate disputes,—and therefore (bating religious points, or such as touch society) I would almost subscribe to any thing which does not choke me in the first passage, rather than be drawn into one.—But I cannot bear suffocation;—and bad smells worst of all.—For which reasons, I resolved from the beginning, That if ever the army of Martyrs was to be augmented,—or a new one raised,—I would have no hand in it, one way or t'other.

CHAPTER XII.

—But to return to my mother.

My uncle Toby's opinion, Madam, 'That there 'could be no harm in Cornelius Gallus, the Roman 'prætor's lying with his wife;'—or rather the last word of that opinion,—(for it was all my mother heard of it)—caught hold of her by the weak part of the whole sex:—you shall not mistake me,—I mean her curiosity;—she instantly concluded herself the subject of the conversation; and with that pre-

possession upon her fancy, you will readily conceive, every word my father said was accommodated either to herself or her family-concerns.

—Pray, Madam, in what street does the lady live who would not have done the same?

From the strange mode of Cornelius's death, my father had made a transition to that of Socrates, and was giving my uncle Toby an abstract of his pleading before his judges;—'twas irresistible:—not the oration of Socrates,—but my father's temptation to it.—He had wrote the Life of Socrates * himself the year before he left off trade; which, I fear, was the means of hastening him out of it;—so that no one was able to set out with so full a sail, and in so swelling a tide of heroic loftiness upon the occasion, as my father was. Not a period in Socrates's oration which closed with a shorter word than transmigration, or annihilation,—or a worse thought in the middle of it than *to be,—or not to be,*—the entering upon a new and untried state of things,—or upon a long, a profound and peaceful sleep, without dreams, without disturbance!—*That we and our children were born to die,—but neither of us born to be slaves.*—No, there I mistake; that was part of Eleazer's oration, as recorded by Josephus (de Bell. Judaic). Eleazer owns he had it from the philosophers of India. In all likelihood, Alexander the Great, in his irruption into India, after he had overrun Persia, amongst the many things he stole,—stole that sentiment also; by which means it was carried, if not all the way by himself (for we all know he died at Babylon), at least by some of

* This book my father would never consent to publish: 'tis in manuscript, with some other tracts of his, in the family; all, or most of which, will be printed in due time.

his marauders, into Greece,—from Greece it got to Rome,—from Rome to France,—and from France to England.—So things come round:—

By land-carriage: I can conceive no other way.—

By water, the sentiment might easily have come down the Ganges into the Sinus Gangeticus, or Bay of Bengal, and so into the Indian Sea; and, following the course of trade (the way from India by the Cape of Good Hope being then unknown), might be carried, with other drugs and spices, up the Red Sea to Joddah, the port of Mecca, or else to Tor or Suez, towns at the bottom of the Gulf; and from thence by caravans to Coptos, but three days' journey distant, so down the Nile directly to Alexandria, where the *sentiment* would be landed at the very foot of the great staircase of the Alexandrian library;—and from that storehouse it would be fetched.—Bless me! what a trade was driven by the learned in those days!

CHAPTER XIII.

—Now my father had a way a little like that of Job's (in case there ever was such a man)—if not, there's an end of the matter.—

Though, by the bye, because your learned men find some difficulty in fixing the precise æra in which so great a man lived;—whether, for instance, before or after the patriarchs, &c.—to vote, therefore, that he never lived at all, is a little cruel;—'tis not doing as they would be done by.—Happen that as it may,—my father, I say, had a way, when things went extremely wrong with him, especially upon the first sally of his

impatience,—of wondering why he was begot;—wishing himself dead;—sometimes worse:—and when the provocation ran high, and grief touched his lips with more than ordinary powers,—Sir, you scarce could have distinguished him from Socrates himself.—Every word would breathe the sentiments of a soul disdaining life, and careless about all its issues; for which reason, though my mother was a woman of no deep reading, yet the abstract of Socrates's oration, which my father was giving my uncle Toby, was not altogether new to her.—She listened to it with composed intelligence, and would have done so to the end of the chapter, had not my father plunged (which he had no occasion to have done) into that part of the pleading where the great philosopher reckons up his connections, his alliances, and children; but renounces a security to be so won, by working upon the passions of his judges.—'I have 'friends, — I have relations,—I have three desolate 'children,'—says Socrates.—

——Then, cried my mother, opening the door,—you have one more, Mr. Shandy, than I know of.

——By Heaven! I have one less,—said my father, getting up and walking out of the room.

CHAPTER XIV.

——THEY are Socrates's children, said my uncle Toby.

——He has been dead a hundred years ago, replied my mother.

My uncle Toby was no chronologer;—so not caring to advance one step but upon safe ground, he laid down his pipe deliberately upon the table, and rising up, and

taking my mother most kindly by the hand, without saying another word, either good or bad, to her, he led her out after my father, that he might finish the eclaircissement himself.

CHAPTER XV.

HAD this volume been a farce, which, unless every one's Life and Opinions are to be looked upon as a farce as well as mine, I see no reason to suppose—the last chapter, Sir, had finished the first act of it; and then this chapter must have set off thus:—

Ptr..r..r..ing,—twing,—twang,—prut,—trut;—'tis a cursed bad fiddle.—Do you know whether my fiddle's in tune or no?—trut..prut..—They should be fifths. ——'Tis wickedly strung,—tr...a.e.i.o.u. twang.—The bridge is a mile too high, and the sound-post absolutely down, else,—trut..prut.—Hark! 'tis not so bad a tone. —Diddle diddle, diddle diddle, diddle diddle, dum. There is nothing in playing before good judgès;—but there's a man there,—no,—not him with a bundle under his arm,—the grave man in black.—'Sdeath! not the gentleman with the sword on.—Sir, I had rather play a Capriccio to Calliope herself, than draw my bow across my fiddle before that very man; and yet I'll stake my Cremona to a Jew's trump, which is the greatest musical odds that ever were laid, that I will this moment stop three hundred and fifty leagues out of tune upon my fiddle, without punishing one single nerve that belongs to him.—Twaddle diddle,—tweddle diddle—twiddle diddle,—twoddle diddle,—twuddle diddle;—prut-trut,—krish,—krash,—krush.—I've undone

you, Sir,—but you see he's no worse;—and was Apollo to take his fiddle after me, he can make him no better.

Diddle diddle, diddle diddle, diddle diddle,—hum,—dum,—drum.

—Your Worships and your Reverences love music,—and God has made you all with good ears,—and some of you play delightfully yourselves;—trut-prut, prut-trut.

O! there is—whom I could sit and hear whole days,—whose talents lie in making what he fiddles to be felt;—who inspires me with his joys and hopes, and puts the most hidden springs of my heart into motion.—If you would borrow five guineas of me, Sir,—which is generally ten guineas more than I can spare,—or you, Messrs. Apothecary and Tailor, want your bills paying,—that's your time.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE first thing which entered my father's head, after affairs were a little settled in the family, and Susannah had got possession of my mother's green satin night-gown,—was to sit down coolly, after the example of Xenophon, and write a *Tristra-pædia*, or system of education for me; collecting first for that purpose his own scattered thoughts, counsels, and notions; and binding them together, so as to form an INSTITUTE for the government of my childhood and adolescence.—I was my father's last stake,—he had lost my brother Bobby entirely,—he had lost, by his own computation, full three-fourths of me,—that is, he had been unfortunate in his three first great

casts for:—my geniture, nose, and name:—there was but this one left; and accordingly my father gave himself up to it with as much devotion as ever my uncle Toby had done to his doctrine of projectiles.—The difference between them was, that my uncle Toby drew his whole knowledge of projectiles from Nicholas Tartaglia.—My father spun his, every thread of it, out of his own brain,—or had so reeled and cross-twisted what all other spinners and spinsters had spun before him, that 'twas pretty near the same torture to him.

In about three years, or something more, my father had got advanced almost into the middle of his work.—Like all other writers, he met with disappointments.—He imagined he should be able to bring whatever he had to say into so small a compass, that when it was finished and bound, it might be rolled up in my mother's housewife.—Matter grows under our hands.—Let no man say,—'Come,—I'll write a *duodecimo*.'

My father gave himself up to it, however, with the most painful diligence, proceeding step by step in every line with the same kind of caution and circumspection (though I cannot say upon quite so religious a principle) as was used by John de la Casse, the Lord Archbishop of Benevento, in compassing his Galatea; in which his Grace of Benevento spent forty years of his life; and when the thing came out, it was not of above half the size or the thickness of a Rider's Almanack.—How the holy man managed the affair, unless he spent the greatest part of his time in combing his whiskers, or playing at *primero* with his chaplain,—would pose any mortal not let into the true secret;—and therefore 'tis worth explaining to the world, was it only for the encour-

agement of those few in it, who write not so much to be fed,—as to be famous.

I own, had John de la Casse, the Archbishop of Benevento, for whose memory (notwithstanding his Galatea) I retain the highest veneration,—had he been, Sir, a slender clerk,—of dull wit,—slow parts, costive head, and so forth,—he and his Galatea might have jogged on together to the age of Methuselah for me;—the phenomenon had not been worth a parenthesis.—

But the reverse of this was the truth: John de la Casse was a genius of fine parts and fertile fancy; and yet with all these great advantages of nature, which should have pricked him forwards with his Galatea, he lay under an impuissance at the same time of advancing above a line and a half in the compass of a whole summer's day. This disability in his Grace arose from an opinion he was afflicted with;—which opinion was this,—viz. That whenever a Christian was writing a book (not for his private amusement, but) where his intent and purpose was, *bonâ fide*, to print and publish it to the world,—his first thoughts were always the temptations of the evil one.—This was the state of ordinary writers: but when a personage of venerable character and high station, either in church or state, once turned author,—he maintained, that from the very moment he took pen in hand,—all the Devils in hell broke out of their holes to cajole him.—'Twas Term-time with them;—every thought, first and last, was captious;—how specious and good soever,—'twas all one;—in whatever form or colour it presented itself to the imagination,—'twas still a stroke of one or other of 'm levell'd at him, and was to be fenced off.—So that the life of a writer, whatever he might

fancy to the contrary, was not so much a state of *composition*, as a state of *warfare;* and his probation in it, precisely that of any other man militant upon earth,—both depending alike, not half so much upon the degrees of his wit,—as his *resistance.*

My father was hugely pleased with this theory of John de la Casse, Archbishop of Benevento; and (had it not cramped him a little in his creed) I believe would have given ten of the best acres in the Shandy estate to have been the broacher of it.—How far my father actually believed in the Devil, will be seen, when I come to speak of my father's religious notions, in the progress of this work: 'tis enough to say here, as he could not have the honour of it, in the literal sense of the doctrine, —he took up with the allegory of it; and would often say, especially when his pen was a little retrograde, there was as much good meaning, truth, and knowledge, couched under the veil of John de la Casse's parabolical representation,—as was to be found in any one poetic fiction or mystic record of antiquity.—Prejudice of education, he would say, *is the Devil,*—and the multitudes of them which we suck in with our mother's milk,—*are the Devil and all.*—We are haunted with them, brother Toby, in all our lucubrations and researches; and was a man fool enough to submit tamely to what they obtruded upon him,—what would his book be? Nothing,— he would add, throwing his pen away with a vengeance;— nothing but a farrago of the clack of nurses, and of the nonsense of the old women (of both sexes) throughout the kingdom.

This is the best account I am determined to give of the slow progress my father made in his *Tristrapædia;* at which (as I said) he was three years, and

something more, indefatigably at work, and, at last, had scarce completed, by his own reckoning, one half of his undertaking: the misfortune was, that I was all that time totally neglected and abandoned to my mother; and, what was almost as bad, by the very delay, the first part of the work, upon which my father had spent the most of his pains, was rendered entirely useless;—every day a page or two became of no consequence.

——Certainly it was ordained as a scourge upon the pride of human wisdom, That the wisest of us all should thus outwit ourselves, and eternally forego our purposes in the intemperate act of pursuing them.

In short, my father was so long in all his acts of resistance,—or, in other words,—he advanced so very slow with his work, and I began to live and get forwards at such a rate, that if an event had not happened,—which, when we get to it, if it can be told with decency, shall not be concealed a moment from my reader,—I verily believe, I had put by my father, and left him drawing a sun-dial, for no better purpose than to be buried under ground.

CHAPTER XVII.

——'Twas nothing:—I did not lose two drops of blood by it:—'twas not worth calling in a surgeon, had he lived next door to us.—Thousands suffer by choice, what I did by accident.—Doctor Slop made ten times more of it than there was occasion.—Some men rise by the art of hanging great weights upon small wires:—and I am this day (August the 10th,

1761) paying part of the price of this man's reputation.—O 'twould provoke a stone, to see how things are carried on in this world!—The chamber-maid had left no ooooooo_ooo under the bed.——Cannot you contrive, master, quoth Susannah, lifting up the sash with one hand, as she spoke, and helping me up into the window-seat with the other,—cannot you manage, my dear, for a single time, to oooo ooo oo ooo oooooo?——

I was five years old.—Susannah did not consider that nothing was well hung in our family;—so, slap came the sash down like lightning upon us.——Nothing is left,—cried Susannah,—nothing is left—for me, but to run my country.——

CHAPTER XVIII.

When Susannah told the Corporal the misadventure of the sash, with all the circumstances which attended the *murder* of me,—(as she called it)—the blood forsook his cheeks:—all accessories in murder being principals,—Trim's conscience told him he was as much to blame as Susannah;—and if the doctrine had been true, my uncle Toby had as much of the bloodshed to answer for to Heaven as either of 'em;—so that neither reason nor instinct, separate or together, could possibly have guided Susannah's steps to so proper an asylum.—It is in vain to leave this to the reader's imagination:—to form any kind of hypothesis that will render these propositions feasible, he must cudgel his brains sore;—and to do it without,—he must have such brains as no reader ever

had before him.—Why should I put them either to trial or to torture?—'Tis my own affair: I'll explain it myself.

CHAPTER XIX.

'Tis a pity, Trim, said my uncle Toby, resting with his hand upon the Corporal's shoulder, as they both stood surveying their works,—that we have not a couple of field-pieces to mount in the gorge of that new redoubt;—'twould secure the lines all along there, and make the attack on that side quite complete.—Get me a couple cast, Trim.——

Your Honour shall have them, replied Trim, before to-morrow morning.——

It was the joy of Trim's heart; nor was his fertile head ever at a loss for expedients in doing it, to supply my uncle Toby in his campaigns, with whatever his fancy called for: had it been his last crown, he would have sat down and hammered it into a paderero, to have prevented a single wish in his master.—The Corporal had already,—what with cutting off the ends of my uncle Toby's spouts,—hacking and chiselling up the sides of his leaden gutters,—melting down his pewter shaving-bason;—and going at last, like Lewis the Fourteenth, on to the top of the church for spare ends, &c.—he had that very campaign brought no less than eight new battering cannons, besides three demi-culverins, into the field. My uncle Toby's demand for two more pieces for the redoubt, had set the Corporal at work again; and no better resource offering, he had taken the two leaden weights

from the nursery-window; and as the sash pulleys, when the lead was gone, were of no kind of use, he had taken them away also, to make a couple of wheels for one of their carriages.

He had dismantled every sash-window in my uncle Toby's house long before, in the very same way,—though not always in the same order; for sometimes the pulleys had been wanted, and not the lead,—so then he began with the pulleys;—and the pulleys being picked out, then the lead became useless;—and so the lead went to pot too.

——A great MORAL might be picked handsomely out of this, but I have not time;—'tis enough to say, Wherever the demolition began, 'twas equally fatal to the sash-window.

CHAPTER XX.

THE Corporal had not taken his measures so badly in this stroke of artilleryship, but that he might have kept the matter entirely to himself, and left Susannah to have sustained the whole weight of the attack as she could: true courage is not content with coming off so.—The Corporal, whether as general or comptroller of the train,—'twas no matter,—had done that, without which, as he imagined, the misfortune could never have happened,—*at least in Susannah's hands.*—How would your Honours have behaved?—He determined at once, not to take shelter behind Susannah,—but to give it; and, with this resolution upon his mind, he marched upright into the parlour, to lay the whole *manœuvre* before my uncle Toby.

My uncle Toby had just then been giving Yorick an account of the battle of Steinkirk, and of the strange conduct of Count Solmes, in ordering the foot to halt, and the horse to march where it could not act; which was directly contrary to the king's command, and proved the loss of the day.

There are incidents in some families so pat to the purpose of what is going to follow,—they are scarce exceeded by the invention of a dramatic writer,—I mean of ancient days.—

Trim, by the help of his fore-finger laid flat upon the table, and the edge of his hand striking across it at right angles, made a shift to tell his story so, that priests and virgins might have listened to it!—and the story being told, the dialogue went on as follows:—

CHAPTER XXI.

——I WOULD be piquetted to death, cried the Corporal, as he concluded Susannah's story, before I would suffer the woman to come to any harm:—'twas my fault, an' please your Honour,—not her's.

Corporal Trim, replied my uncle Toby, putting on his hat, which lay upon the table, if anything can be said to be a fault, when the service absolutely requires it should be done, 'tis I certainly who deserve the blame:—you obeyed your orders.

Had Count Solmes, Trim, done the same at the battle of Steinkirk, said Yorick, drolling a little upon the Corporal, who had been run over by a dragoon in

the retreat,—he had saved thee——Saved! cried Trim, interrupting Yorick, and finishing the sentence for him after his own fashion,—he had saved five battalions, an' please your Reverence, every soul of them.—There was Cutts's, continued the Corporal, clapping the forefinger of his right hand upon the thumb of his left, and counting round his hand,—there was Cutts's,—Mackay's,—Angus's,—Graham's,—and Leven's, all cut to pieces;—and so had the English Life-guards, too, had it not been for some regiments upon the right, who marched up boldly to their relief, and received the enemy's fire in their faces, before any one of their own platoons discharged a musket.—They'll go to Heaven for it, added Trim.——Trim is right, said my uncle Toby, nodding to Yorick;—he's perfectly right. ——What signified his marching the horse, continued the Corporal, where the ground was so strait, that the French had such a nation of hedges, and copses, and ditches, and fell'd trees laid this way and that, to cover them (as they always have).—Count Solmes should have sent us;—we would have fired muzzle to muzzle with them for their lives.—There was nothing to be done for the horse:—he had his foot shot off, however, for his pains, continued the Corporal, the very next campaign, at Landen.——Poor Trim got his wound there, quoth my uncle Toby.——'Twas owing, an' please your Honour, entirely to Count Solmes; had he drubbed them soundly at Steinkirk, they would not have fought us at Landen.——Possibly not, Trim, said my uncle Toby; though, if they have the advantage of a wood, or you give them a moment's time to intrench themselves, they are a nation which will pop and pop for ever at you. There is no way but to march coolly up to them, receive their fire, and fall in upon them, pell-mell;——Ding-dong, added Trim;

——Horse and foot, said my uncle Toby;——Helter skelter, said Trim;——Right and left, cried my uncle Toby.——Blood an' ounds! shouted the Corporal:—the battle raged; Yorick drew his chair a little to one side for safety; and, after a moment's pause, my uncle Toby sinking his voice a note, resumed the discourse as follows:—

CHAPTER XXII.

King William, said my uncle Toby, addressing himself to Yorick, was so terribly provoked at Count Solmes for disobeying his orders, that he would not suffer him to come into his presence for many months after.——I fear, answered Yorick, the Squire will be as much provoked at the Corporal, as the King at the Count.—But 'twould be singularly hard in this case, continued he, if Corporal Trim, who has behaved so diametrically opposite to Count Solmes, should have the fate to be rewarded with the same disgrace:—too often, in this world, do things take that train.——I would spring a mine, cried my uncle Toby, rising up, and blow up my fortifications, and my house with them, and we would perish under their ruins, ere I would stand by and see it.——Trim directed a slight, but a grateful bow towards his master,—and so the chapter ends.

CHAPTER XXIII.

—THEN, Yorick, replied my uncle Toby, you and I will lead the way abreast;——and do you, Corporal, follow a few paces behind us.——And Susannah, an' please your Honour, said Trim, shall be put in the rear. — 'Twas an excellent disposition; and in this order, without either drums beating, or colours flying, they marched slowly from my uncle Toby's house to Shandy-Hall.

——I wish, said Trim, as they entered the door, instead of the sash weights, I had cut off the church-spout, as I once thought to have done.——You have cut off spouts enow, replied Yorick.

CHAPTER XXIV.

As many pictures as have been given of my father, how like him soever in different airs and attitudes, —not one, nor all of them, can ever help the reader to any kind of preconception of how my father would think, speak, or act, upon any untried occasion or occurrence of life. — There was that infinitude of oddities in him, and of chances along with it, by which handle he would take a thing,—it baffled, Sir, all calculations. The truth was, his road lay so very far on one side, from that wherein most men travelled, that every object before him presented a face and section of itself, to his eye, altogether different from the plan and elevation of it seen by the rest of man-

kind.—In other words, 'twas a different object, and, in course, was differently considered.

This is the true reason that my dear Jenny and I, as well as all the world besides us, have such eternal squabbles about nothing. She looks at her outside;—I, at her in—. How is it possible we should agree about her value?

CHAPTER XXV.

'Tis a point settled, and I mention it for the comfort of * Confucius, who is apt to get entangled in telling a plain story,—that provided he keeps along the line of his story, he may go backwards and forwards as he will, 'tis still held to be no digression.

This being premised, I take the benefit of the *act of going backwards* myself.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Fifty thousand pannier-loads of Devils—(not of the Archbishop of Benevento's,—I mean of Rabelais's Devils) with their tails chopped off by their rumps, could not have made so diabolical a scream of it as I did—when the accident befell me: it summoned

* Mr. Shandy is supposed to mean * * * * * * * * * * *, Esq. member for * * * * *,—and not the Chinese Legislator.

up my mother instantly into the nursery;—so that Susannah had but just time to make her escape down the back-stairs, as my mother came up the fore.

Now, though I was old enough to have told the story myself,—and young enough, I hope, to have done it without malignity,—yet Susannah, in passing by the kitchen, for fear of accidents, had left it in short-hand with the cook; the cook had told it, with a commentary, to Jonathan; and Jonathan to Obadiah: so that, by the time my father had rung the bell half-a-dozen times, to know what was the matter above,—was Obadiah enabled to give him a particular account of it, just as it had happened.——I thought as much, said my father, tucking up his night-gown;—and so walked up stairs.

One would imagine from this—(though for my own part I somewhat question it)—that my father, before that time, had actually wrote that remarkable character in the *Tristra-pædia*, which to me is the most original and entertaining in the whole book,—and that is the *chapter upon sash windows*, with a bitter *Philippic* at the end of it, upon the forgetfulness of chambermaids—I have but two reasons for thinking otherwise.

First, had the matter been taken into consideration before the event happened, my father certainly would have nailed up the sash-window for good an' all; which, considering with what difficulty he composed books, he might have done with ten times less trouble than he could have wrote the chapter. This argument, I foresee, holds good against his writing a chapter, even after the event; but 'tis obviated under the second reason, which I have the honour to offer to the world in support of my opinion, that my father did not write the chapter upon sash-windows

and chamber-pots at the time supposed,—and it is this:—

—That, in order to render the *Tristra-pædia* complete, I wrote the chapter myself.

CHAPTER XXVII.

My father put on his spectacles,—looked,—took them off,—put them into the case,—all in less than a statutable minute; and, without opening his lips, turned about and walked precipitately down stairs. My mother imagined he had stepped down for lint and basilicon; but seeing him return with a couple of folios under his arm, and Obadiah following him with a large reading-desk, she took it for granted it was an Herbal, and so drew him a chair to the bed-side, that he might consult upon the case at his ease.

——If it be but right done, said my father, turning to the section—*de sede vel subjecto circumcisionis*,—for he had brought up *Spenser de Legibus Hebræorum Ritualibus*,—and *Maimonides*, in order to confront and examine us altogether;——

——If it be but right done, quoth he,——Only tell us, cried my mother, interrupting him, what herbs?——For that, replied my father, you must send for Dr. Slop.

My mother went down, and my father went on reading the section as follows:—

o o o o o o

o o o o o o

* * ——Very well,—said my father,
* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *
* * —nay, if it has that convenience, — and so without stopping a moment to settle it first in his mind, whether the Jews had it from the Egyptians, or the Egyptians from the Jews,—he rose up, and rubbing his forehead two or three times across with the palm of his hand, in the manner we rub out the footsteps of care, when evil has trod lighter upon us than we foreboded,—he shut the book, and walked down stairs.——Nay, said he, mentioning the name of a different great nation upon every step as he set his foot upon it,—if the Egyptians, —the Syrians,—the Phœnicians,—the Arabians,—the Cappadocians,—if the Colchi and Troglodytes did it, —if Solon and Pythagoras submitted,—what is Tristram?—Who am I, that I should fret or fume one moment about the matter?

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Dear Yorick, said my father, smiling, (for Yorick had broke his rank with my uncle Toby in coming through the narrow entry, and so had stept first into the parlour) this Tristram of ours, I find, comes very hardly by all his religious rites. Never was the son of Jew, Christian, Gentile, Turk, or Infidel, initiated into them in so oblique and slovenly a manner. ——But he is no worse, I trust, said Yorick.—— There has been certainly, continued my father, the deuce and all to do in some part or other of the

ecliptic, when this offspring of mine was formed. ——*That* you are a better judge of than I, replied Yorick.——Astrologers, quoth my father, know better than us both: the time and sextile aspects have jumped awry,—or the opposite of their ascendants have not hit it as they should,—or the lords of the genitures (as they call them) have been at *bo-peep*, —or something has been wrong above, or below, with us.

'Tis possible, answered Yorick.——But is the child, cried my uncle Toby, the worse?——The Troglodytes say not, replied my father. And your theologists, Yorick, tell us——Theologically, said Yorick; —or speaking after the manner of *apothecaries?— † statesmen?—or ‡ washerwomen?

——I'm not sure, replied my father; but they tell us, brother Toby, he's the better for it.——Provided, said Yorick, you travel him into Egypt.——Of that, answered my father, he will have the advantage, when he sees the Pyramids.

——Now, every word of this, quoth my uncle Toby, is Arabic to me.——I wish, said Yorick, 'twas so to half the world.

——§ Ilus, continued my father, circumcised his whole army one morning.——Not without a court-martial? cried my uncle Toby.——Though the learned, continued he, taking no notice of my uncle Toby's remark, but turning to Yorick—are greatly divided still, who Ilus was;—some say Saturn;—

* Χαλεπῆς νόσου, καὶ δυσιάτου ἀπαλλαγὴ, ἣν ἄνθρακα καλοῦσιν.—PHILO.

† Τὰ τεμνόμενα τῶν ἐθνῶν πολυγονώτατα, καὶ πολυανθρωπότατα εἶναι.

‡ Καθαριότητος εἵνεκεν.—BOCHART.

§ Ὁ Ἴλος τὰ αἰδοῖα περιτέμεται· ταυτὸ ποιῆσαι καὶ τοὺς ἅμ' αὐτῷ συμμάχους καταναγκάσας.—SANCHONIATHO.

some the Supreme Being;—others, no more than a brigadier-general under Pharaoh-Necho.——Let him be who he will, said my uncle Toby, I know not by what article of war he could justify it.

The controvertists, answered my father, assign two-and-twenty different reasons for it:—others, indeed, who have drawn their pens on the opposite side of the question, have shown the world the futility of the greatest part of them.—But then again, our best polemic divines,——I wish there was not a polemic divine, said Yorick, in the kingdom:—one ounce of practical divinity—is worth a painted ship-load of all their Reverences have imported these fifty years.——Pray, Mr. Yorick, quoth my uncle Toby,—do tell me what a polemic divine is?——The best description, Captain Shandy, I have ever read, is of a couple of 'em, replied Yorick, in the account of the battle fought, single hands, betwixt Gymnast and Captain Tripet; which I have in my pocket.——I beg I may hear it, quoth my uncle Toby, earnestly.——You shall, said Yorick.——And as the Corporal is waiting for me at the door,—and I know the description of a battle will do the poor fellow more good than his supper,—I beg, brother, you'll give him leave to come in.——With all my soul! said my father.——Trim came in, erect and happy as an emperor; and having shut the door, Yorick took a book from his right-hand coat-pocket, and read, or pretended to read, as follows:—

CHAPTER XXIX.

—— 'which words being heard by all the soldiers who 'were there, divers of them being inwardly terrified, 'did shrink back and make room for the assailant. All 'this did Gymnast very well remark and consider; and, 'therefore, making as if he would have alighted from 'off his horse, as he was poising himself on the mount-'ing side, he most nimbly (with his short sword by his 'thigh) shifting his feet in the stirrup, and performing 'the stirrup-leather feat, whereby, after the reclining 'of his body downwards, he forthwith launched him-'self aloft in the air, and placed both his feet together 'upon the saddle, standing upright, with his back 'turned towards his horse's head.—Now (said he) my 'case goes forward. Then suddenly, in the same pos-'ture wherein he was, he fetched a gambol upon one 'foot, and turning to his left hand, failed not to carry 'his body perfectly round, just into his former position, 'without missing one jot.——Ha! said Tripet, I will 'not do that at this time; and not without cause.—— 'Well, said Gymnast, I have failed,—I will undo this 'leap; then, with a marvellous strength and agility, 'turning towards the right hand, he fetched another 'frisking gambol as before; which done, he set his 'right-hand thumb upon the bow of the saddle, raised 'himself up, and sprang into the air, poising and up-'holding his own weight upon the muscle and nerve of 'the said thumb, and so turned and whirled himself 'about three times: at the fourth, reversing his body, 'and overturning it upside down, and foreside back, 'without *touching any thing*, he brought himself be-

'twixt the horse's two ears; and then giving himself a 'jerking swing, he seated himself upon the crupper—"

(This can't be fighting, said my uncle Toby.——The Corporal shook his head at it.——Have patience, said Yorick.)

'Then (Tripet) pass'd his right leg over his saddle, 'and placed him *en croup*.—But, said he, 'twere better 'for me to get into the saddle. Then putting the 'thumbs of both hands upon the crupper before him, 'and thereupon leaning himself, as upon the only sup-'porters of his body, he incontinently turned heels over 'head in the air, and straight found himself betwixt 'the bow of the saddle, in a tolerable seat; then spring-'ing into the air with a summerset, he turned him about 'like a wind-mill, and made above a hundred frisks, 'turns, and demi-pommadas.'——Good God! cried Trim, losing all patience, — one home-thrust of a bayonet is worth it all.——I think so too, replied Yorick.——

I am of a contrary opinion, quoth my father.

CHAPTER XXX.

——No;—I think I have advanced nothing, replied my father, making no answer to a question which Yorick had taken the liberty to put to him,—I have advanced nothing in the *Tristra-pædia*, but what is as clear as any one proposition in Euclid.—Reach me, Trim, that book from off the scrutoire.—It has oftentimes been in my mind, continued my father, to have read it over both to you, Yorick, and to my brother Toby; and I think it a little unfriendly in myself, in

not having done it long ago.—Shall we have a short chapter or two now,—and a chapter or two hereafter, as occasions serve; and so on, till we get through the whole ?——My uncle Toby and Yorick made the obeisance which was proper; and the Corporal, though he was not included in the compliment, laid his hand upon his breast, and made his bow at the same time.—The company smiled.——Trim, quoth my father, has paid the full price for staying out the entertainment. ——He did not seem to relish the play, replied Yorick. ——'Twas a tom-fool battle, an' please your Reverence, of Captain Tripet's and that other officer, making so many summersets as they advanced:—the French come on capering now and then in that way,—but not quite so much.

My uncle Toby never felt the consciousness of his existence with more complacency than what the Corporal's and his own reflections made him do at that moment:—he lighted his pipe,—Yorick drew his chair closer to the table,—Trim snuff'd the candle,—my father stirr'd up the fire, took up the book,—cough'd twice, and began.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE first thirty pages, said my father, turning over the leaves,—are a little dry; and as they are not closely connected with the subject,—for the present we'll pass them by: 'tis a prefatory introduction, continued my father, or an introductory preface (for I am not determined which name to give it) upon political or civil government: the foundation of which being laid in the

first conjunction betwixt male and female, for procreation of the species,—I was insensibly led into it.——Twas natural, said Yorick.

The original of society, continued my father, I'm satisfied, is what Politian tell us, *i. e.* merely conjugal; and nothing more than the getting together of one man and one woman:—to which (according to Hesiod) the philosopher adds a servant:—but supposing in the first beginning there were no men-servants born,—he lays the foundation of it in a man,—a woman,—and a bull.——I believe 'tis an ox, quoth Yorick, quoting the passage (*οἶκον μὲν πρώτιστα, γυναῖκα τε, βοῦν τ' ἀροτῆρα*)—A bull must have given more trouble than his head was worth.—But there is a better reason still, said my father (dipping his pen into his ink); for the ox being the most patient of animals, and the most useful withal in tilling the ground for their nourishment, — was the properest instrument, and emblem too, for the new-joined couple, that the creation could have associated with them.——And there is a stronger reason, added my uncle Toby, than them all for the ox.—My father had not power to take his pen out of his ink-horn till he had heard my uncle Toby's reason.——For when the ground was tilled, said my uncle Toby, and made worth inclosing, then they began to secure it by walls and ditches; which was the origin of fortification.——True, true, dear Toby, cried my father, striking out the bull, and putting the ox in his place.

My father gave Trim a nod, to snuff the candle, and resumed his discourse.

—I enter upon this speculation, said my father, carelessly, and half shutting the book, as he went on, merely to shew the foundation of the natural relation between a father and his child; the right and jurisdiction over whom he acquires these several ways,—

First, By marriage;
Secondly, By adoption;
Thirdly, By legitimation;
And fourthly, By procreation; all which I consider in their order.

I lay a slight stress upon one of them, replied Yorick,—the act; especially where it ends there, in my opinion, lays as little obligation upon the child as it conveys power to the father.——You are wrong—said my father, argutely; and for this plain reason o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o

—I own, added my father, that the offspring, upon this account, is not so under the power and jurisdiction of the mother.——But the reason, replied Yorick, equally holds good for her.——She is under authority herself, said my father:—and besides, continued my father, nodding his head, and laying his finger on the side of his nose as he assigned his reason,—*she is not the principal agent*, Yorick.——In what? quoth my uncle Toby, stopping his pipe.——Though by all means, added my father (not attending to my uncle Toby), '*The son ought to pay her respect;*' as you may read, Yorick, at large in the first book of the Institutes of Justinian, at the eleventh title and the tenth section. ——I can read it as well, replied Yorick, in the Catechism.

CHAPTER XXXII.

TRIM can repeat every word of it by heart, quoth my uncle Toby.——Pugh! said my father, not caring to be interrupted by Trim's saying his Catechism.——He can, upon my honour, replied my uncle Toby.——Ask him, Mr. Yorick, any question you please.——

—The Fifth Commandment, Trim?—said Yorick, speaking mildly, and with a gentle nod, as to a modest catechumen.—The Corporal stood silent.——You don't ask him right, said my uncle Toby, raising his voice, and giving it rapidly like the word of command:—The fifth?—cried my uncle Toby.——I must begin with the first, an' please your Honour, said the Corporal.——

—Yorick could not forbear smiling.—Your Reverence does not consider, said the Corporal, shouldering his stick like a musket, and marching into the middle of the room to illustrate his position,—that 'tis exactly the same thing as doing one's exercise in the field.—

'*Join your right hand to the firelock*,' cried the Corporal, giving the word of command; and performing the motion.—

'*Poise your firelock*,' cried the Corporal; doing the duty still both of adjutant and private man.

'*Rest your firelock*,'—One motion, an' please your Reverence, you see leads into another.—If his Honour will begin but with the first——

The First?—cried my uncle Toby, setting his hand upon his side,— o o o o o o o o o o o o o

The Second?—cried my uncle Toby, waving his tobacco-pipe, as he would have done his sword at the

head of a regiment.—The Corporal went through his *manual* with exactness; and having *honoured his father and mother*, made a low bow, and fell back to the side of the room.

Every thing in this world, said my father, is big with jest, and has wit in it, and instruction too,—if we can but find it out.

—Here is the *scaffold-work of Instruction;* its true point of folly, without the *building* behind it.

—Here is the glass for pedagogues, preceptors, tutors, governors, gerund-grinders, and bear-leaders, to view themselves in, in their true dimensions.—

Oh! there is a husk and shell, Yorick, which grows up with learning, which their unskilfulness knows not how to fling away!

—*Sciences may be learned by rote, but Wisdom not.*

Yorick thought my father inspired.—I will enter into obligations this moment, said my father, to lay out all my aunt Dinah's legacy in charitable uses (of which, by the bye, my father had no high opinion) if the Corporal has any one determinate idea annexed to any one word he has repeated.—Prithee, Trim, quoth my father, turning round to him,—What dost thou mean by '*honouring thy father and thy mother?*'——

Allowing them, an' please your Honour, three halfpence a day out of my pay, when they grow old.——And didst thou do that, Trim? said Yorick.——He did indeed, replied my uncle Toby.——Then, Trim, said Yorick, springing out of his chair, and taking the Corporal by the hand, thou art the best commentator upon that part of the Decalogue; and I honour thee more for it, Corporal Trim, than if thou hadst had a hand in the Talmud itself.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

O BLESSED health! cried my father, making an exclamation, as he turned over the leaves to the next chapter, thou art above all gold and treasure: 'tis thou who enlargest the soul,—and openest all its powers to receive instruction and relish virtue.—He that has thee, has little more to wish for;—and he that is so wretched as to want thee,—wants every thing with thee.

I have concentrated all that can be said upon this important head, said my father, into very little room; therefore we'll read the chapter quite through.

My father read as follows:—

'The whole secret of health depending upon the 'due contention for mastery betwixt the radical heat 'and the radical moisture,'——You have proved that matter of fact, I suppose, above, said Yorick.—— Sufficiently, replied my father.

In saying this, my father shut the book,—not as if he resolved to read no more of it, for he kept his fore-finger in the chapter:—not pettishly,—for he shut the book slowly: his thumb resting, when he had done it, upon the upper side of the cover, as his three fingers supported the lower side of it without the least compressive violence.—

I have demonstrated the truth of that point, quoth my father, nodding to Yorick, most sufficiently in the preceding chapter.

Now could the man in the moon be told that a man in the earth had wrote a chapter sufficiently demonstrating, That the secret of all health depended upon the due contention for mastery betwixt the *radical heat*

and the *radical moisture;*—and that he had managed the point so well, that there was not one single word, wet or dry, upon radical heat or radical moisture, throughout the whole chapter,—or a single syllable in it, *pro* or *con*, directly or indirectly, upon the contention betwixt these two powers in any part of the animal economy,—

'O thou eternal Maker of all things!'—he would cry, striking his breast with his right hand (in case he had one)—'Thou whose power and goodness can 'enlarge the faculties of thy creatures to this infinite 'degree of excellence and perfection!—What have we '*Moonites* done?'

CHAPTER XXXIV.

With two strokes, the one at Hippocrates, the other at Lord Verulam, did my father achieve it.

The stroke at the Prince of Physicians, with which he began, was no more than a short insult upon his sorrowful complaint of the *ars longa*,—and *vita brevis*. —Life short, cried my father, and the art of healing tedious! And who are we to thank for both the one and the other, but the ignorance of quacks themselves, —and the stage-loads of chymical nostrums, and peripatetic lumber, with which, in all ages, they have first flatter'd the world, and at last deceived it?

—O my Lord Verulam! cried my father, turning from Hippocrates, and making his second stroke at him, as the principal of nostrum-mongers, and the fittest to be made an example of to the rest,—What shall I say to thee, my great Lord Verulam? What

shall I say to thy internal spirit,—thy opium,—thy saltpetre,—thy greasy unctions,—thy daily purges,—thy nightly clysters, and succedaneums?

—My father was never at a loss what to say to any man upon any subject; and had the least occasion for the exordium of any man breathing. How he dealt with his Lordship's opinion,—you shall see;—but when,—I know not:—we must first see what his Lordship's opinion was.

CHAPTER XXXV.

'THE two great causes which conspire with each other 'to shorten life, says Lord Verulam, are, first,—

'The internal spirit, which, like a gentle flame, 'wastes the body down to death:—and, secondly, The 'external air, that parches the body up to ashes:—'which two enemies attacking us on both sides of 'our bodies together, at length destroy our organs, 'and render them unfit to carry on the functions of 'life.'

This being the state of the case, the road to longevity was plain: nothing more being required, says his Lordship, but to repair the waste committed by the internal spirit, by making the substance of it more thick and dense, by a regular course of opiates on one side, and by refrigerating the heat of it on the other, by three grains and a half of saltpetre every morning before you got up.——

Still this frame of ours was left exposed to the inimical assaults of the air without;—but this was fenced off again by a course of greasy unctions, which

so fully saturated the pores of the skin, that no spicula could enter;—nor could any one get out.—This put a stop to all perspiration, sensible and insensible; which being the cause of so many scurvy distempers,—a course of clysters was requisite to carry off redundant humours,—and render the system complete.

What my father had to say to my Lord of Verulam's opiates, his saltpetre, and greasy unctions and clysters, you shall read,—but not to-day,—or to-morrow: time presses upon me,—my reader is impatient,—I must get forwards.—You shall read the chapter at your leisure (if you choose it) as soon as ever the *Tristrapædia* is published.—

Suffice it at present to say,—My father levelled the hypothesis with the ground: and in doing that, the learned know, he built up and established his own.——

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE whole secret of health, said my father, beginning the sentence again, depending evidently upon the due contention betwixt the radical heat and radical moisture within us;—the least imaginable skill had been sufficient to have maintained it, had not the schoolmen confounded the task, merely (as Van Helmont, the famous chemist, has proved) by all along mistaking the radical moisture for the tallow and fat of animal bodies.

Now the radical moisture is not the tallow or fat of animals, but an oily and balsamous substance; for the fat or tallow, as also the phlegm or watery parts, are cold; whereas the oily and balsamous parts are

of a lively heat and spirit; which accounts for the observation of Aristotle, *Quòd omne animal post coïtum est* triste.

Now it is certain that the radical heat lives in the radical moisture; but whether *vice versâ*, is a doubt: however, when the one decays, the other decays also; and then is produced either an unnatural heat, which causes an unnatural dryness,—or an unnatural moisture, which causes dropsies:—so that if a child, as he grows up, can be but taught to avoid running into fire and water, as either of 'em threaten his destruction,—'twill be all that is needful to be done upon that head.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE description of the siege of Jericho itself could not have engaged the attention of my uncle Toby more powerfully than the last chapter;—his eyes were fixed upon my father throughout it;—he never mentioned radical heat and radical moisture, but my uncle Toby took his pipe out of his mouth, and shook his head; and as soon as the chapter was finished, he beckoned to the Corporal to come close to his chair, to ask him the following question,—*aside*:—

o o o o o o o

o o o o .——It was at the siege of Limerick, 'an please your Honour, replied the Corporal, making a bow.——

The poor fellow and I, quoth my uncle Toby, addressing himself to my father, were scarce able to crawl out of our tents at the time the siege of

Limerick was raised, upon the very account you mention.——Now what can have got into that precious noddle of thine, my dear brother Toby? cried my father, mentally.——By Heaven! continued he, communing still with himself, it would puzzle an Œdipus to bring it in point.——

I believe, 'an please your Honour, quoth the Corporal, that if it had not been for the quantity of brandy we set fire to every night, and the claret and cinnamon with which I plied your Honour off,——And the Geneva, Trim, added my uncle Toby, which did us more good than all,——I verily believe, continued the Corporal, we had both, an' please your Honour, left our lives in the trenches, and been buried in them too.——The noblest grave, Corporal, cried my uncle Toby, his eyes sparkling as he spoke, that a soldier could wish to lie down in!——But a pitiful death for him! an' please your Honour, replied the Corporal.——

All this was as much Arabic to my father as the rites of the Colchi and Troglodytes had been before to my uncle Toby: my father could not determine whether he was to frown or to smile.

My uncle Toby, turning to Yorick, resumed the case at Limerick more intelligibly than he had begun it,—and so settled the point for my father at once.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

It was undoubtedly, said my uncle Toby, a great happiness for myself and the Corporal, that we had all along a burning fever, attended with a most raging

thirst, during the whole five-and-twenty days the flux was upon us in the camp; otherwise, what my brother calls the radical moisture, must, as I conceive it, inevitably have got the better.——My father drew in his lungs topfull of air, and, looking up, blew it forth again, as slowly as he possibly could.——

It was Heaven's mercy to us, continued my uncle Toby, which put it into the Corporal's head to maintain that due contention betwixt the radical heat and the radical moisture, by reinforcing the fever, as he did all along with hot wine and spices; whereby the Corporal kept up (as it were) a continual firing; so that the radical heat stood its ground from the beginning to the end, and was a fair match for the moisture, terrible as it was.——Upon my honour, added my uncle Toby, you might have heard the contention with our bodies, brother Shandy, twenty toises. ——If there was no firing, said Yorick.——

Well,—said my father, with a full aspiration, and pausing awhile after the word,——was I a judge, and the laws of the country which made me one permitted it, I would condemn some of the worst malefactors, provided they had had their clergy,——

——Yorick, foreseeing the sentence was likely to end with no sort of mercy, laid his hand upon my father's breast, and begged he would respite it for a few minutes, till he asked the Corporal a question. ——Prithee, Trim, said Yorick, without staying for my father's leave,—tell us honestly,—what is thy opinion concerning this self-same radical heat and radical moisture?——

With humble submission to his Honour's better judgment, quoth the Corporal, making a bow to my uncle Toby,——Speak thy opinion freely, Corporal, said my uncle Toby.——The poor fellow is my ser-

vant,—not my slave,—added my uncle Toby, turning to my father.——

The Corporal put his hat under his left arm, and with his stick hanging upon the wrist of it, by a black thong split into a tassel about the knot, he marched up to the ground where he had performed his catechism; then touching his under-jaw with the thumb and fingers of his right hand before he opened his mouth,—he delivered his notion thus:—

CHAPTER XXXIX.

JUST as the Corporal was hemming to begin,—in waddled Dr. Slop.——'Tis not two-pence matter,—the Corporal shall go on in the next chapter, let who will come in.——

Well, my good doctor, cried my father, sportively, for the transitions of his passions were unaccountably sudden:—and what has this whelp of mine to say to the matter?——

Had my father been asking after the amputation of the tail of a puppy dog,—he could not have done it in a more careless air: the system which Dr. Slop had laid down to treat the accident by, no way allowed of such a mode of enquiry—He sat down.——

Pray, Sir, quoth my uncle Toby, in a manner which could not go unanswered,—In what condition is the boy?——'Twill end in a *phimosis*, replied Dr. Slop.——

I am no wiser than I was, quoth my uncle Toby, returning his pipe into his mouth.——Then let the

Corporal go on, said my father, with his medical lecture.——The Corporal made a bow to his old friend, Dr. Slop, and then delivered his opinion concerning radical heat and radical moisture, in the following words:——

CHAPTER XL.

THE city of Limerick, the siege of which was begun under his majesty King William himself, the year after I went into the army,—lies, an' please your Honours, in the middle of a devilish wet swampy country. —— 'Tis quite surrounded, said my uncle Toby, with the Shannon; and is, by its situation, one of the strongest fortified places in Ireland.—

I think this is a new fashion, quoth Dr. Slop, of beginning a medical lecture. —— 'Tis all true, answered Trim.——Then I wish the faculty would follow the cut of it, said Yorick. —— 'Tis all cut through, an' please your Reverence, said the Corporal, with drains and bogs; and besides, there was such a quantity of rain fell during the siege, the whole country was like a puddle;—'twas that, and nothing else, which brought on the flux, and which had like to have killed both his Honour and myself. Now there was no such thing, after the first ten days, continued the Corporal, for a soldier to lie dry in his tent, without cutting a ditch round it, to draw off the water;—nor was that enough for those who could afford it, as his Honour could, without setting fire every night to a pewter-dish-full of brandy

which took off the damp of the air, and made the inside of the tent as warm as a stove.—

And what conclusion dost thou draw, Corporal Trim, cried my father, from all these premises?——

I infer, an' please your Worship, replied Trim, that the radical moisture is nothing in the world but ditch-water;—and that the radical heat of those who can go to the expense of it, is burnt brandy:—the radical heat and moisture of a private man, an' please your Honours, is nothing but ditch-water—and a dram of Geneva:—and give us but enough of it, with a pipe of tobacco, to give us spirits and drive away the vapours,—we know not what it is to fear death.——

I am at a loss, Captain Shandy, quoth Dr. Slop, to determine in which branch of learning your servant shines most; whether in physiology or divinity.—Slop had not forgot Trim's comment upon the sermon.——

It is but an hour ago, replied Yorick, since the Corporal was examined in the latter, and passed muster with great honour.——

The radical heat and moisture, quoth Dr. Slop, turning to my father, you must know, is the basis and foundation of our being,—as the root of a tree is the source and principle of its vegetation.—It is inherent in the seeds of all animals, and may be preserved sundry ways; but principally, in my opinion, by *consubstantials*, *impriments*, and *occludents*.—Now this poor fellow, continued Dr. Slop, pointing to the Corporal, has had the misfortune to have heard some superficial empiric discourse upon this nice point.——That he has,—said my father.——Very likely, said my uncle.——I'm sure of it,—quoth Yorick.——

CHAPTER XLI.

Doctor Slop being called out to look at a cataplasm he had ordered, it gave my father an opportunity of going on with another chapter in the *Tristrapædia.*——Come! cheer up, my lads; I'll show you land;—for when we have tugged thro' that chapter, the book shall not be opened again this twelvemonth.—Huzza!—

CHAPTER XLI.

——Five years with a bib under his chin;

Four years in travelling from Christ-cross-row to Malachi;

A year and a half in learning to write his own name;

Seven long years and more τυπτω-ing it, at Greek and Latin;

Four years at his *probations* and his *negations;*—the fine statue still lying in the middle of the marble block,—and nothing done, but his tools sharpened to hew it out!—'Tis a piteous delay!—Was not the great Julius Scaliger within an ace of never getting his tools sharpened at all?—Forty-four years old was he before he could manage his Greek;—and Peter Damianus, Lord Bishop of Ostia, as all the world knows, could not so much as read when he was of man's estate;—and Baldus himself, as eminent as he turned out after, entered upon the

law so late in life, that every body imagined he intended to be an advocate in the other world. No wonder, when Eudamidas, the son of Archidamus, heard Xenocrates at seventy-five disputing about *wisdom*, that he asked gravely,—'If the old man be yet dis-'puting and enquiring concerning wisdom,—what time 'will he have to make use of it?'

Yorick listened to my father with great attention: there was a seasoning of wisdom unaccountably mixed up with his strangest whims; and he had sometimes such illumination in the darkest of his eclipses, as almost atoned for them.—Be wary, Sir, when you imitate him.

I am convinced, Yorick, continued my father, half reading and half discoursing, that there is a north-west passage to the intellectual world; and that the soul of man has shorter ways of going to work, in furnishing itself with knowledge and instruction, than we generally take with it.—But, alack! all fields have not a river or a spring running beside them;—every child, Yorick, has not a parent to point it out.

—The whole entirely depends, added my father, in a low voice, upon the *auxiliary verbs*, Mr. Yorick.

Had Yorick trod upon Virgil's snake, he could not have looked more surprised. — I am surprised too, cried my father, observing it;—and I reckon it as one of the greatest calamities which ever befell the republic of letters, that those who have been entrusted with the education of children, and whose business it was to open their minds and stock them early with ideas, in order to set the imagination loose upon them, have made so little use of the auxiliary verbs in doing it, as they have done;—so that, except Raymond Lullius, and the elder Pelegrini, the

last of whom arrived to such perfection in the use of 'em, with his topics, that, in a few lessons, he could teach a young gentleman to discourse with plausibility upon any subject, *pro* and *con*, and to say and write all that could be spoken or written concerning it, without blotting a word, to the admiration of all who beheld him.——I should be glad, said Yorick, interrupting my father, to be made to comprehend this matter.——You shall, said my father.

The highest stretch of improvement a single word is capable of, is a high metaphor;—for which, in my opinion, the idea is generally the worse, and not the better;—but, be that as it may,—when the mind has done that with it,—there is an end;—the mind and the idea are at rest,—until a second idea enters;—and so on.

Now the use of the *Auxiliaries* is, at once to set the soul a-going by herself upon the materials as they are brought her; and by the versability of this great engine, round which they are twisted, to open new tracts of enquiry, and make every idea engender millions.

You excite my curiosity greatly, said Yorick.

For my own part, quoth my uncle Toby, I have given it up.——The Danes, an' please your Honour, quoth the Corporal, who were on the left at the siege of Limerick, were all auxiliaries.——And very good ones, said my uncle Toby.——And your Honour roul'd with them,—captains with captains,—very well, said the Corporal.——But the auxiliaries, Trim, my brother is talking about, answered my uncle Toby,—I conceive to be different things.

——You do? said my father, rising up.

CHAPTER XLIII.

My father took a single turn across the room, then sat down and finished the chapter.

The verbs auxiliary we are concerned in here, continued my father, are, *am*, *was*, *have*, *had*, *do*, *did*, *make*, *made*, *suffer*, *shall*, *should*, *will*, *would*, *can*, *could*, *owe*, *ought*, *used*, or *is wont;*—and these, varied with tenses, *present*, *past*, *future*, and conjugated with the verb *see*,—or with these questions added to them:—*Is it? Was it? Will it be? Would it be? May it be? Might it be?*—and these again put negatively, *Is it not? Was it not? Ought it not?*—or affirmatively,—*It is*, *It was*, *It ought to be;*—or chronologically,—*Has it been always? Lately? How long ago?*—or hypothetically,—*If it was? If it was not?*—what would follow? — If the French should beat the English?—If the Sun go out of the Zodiac?

Now, by the right use and application of these, continued my father, in which a child's memory should be exercised, there is no one idea can enter his brain, how barren soever, but a magazine of conceptions and conclusions may be drawn forth from it—Didst thou ever see a white bear? cried my father, turning his head round to Trim, who stood at the back of his chair.——No, an' please your Honour, replied the Corporal.——But thou couldst discourse about one, Trim, said my father, in case of need?——How is it possible, brother, quoth my uncle Toby, if the Corporal never saw one?——'Tis the fact I want, replied my father;—and the possibility of it is as follows:—

A WHITE BEAR! Very well. Have I ever seen one? Might I ever have seen one? Am I ever to see